

✦ THE ODYSSEY ✦
OF THE
PHILIPPINE COMMISSION

D. R. WILLIAMS

Dayton, Treat.

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The Odyssey of the
Philippine commission

With regards and
best wishes to my
querido amigo, Señor
Rayan J. Sreul

David Allende

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**THE ODYSSEY OF
THE PHILIPPINE COMMISSION**



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THE PHILIPPINE COMMISSION

Wright

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Taft

Ide

The Odyssey Of the Philippine Commission

BY
DANIEL R. WILLIAMS

*Private Secretary to Commissioner Moses; Secretary Philippine
Commission; Associate Judge Philippine Court
of Land Registration, Manila.*

ILLUSTRATED



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TO
MY COMPANIONS ON THE TRANSPORT
"HANCOCK,"
AND TO
ALL THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE BORNE
A PART IN WORKING OUT OUR
PHILIPPINE PROBLEM

PREFATORY NOTE

WITH the exception of the final chapter, the story here told of the trip of the Philippine Commission to Manila, and the fragmentary account of its early work in the islands, are taken almost literally from letters written home at the time. For this reason some of the conclusions reached are doubtless subject to correction when judged by events. It is hoped, however, that this fault will be more than offset by the fact that such letters seek to portray a situation in the making, with something of the spontaneity which ever comes from a passing judgment. That the letters are now presented in this form is due largely to the partial criticism of friends, who profess to see in them something of interest and information to the general public. If further excuse be necessary, it is found in the circumstance that no book has yet appeared describing the establishment of civil government in the Philippines, nor conveying an adequate idea of the difficulties encountered and overcome by the Commission in its work. Our country was fortunate in having such statesman-like men sent to meet and solve such big problems, and any contribution which will help our people to further realize and appreciate this fact, and at the same time deepen their interest in the welfare of our Filipino wards, cannot come amiss.

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THE ODYSSEY OF
THE PHILIPPINE COMMISSION

The Odyssey of the Philippine Commission

I

SAN FRANCISCO TO YOKOHAMA

U. S. TRANSPORT *Hancock*,
PACIFIC OCEAN, *April 17, 1900.*

WELL, the die is cast, and it is Ho! for the setting sun, and all the mysteries that lie shrouded away yonder beyond the dip of many horizons. The Commission and party sailed at noon today, and with the Cliff House and Farrallones a memory, I can testify to some of the feelings of that old adventurer, Cristofer Colombo. The past two weeks have been such a scramble as to leave little time to think upon the nature of this journey or the experiences opening before us. We are beginning to take stock of them now, however, and of each other. Any one who has traveled on ocean liners will recall the interest, not without thrills, with which he turned to examine his fellow passengers when friends and shore line had finally disappeared. It is as if all the call of the big, outside world had become centered upon the miniature

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world about you. With our party this usual interest is stimulated by the fact that we are to be not only fellow voyagers for a month and half, but fellow workers as well in that somewhat hazy Orient toward which we are headed.

With the exception of the members of the Commission who met and organized in Washington, few of our number ever saw each other before boarding the transport. Even here, however, the old saying about the world being small, finds illustration. After leaving port I found that James A. LeRoy, Private Secretary to Commissioner Worcester, is none other than "Jack" LeRoy, trackman and athlete, whom I had known in the old college days at Ann Arbor. It was a pleasant discovery, and established a community of interest between us without any preliminary skirmishing.

That this expedition is "fraught with peculiar importance," and is certain to hold strange incident and happening for all of us, is more easily said at this time than altogether appreciated. As we steamed down the bay this afternoon, and saw the fluttering flags and heard the crash of music from the different warships, it seemed more as though we were bound for a short pleasure cruise than beginning a journey of eight thousand miles to end it—we knew not where. It was and is difficult to realize that the mission upon which the Commission is going is unique to our people, and marks, in all likelihood, the turning of a new page in our history.

As nearly as I understand it, our country is now

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undertaking something entirely unforeseen and unplanned for at the outbreak of war with Spain. It certainly formed no part of our plan at that time to take unto ourselves a distant and an alien race, and train it in the way they should go. In fact there were mighty few of us who could have told then just where the Philippines were, or what manner of people inhabited them. When Dewey sank the Spanish fleet on that May morning in 1898, you could almost hear the rustle of geographies and encyclopedias throughout the land. There has been fierce argument since as to what our next move should have been. Some contend Dewey should have sailed away as soon as his particular task was done; others that he did the only proper thing by remaining. The fact is he stayed, and we sent over some soldiers to help capture Manila and loosen Spain's hold on shore as well as on sea. While we were doing this, the Filipinos improved the occasion by setting up a bouffe government of their own at Malolos. Here again, some maintain, a chance was offered us to quit the islands and rid ourselves of further responsibility. Those on the ground, however, vehemently insist that the continued presence of our soldiers alone saved Manila from being looted, and the islands at large from anarchy and revolution. Whatever the right of it, the doubt was once more resolved by remaining, and the question of what we "ought to have done" has now become purely academic.

Our primary purpose in staying was doubtless to

preserve law and order. Beyond this our plans do not seem to have been very well defined either to ourselves or to the Filipinos. We assured the latter of our desire to better their condition, and promised them as big a share in running things as was consistent with the public good. Nobody seemed able to say, however, just how we were to go about it. Pending a discussion of ways and means our troops remained in Manila, while the Filipinos camped outside and continued to operate their improvised government at Malolos. Aguinaldo, it appears, told his people that Dewey, or some other person in authority, had promised him the islands should be independent. This was denied by the accused, and by our government, which was convinced, apparently, that the natives lacked both the training and experience to stand alone. After numerous conferences, which accomplished nothing, the Filipinos concluded to end the argument by driving us out of the islands. That this was a case of bad judgment on their part hardly admits of question. It left us no alternative but to suppress the uprising and restore order. We had driven the Spaniard from the islands, and upon us devolved the obligation of replacing the government destroyed with one which would insure protection to native and foreigner alike. To withdraw in the face of attack would be to invite chaos.

Though there can be but one outcome to the insurrection, its occurrence is most deplorable. Not only has it already resulted in much destruction of

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life and property, but, more unfortunate still, it has sown and is sowing hatreds and antagonisms which threaten to render abortive all our purposes toward the islanders. If our occupation is to benefit them, their belief in our good intentions is imperative. To hold a sullen people by the strong hand will neither profit them nor satisfy us. Their confidence and cooperation are absolutely necessary if our plans for their betterment are to be realized. The difficulty is that they have been deluded by promises so long that nothing but the tangible fact will bring conviction. To convince them of our sincerity it is necessary to take some actual steps toward making good our promises and pledges, and for this something more than the existing military rule is imperative. Not only is such a government necessarily harsh and arbitrary, and unfitted by its very nature to win the confidence of a people, but in this instance it is rendered doubly so by reason of the inevitable friction and bitterness caused by the pending struggle.

It is to meet this condition of affairs that the present Commission was appointed. President McKinley has chosen five men from out our country to go to the Philippines, and there, upon the heels of war, convince an embittered, suspicious and beaten race that we are sincere in our desire to help them, and have no purpose in our hearts save their highest good. He has instructed them to inaugurate governments essentially popular in form as fast as territory is held and controlled by our troops,

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and, in so doing, to remember that the purpose sought is not our satisfaction or the expression of our theoretical views, but the happiness, peace and prosperity of the people of the Philippine Islands. Not an easy task is it, particularly when you remember that insurrection is still waging, and that seventy thousand American troops are seeking by force of arms to establish our sovereignty in the islands?

Can you wonder, therefore, considering all this, that our journey takes on a strange interest for me, or that its possible future happenings are a matter of more or less vivid conjecture? I am glad to be in the game.

PACIFIC OCEAN, *April 19, 1900.*

Our party has spent most of the past two days in getting acquainted. There has been a process of "sizing up" which would doubtless surprise or appall were we mind readers. It is very fascinating, however, for in each new acquaintance there is much of the excitement of a lottery. You may draw a congenial spirit and companion, who will add to the joy of all your after days, or it may be—otherwise. I have gotten far enough to at least know the names of the chosen, with something of their previous condition of servitude.

The Commission, as you doubtless know, consists of the Hon. William H. Taft of Ohio, Prof. Dean C. Worcester of Michigan, General Luke E. Wright of Tennessee, Judge Henry C. Ide of Ver-

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mont, and Prof. Bernard Moses of California. Judge Taft is President of the Commission.

As to the attachés of the Commission—those lesser lights whom fate or fortune has called to share in this work—their roster is as follows:

Secretary.....Not yet named
Assistant SecretaryRutherford Corbin
Spanish Secretary.....Arthur W. Fergusson
Assistant Spanish Secretary.....Frank Dominguez
Disbursing Officer.....Frank A. Branagan
Recorder.....Leon W. Pepperman
Private Secretary to Judge Taft.....Mr. Coffman
Private Secretary to Com'r Worcester,

James A. LeRoy
Private Secretary to Com'r Wright..Fred Heiskell
Private Secretary to Com'r Ide.....Paul Carter
Private Secretary to Com'r Moses,

Daniel R. Williams

We of the staff, no less than the Commissioners, come from widely separated places and callings. Mr. Fergusson has been connected with the Bureau of American Republics in Washington, and was interpreter and translator for the Paris Peace Commission. Mr. Corbin was Assistant Secretary to the Schurman Commission, and was connected in some capacity with the Paris Peace Commission. Mr. Dominguez is an attorney from Los Angeles. Mr. Branagan was disbursing officer for the Department of Justice at Washington, and acted in like

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capacity for the Paris Peace Commission. Mr. Coffman is just from Matanzas, Cuba, where he was Secretary to General Wilson. Mr. LeRoy and Mr. Heiskell are newspaper men, the former being from Detroit and the latter from Memphis. Mr. Carter was a court reporter at St. Johnsbury, Vermont. Mr. Pepperman, the Recorder of the Commission, who was connected with the Civil Service Board in Washington, is not aboard, having failed to reach San Francisco before we sailed. Another attaché is Mr. Brussard, who went to Cuba as captain in an immune regiment from Louisiana. I do not know his duties.

In addition to the above, whose connection with the Commission is on a salary basis, our party includes the following: Mrs. Taft and three children, and her sister, Miss Herron; Mrs. Worcester and two children; Mrs. Wright and daughter; Mrs. Moses and sister, Miss Briggs; the Misses Ide; Mrs. Fergusson and boy; Mrs. Branagan and boy; Mrs. LeRoy; Major W. L. Kneedler, Medical Officer assigned to the Commission, and Mrs. Kneedler and two children; Dr. Frank Bourns (who was associated with Commissioner Worcester on certain scientific expeditions to the Philippines before the Spanish war) and his sister, Miss Bourns; Mrs. Thomas, whose husband is a volunteer army surgeon in the islands; Miss Boruck and Miss McCord, army nurses enroute to Manila, and Major Batson of the Macabebée Scouts.

Of our entire number, only four, i. e., Commis-

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sioner Worcester, Dr. Bourns, Mr. Corbin and Major Batson, have ever been in the Philippines. To the rest of us the Orient, with all the mystery it enfolds, will come with all the charm of novelty.

The *Hancock* is said to be one of the best appointed of our transports. It was formerly the S. S. *Arizona* with an Atlantic record. The Quartermaster in charge is Captain Bradley of the 14th Infantry, who has as civilian assistants, Messrs. Sewell and Tripler. Captain H. K. Struve is Sailing Master, and Dr. McVean is Ship's Surgeon. The cabin boys and waiters are Chinese, and the service could not be better were we guests on a private yacht.

PACIFIC OCEAN, *April 23, 1900.*

We have ridden rough seas for the past two days, causing an eclipse of some of the party. It is now "fair weather," however, and everyone has come to the front with a smile. The air is warm and delicious—possibly the sugar coat of the tropics. Awnings have been stretched over the promenade deck, and white clothes are in the ascendant. The only serious occupation aboard appears to be the study of Spanish, nearly everyone you meet having a *libro Español* of some kind. I fear that neither the atmosphere nor the environment is conducive to producing great linguists. Thus far the only service required of the Secretaries has been copying the President's Instructions to the Commission—

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an interesting rather than a strenuous task. We are due at Honolulu tomorrow, and speculation is rife whether we will be permitted to land. The port has been quarantined for some weeks on account of bubonic plague, and our going ashore depends, it seems, upon our being able to get a clean bill of health for Yokohama from the Japanese Consul.

HONOLULU, *April 24, 1900.*

We anchored off Honolulu at 12-30 P. M., just one week out from San Francisco. The view from the transport is one to make our desire to go ashore clamorous. The city lies along a circling bay, with a background of mountains. Pretty valleys stretch back between the ranges of hills, green with the vivid coloring of warm skies and tropic rainfalls. Clouds and occasional showers sweep over the mountains, while the city and bay remain flooded in bright sunlight. Our fate hung in the balance for some hours, there being much running to and fro and consultations galore. Finally, about 4-30 P. M., the scales happily tipped our way, it being definitely decided we might land. As the good news spread over the ship, smiles lighted the erstwhile gloom, and paeans of joy resounded on every hand.

PACIFIC OCEAN, *April 28, 1900.*

The old saying that "realization seldom equals expectation," does not hold good of Honolulu.

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There the measure of hope overflows, and one's thoughts run only in superlatives. The place is, in truth, "A summer isle of Eden in dark purple spheres of sea." For three days and a half we revelled in its beauty and its charm. From the late afternoon we landed, until we were sped over the waters last midnight by the *Alohas* of a gracious people, there was a constant succession of delightful experiences. We fell in love with the smiling, soft-voiced Kanakas, the men with their hat bands of *leis*, and the women in their flowing *holakous*. Markets, filled with strange fruits and with fish as multi-colored as the rainbow, were a never-ending delight, and the variety of vegetation was a revelation. Everywhere you saw giant palms marking the sky line, while lesser trees and plants flourished in tropical luxuriance.

The first morning we were taken on a drive to the far-famed Pali. The road leads back through the city and up a green valley hedged by high mountains. The view at all times is superb. As we gradually ascended we had behind us a panorama of the city and the bay, while about us were towering cloud-capped peaks. After winding steadily upward for some two hours we came to a narrow, wind-swept gorge that seemed to end in space. We stood at the crest of the Island and saw yawning before us a sheer declivity of over two thousand feet. Far below, and spreading out like a fan, lay a fertile plain which stretched away to meet the ocean beyond. In the valley every shade and tint

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of green blended into one harmonious carpet of beautiful colors. The sea, shimmering in the bright sunlight, was a deep, deep blue except where it broke into foam upon some coral reef or fell back lazily from the curving shore. It was a scene such as the mighty workshop of nature occasionally strikes off to gladden and awe the souls of men. We were told that in the old days Kamehameha I pursued his routed enemies up the valley and then piled their bodies in thousands over the precipice. It looked quite feasible, though the place needed no such grim history to quicken its interest or charm.

The following day we were given an excursion over the Oahu Railway, a line which runs partly around the island. On one side of us lay always the sea, and to the other rose the mountains, with the green of rice and cane fields between. We visited the Oahu sugar plantation and saw the various stages of sugar making from the cutting of the cane to where the dark brown sugar was sewed in bags by native women. From there we proceeded to Waialua, a week's end resort for Honolulu people. The hotel is called "Haleiwa," which means the beautiful home. It would be difficult to choose a more appropriate name, as the site and surroundings of the place are ideal. The proprietor and his daughter sang some native songs for us, and never have I heard softer or sweeter music than these Hawaiian airs. They have a certain plaintive sadness about them that carries an irresistible appeal. Each of the party was decorated with a



Mr. Dominguez



President Taft at Oahu Plantation

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lei—a chaplet of flowers worn about the neck and usually given to people who are being entertained or starting on a journey. It is a pretty custom, and has the effect, somehow, of leveling distinctions and bringing people into intimate touch without any agonizing intermediate stage.

Our last day was devoted to various diversions. In the morning most of us visited the Bishop Museum, a wonderful collection of everything pertaining to native life in the Hawaiian and South Sea Islands. It was intensely interesting and left with us a number of decidedly new impressions concerning the customs and costumes of primitive peoples.

For the afternoon we were invited to Waikiki Beach as the guests of Mrs. Carter. Waikiki lies on the outskirts of the city and is famous for its summer homes and its bathing and surf riding. Most of the gathering donned bathing suits, and all but a few indulged in surf riding—without doubt one of the most exhilarating sports in the world. The natives, who are experts, ride the breakers on long flat boards, as pictured in our old geographies. For amateurs, however, a surf boat is provided, being a long narrow canoe fitted with an outrigger and holding from five to eight persons. In charge of a native, you work your way out through the surf until some four hundred yards from shore, where the boat is turned and a lookout kept for a nice, big breaker. Then, as the native sees one to his liking, he makes a deft turn of his paddle, and the breaker, instead of passing over or under, catches and holds

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your craft in the curve of the waters and shoots you forward with a rush like the wind. The stern of the boat is high up near the crest of the wave, while the bow is ploughing through the water at its base and enveloping you in spray. Glancing over your shoulder you see the white comb of the breaker rising above you, while about you is the swish and swirl of the embracing water as you and it race madly toward the shore.

While the sport is reasonably safe, your boat is likely to capsize if allowed to swing "side on" to a big breaker. This occurred two or three times, but in each instance the victim could swim, and clung to the overturned canoe until it drifted within depth. Judge Ide was one of the unfortunates, and in the mixup was evidently struck by the outrigger. As succeeding waves dashed over him, and broke his hold, he became quite exhausted and kept afloat with difficulty. Major Kneedler, passing in another boat, saw his dilemma and did the rescue act by taking the Judge's place in the water.

General Wright also had an exciting experience. When some distance from shore he jumped from his boat to join the bathers, all of whom appeared to be within depth. Instead of landing in the regular surf he went over his head into a deep and unlooked for channel. Though able to swim, the unexpected nature of the plunge caused him to swallow considerable sea water, something not prescribed as a first aid to swimmers. After rather strenuous efforts he reached a small raft anchored out in the water.

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From there he tried to attract some of the boats, but his distress signals were treated as mere ebullitions of joy. He finally struck out alone, but again landed in that unfortunate channel. It was only after a desperate struggle, and when utterly exhausted, that he finally reached shore. He stated later that he could not have held out another fifty yards.

Mrs. Carter's lawn runs down to the shore, and as we gathered there in the late afternoon the scene was one of the most peaceful and restful I have ever known. The air was soft and fragrant, and the setting sun painted sea and sky with a glory of color new to northern eyes. It was a perfect experience.

The world has many beautiful playgrounds, but one might go far to find a prettier than Honolulu.

PACIFIC OCEAN, *May 8, 1900.*

We are now ten days out from Honolulu, and within two of Yokohama. During the first days after leaving Honolulu everyone was more or less comatose, giving tired nature a chance to repair the ravages of that season of dissipation. There is something about an ocean trip that conduces to laziness anyway. The old and accustomed task has been set aside, and there is no demand or inspiration to supply its place with anything new. The daily newspaper is absent; there are no office hours, telephones, nor time-tables; you eat and sleep without a hurry call; you lie down when you feel like

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it, and walk or talk as the spirit moves you. It is a condition of things for which most people imagine they are striving, but which they seldom realize except when they can't help it.

The days have brought closer acquaintanceship among our party, the wide diversity in character making for mutual interests. Our community of purpose has also served to unify us into one large family, something impossible had we been simply fellow passengers. There has been much of the abandon usual on shipboard. We have had costume parties where trunks were ransacked for startling effect, and when everyone temporarily lost his dignity if not his sanity. There have been impromptu concerts, in which all participated, the repertoire ranging from grand opera to ragtime. The favorite air appears to be "Whistling Rufus, the One Man Band." I feel sure that whenever we hear that song again it will have power to carry us back to the old social hall of the *Hancock*, where camaraderie and good cheer were king. A not unusual ending to our songfests is for all to join hands, Commissioners included, and dance around the room like children.

There have been two or three days of storm with some casualties. The survivors have been of good cheer, however, and have even mocked the fallen. Immunity from seasickness and heartlessness seem strangely united in the same person. Mr. Dominguez, the Assistant Spanish Secretary, has been so persistently and actively ill as to excite interest if

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not sympathy. It is a record for which no one aspires.

YOKOHAMA, *May 10, 1900.*

We cast anchor in Yeddo Bay off Yokohama at nine-thirty tonight. We are now at the gates of the Orient, and are thrilled with the thought of what the morrow and succeeding days will bring. Our approach to this wonderland could not have been more lovely or picturesque. We entered the bay just before sunset, and saw the sun go down a great red ball of fire beside the mountain peak of Fujiyama, whose perfect cone shone white and clear in the distance. To the east rose a full moon which lighted us upon our twilight ride up the bay. The harbor itself appears like a scene from fairyland, the many ships in the bay being brilliantly illuminated in honor of the marriage of the Crown Prince, which occurred yesterday. It is a perfect night in a perfect setting.

We are ready to go ashore in the morning, the plan being to remain here a week. To a healthy human being the situation and prospect leave little to be desired.

II

YOKOHAMA TO HONG KONG

EN ROUTE YOKOHAMA TO KOBE,

May 17, 1900.

SHORTLY after three o'clock the *Hancock* weighed anchor and headed down the bay. The afternoon was bright and clear, and we saw once again the sweep of that beautiful harbor with its shipping and crowded life, and, over against it, the city where we gained our first impressions of Japan. It may be our good fortune to visit here again, but never with the keen zest which came to us in the days just gone. So much of life has been crowded into their brief space that it seems a month rather than a short week since that night we saw the sun sink in splendor beside old Fujiyama, and waited for the coming dawn. How we spent our time can best be told by order of days.

YOKOHAMA, *May 11, 1900.*

Needless to say our first day was one of vivid surprises. It was without formal program, the idiosyncracies of the party being given full sway. As we landed we were immediately surrounded by

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a swarm of rickshawmen, vociferous in their demands for patronage and in voluble assurances that they could "speakee Inglis." Rickshaws constitute the carriage of Japan, and there are thousands of them. To see grown people getting into these carts, and then being whisked off by the brown-legged runners, impresses one at first as rather a sport for children. When our crowd of seven started, all in line, it reminded me of a lot of ostriches trotting off. Everyone had a broad grin for his neighbor, and when we passed others from the ship they were hailed wildly. We found the streets narrow and the houses low, and constantly wondered when we would come to the wide "business" section.

Most of the crowd took lunch at the Grand Hotel, which is situated on the bund, or bay shore, and commands a beautiful view of the harbor. The latter was full of all sorts of water craft, ranging from the *sampan*, or native gondola, up through junks, yachts, merchantmen, liners and transports, to the warships of all nations.

In the afternoon some of us took rickshaws and made a wide tour of the city. It was a kaleidoscope of changing scenes and impressions. The little houses with their rice paper windows and cool, mat floors; the picturesque costumes of the people; the women with their babies strapped upon their backs; the girls with their rosy cheeks; the troops of children; the odd little shops, and the various street signs and scenes—all were enchanting. At

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one point we encountered a wonderful garden, with beds of peonies, the most luxuriant imaginable. At another we stopped to take tea, and the gaily dressed little ladies who waited upon us, and who pattered about on the soft mats, were very, very gracious.

That night a dance was given at the Grand Hotel, the *Hancock* contingent being well represented. Yokohama is a tourist center, and the crowd had foregathered from all far places. The assortment was a varied one, and it was interesting to try and catalogue the specimens. You gained the impression that everybody was out for a good time, and cared little what others might think or say. The last launch left for the ship at midnight. Many of our crowd went aboard in *sampans*, however.

May 12, 1900.

Today several of us went to Tokio, an hour's ride by rail from Yokohama. En route we caught a glimpse of the country life of the people, and it was no less fascinating than the city. Their fields are platted into little squares, every one farmed like a garden. The effect produced by these multi-colored patches is a strikingly pretty one. At the various stopping places there was always a tremendous hubbub and clatter. The people wear wooden clogs, and as they raced up and down the platform it sounded for all the world like runaway colts.

Tokio, the capital city, is a place one could

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scarcely begin to explore in a week, much less in a day or two. We did little more than drift about, being entirely satisfied to take what fate brought our way. When everything is novel there is little need to pick and choose. As a matter of fact, "fate" was represented for us by our rickshaw coolies. They had their own notion of what we should see, derived doubtless from a composite of the demands of by-gone tourists. Very likely we could not have improved upon their ideas had we cared to make the effort. Their first objective was Shiba Park, and we praised their choice in glowing terms. There, amid a wilderness of gigantic trees, is situated a famous group of Shinto temples. They were our first realization of those oriental, pagoda-like structures, full of color and strange forms, which typify more than anything else the "East" of our dreams. Upon entering the temples we were requested to remove our shoes, this more as a protection for the delicate matting than from any religious sentiment. Wandering about in your stocking feet, particularly when not prepared for it, does not inspire a solemn or devotional spirit. Scattered about the grounds were groups of pilgrims, giving a picturesque touch to the scene and further reminding us that we were a long way from home. The worshipers, before making their prayers, would clap their hands or strike a gong, the evident purpose being to arouse the deity to their presence.

Most of the government buildings are of modern architecture, and with broad surrounding avenues,

mark well the advent of a New Japan. The people are naturally proud of these structures as evidencing their progress, but the visitor finds his greatest interest elsewhere. One does not appreciate how unattractive are mere piles of brick and stone, built for utility only, until he sees them cheek by jowl with those other creations of a people naturally artistic. There is a delicacy and a finish about everything purely Japanese which cannot fail to impress the more practical westerner.

We stopped at the Imperial Hotel, which, like many other public utilities in Japan, is subsidized by the government. When it is considered that a very large class of tourists make it thumbs up or thumbs down for a place according to how they are fed and lodged, the scheme of insuring them a good hotel has much to commend it. A proper menu and a comfortable bed cover a multitude of lesser ills.

In the evening we attended a native theater. There were eight of us, and our rickshaws made quite a procession as we bowled along in single file. The street crowds, the lighted shops, the sense of rapid motion, and the entire novelty of our surroundings produced a sensation difficult to describe. There are no chairs in a Japanese theater—or in a Japanese home for that matter. Everybody squats on mats on the floor. As our legs refused to properly double to meet this requirement, we were supplied with chairs. Their play was some historical drama, with more dialogue than action. [They had

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a revolving stage, and when one scene ended the machinery turned and brought into view another section. It was much simpler than a drop curtain.

May 13, 1900.

Today a quartette of us—i. e., Mrs. Thomas, Miss Briggs, Miss Bourns, and myself—decided to go to Nikko, the famed temple city of Japan, concerning which there is a saying that you must not say the word “beautiful” until you have seen it. We left the hotel shortly after noon in a driving rain, being penned in our rickshaws by waterproofs. We reached the railroad station in half an hour and were glad to exchange our human steeds for one of steel and steam. The afternoon was cold and damp, and none of us were warmly clad. Finally, to keep from congealing, we played the old game of “peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold,” etc. It served the purpose, but the impression produced by the performance upon our Japanese audience will likely never be told.

Judge Taft and Commissioners Wright and Ide, who were en route to Nikko and Yokohama, joined our train at Akabane. We changed cars at Utsunomiya, from which point the scenery became more mountainous and picturesque. Extending from Utsunomiya to Nikko, a distance of over twenty-five miles, is a wonderful avenue lined with giant cryptomeria trees. It is a beautiful road leading to a beautiful shrine, and millions of devout pilgrims

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have traveled its shaded course. They still travel it, but its prestige has waned with the coming of the railway.

We reached Nikko just at dusk. The road from the station to the hotel is uphill, requiring two men to each rickshaw. It is to be said that a rickshaw coolie has an unerring eye for weight, and invariably makes his first dash at the smallest members of a party. For this reason Judge Taft was not as immediately popular with this fraternity as some of us. The difficulty was overcome, however, by assigning an extra detail of runners to his rickshaw, and it was with much merriment, and with every encouragement from the interested spectators, that the hill was finally achieved. We found the hotel everything the most exacting tourist could require. Smiling Japanese little girls acted as servants, and they were as nimble and silent as mice. "Chio," our waitress, was one of the prettiest and most captivating creatures imaginable, and we all succumbed to her charms.

May 14, 1900.

We woke this morning to find the sun shining, and to breathe an atmosphere intoxicating in its fragrance and freshness. As our stay in Nikko was limited, we started early on our visit to the temples. Our walk led us first across a brawling mountain stream, with vistas in the distance of great, verdure-clad peaks, canopied with fleecy clouds. Directly



Ship-board Diversions



The Nikko Quartette

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upstream from where we crossed we saw the sacred, world-famous, red lacquer bridge, which none but the Emperor may pass. Our pathway then wound upward through the silent forest and a vision of beauty gradually unfolded which words are feeble to describe. The sight of those marvelous temples on that tree-crowded mountain side was all that fancy dared to paint or wildest hope conceive. The impression created was one of age; of some old, old time away back in the past—a time filled with dreams and strange fantastic legends. You fronted long avenues of towering trees, through which the sunlight sifted and glinted in dancing shadows. Far down the vista you saw wonderful gateways, and still beyond, gleaming through the living archway of green, were pagoda and temple, resplendent with ornament and rich in all that a beauty-loving people could inspire. In the foreground were strangely garbed pilgrims, some kneeling, all serious and devout. Lacquer, bronze, and gold; masterful carvings in wood and stone; paintings rare and beautiful; rich ripe color everywhere, and yet all sense of garishness softened by the green of tree and hill-side. It was a combination that satisfied every soul longing and left the feeling that never had you seen or dreamed a thing so exquisite. Calm and quiet dwelt in the shaded, sacred groves, and one longed that he might stay on and on and become saturated with the peace and harmony of it all.

Before leaving we climbed a long flight of moss-grown steps to where, in a simple enclosure, is a

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bronze urn containing the ashes of the men to whose memory all this wonderful series of temples was reared. While erected originally as emblems of the Buddhist faith, and as a sacred gathering place for Buddha's worshipers, they were also designed as memorials to the great Shoguns, Iyeyasu and his grandson Lyemitsu, military rulers of Japan long before the coming of Perry or the restoration of the empire. What their particular claim to greatness was I know not, nor does it much matter. Whatever it may have been, it can truly be said they did not live in vain. This legacy of beauty which they inspired, and which now marks their tomb, has proven and will prove a source of joy and gladness to untold generations of men. Such a creation must work for goodness and for higher ideals of life and conduct, whoever or whatever the deity that sits enthroned therein.

We left for Yokohama at one o'clock and were aboard the *Hancock* shortly after eight, having been absent three days. Our outing had proved a perfect one, and we were inclined to commiserate with others of the party who lacked the enterprise to make the trip.

May 15, 1900.

Today we shopped and further explored Yokohama. In the afternoon most of our party attended the opening of the Summer Race Meet. These races occur once every four months, and are, it

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seems, the smart event of Yokohama society. Whether the people in this part of the world enjoy sport more than the average citizen elsewhere, or whether it results from paucity of diversions, there seems to be far greater interest in racing and kindred sports in the East than at home. The afternoon was a perfect one, and the crowd cosmopolitan to a degree. One saw Germans, Englishmen, Americans, and representatives of practically every European nation, as also every type of Oriental, each with his or her own peculiar bearing and dress. The track is on a high plateau on the outskirts of the city, and offers, among other beautiful views, a splendid outlook on the snow-capped peak of Fujiyama.

That night a number of us made a tour of Theater Street, one of the most picturesque of all the thoroughfares of Yokohama. It is full of shops, bazaars, and shows of various kinds, and gives one a sight of native life unalloyed. At one point we left our rickshaws and started to walk, but soon found ourselves almost suffocated by the crowd that gathered about us. We proved as great attractions to them, evidently, as they to us. Before returning we climbed the old Shinto temple on the hill of Nogiyama, where a festival of some kind was in progress. Everything looked weird and strange as seen by the fitful light of lamp and torch. The city and bay, however, were flooded in a glorious moonlight, and as we looked out upon the scene we felt what the Germans call *die Freude des Lebens*.

May 16, 1900.

The members of the Commission and wives went to Tokio today to be presented to the Emperor and Empress — a ceremony reported as full of reciprocal expressions of kindness and good will. The shopping fever occupied the rest of us most of the day. Compared with prices in the States, everything seems remarkably cheap, while the art of making their wares attractive has been reduced to a science by these people. The temptation to buy and buy, and that very often what you neither need nor want, is certainly very great. The fact also that there is a sliding scale of prices makes your buying something of a lottery. Their usual procedure is to ask a certain figure, followed, when you start away, by the query, "How much you give?" Often, simply to rid yourself of an importunate vendor, you mention a price so small as to seem ridiculous, only to find your offer accepted and yourself saddled with something you had no idea whatever of getting. Our ship during evenings was usually transformed into a sort of fair for the exhibition of purchases and a comparison of prices, the widely different cost of like articles often proving a revelation. In this regard those of our crowd who hailed from New England showed to advantage.

May 17, 1900.

Last day in Yokohama. A small party of us decided to go to Kamakura, a little town about an

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hour's ride by train from Yokohama. It is here they have a great bronze Buddha, said to be the largest bronze figure in the world. The village was once famous for its magnificent temples, but in 1495 the buildings were swept away by a tidal wave and never restored. Only the great Buddha and the stone foundations of the temples are left. We saw the Buddha and were not disappointed. It is about fifty feet high, only the upper half of the figure being represented. The expression given the work is remarkable considering its proportions. A writer speaking of it says: "No other work gives such an impression of majesty or so truly symbolizes the central idea of Buddhism—the intellectual calm which comes of perfected knowledge and the subjugation of all passion." It is referred to as the Dai-Butsu. It is situated in a little grove and stands where Nature seems to have intended—in the open air and sunlight, with the green of tree and hill about it, and the wide, open sea in the foreground. I do not know whether it was because we were a bit tired, or whether there was some witchery in the soft air and faintly stirring leaves of the trees, but all felt as though we would like to stretch out and sleep in the shadow of the great Buddha. Perhaps some of the calm and quiet of that wonderful face, which has looked down unchanged on so very many of earth's children, has finally given of its peace and restfulness to the place, and all who come within its shadow feel the charm. It is pleasant to believe so, and feel the restfulness.

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We were back in Yokohama at one o'clock, the transport being scheduled to sail at three. Some of us had planned to go from Yokohama to Kobe by rail, meeting the transport at the latter port. There was some sort of plague scare, however, which threatened complications, and the scheme was abandoned.

KOBE, *May 18, 1900.*

We were within sight of land most of the day, the sea being like glass. There was very little stir aboard, everyone being quite ready for a spell of quiet. We passed into Osaka Bay early in the evening and anchored off Kobe at nine o'clock. Shortly afterward the quarantine officers came aboard, six of them, and a disagreeable lot of little men they were. It took over an hour to satisfy them that the transport was not a hospital for infectious diseases. As it was only a trifle over twenty-four hours since we cleared from one of their own ports, their zeal seemed somewhat misplaced. Nobody went ashore this evening. We are to be in Kobe but one day, and some of the crowd figure on rising early for a visit to Kyoto, the ancient capital of the empire, two hours distant by rail.

KOBE, *May 19, 1900.*

A number of us caught the six-thirty train for Kyoto. The ride, with its further glimpse of the country life of the people, was delightful. It is

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difficult for one in the States, where land is farmed on such an extensive scale, to picture a landscape where every particle of ground is utilized. It gives the country a neat and finished appearance as though dressed for a holiday.

Next to Nikko, Kyoto has the most famous temples in Japan, and is quite a site for purely native industries. Being inland, and away from the mixed life of the ports, it has remained typically Japanese. We visited the Chionin and Higashi-Hongwangi temples, and they were truly marvels of workmanship in precious woods, lacquer, and bronze. To describe them would be to repeat much of what was said of the temples of Nikko. One place, however, the so-called "Temple of a Thousand Statues" disappointed us. At this place a thousand figures are arranged in rows, one above the other, like advertising mediums, with nothing to relieve their crowded monotony. Each figure has sixteen pairs of small hands protruding from either side, while the whole is crowned by thirty-two small heads. This, according to their count, makes 33,000 figures. The result is not impressive and it is difficult to conceive how an artistic people like the Japanese could either perpetrate or perpetuate such a nightmare as that collection of monstrosities.

Some of us took luncheon at a native restaurant. There were no chairs, nor were there any knives, forks, or spoons. We were expected to squat on our feet and eat with chop sticks. We found it about as easy to do the one as the other. The experience

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was more amusing than satisfying, though we managed to land some part of the food where intended. We later visited different shops where cloissonné and satsuma ware was being made. This is not done in large factories, but in obscure little places with few workmen. The manufacture is by hand and represents an infinity of toil and patience.

We returned to Kobe at four-thirty and did some running about before dark, it being after eight when we boarded the transport. It has been a long day and a hard one. We sail at ten-thirty tonight and will be in the Inland Sea tomorrow.

May 20, 1900.

Most people have heard of the Inland Sea of Japan, reputed to be one of the most picturesque bodies of water in the world. We have spent the entire day sailing its island-checked course, and are prepared to say that its beauties have not been exaggerated. It is one maze of islands, some large and some mere dots, all a beautiful green and cultivated to their very summits. This is done by terracing the hillsides, which, with their different crops, grading in color from early green to yellow harvest, make a scene of surpassing charm. Cosy looking little fishing villages nestled in the sheltered coves, while the sea was alive with water craft of various kinds. As the transport ploughed its way through the winding channels one view followed another so

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rapidly that our supply of superlatives was soon exhausted. Just before sunset we passed through the straits of Shimonoseki into the open sea. There were not many of us, I imagine, but felt that another red-letter day had been added to the few such treasured in life's calendar. Tomorrow morning we reach Nagasaki.

NAGASAKI, *May 21, 1900.*

The harbor of Nagasaki is a gem. It is practically land locked, and though in reality quite large, the hills surrounding it make it seem small. The town lies strung along the shore and on the lower ranges of the hills. As our transport anchored we could see three or four large liners almost within call, while several warships, among them the *Oregon*, were but a short distance away. A salute was fired by the latter in honor of the Commission.

Every visitor to Nagasaki is supposed to go to Mogi, and most of us did. Those who did not were unfortunate. Mogi is a little fishing village about two hours' ride by rickshaw from Nagasaki. It lies across the divide, and the winding road not only furnishes a bird's-eye view of the city and its bay but brings you, after many pleasant surprises, to a turquoise sea on the other side. I have already enthused so much about Japanese landscape that an account of this particular trip may well be omitted. When I say, however, that it was one of the most delightful rides we have taken in Japan you will

understand it was worth while. We were a jolly crowd and the day was perfect.

In many respects a rickshaw is not a sociable contrivance. You occupy it alone, and the practice of stringing out in single file makes conversation difficult. All you see of the person ahead is his back, and you cannot see the person behind without twisting your neck almost out of joint. It is a condition, however, which sometimes saves undue embarrassment. In this happy land, and particularly in the country precincts, clothing is evidently worn more for utility than to satisfy modern conventions. As it is the "good old summer time" many of the people dispense with most of their clothes—more, in fact, than orthodox practice or police surveillance at home would permit. The result was a series of living pictures somewhat startling to persons whose education had been along different, even if less logical, lines.

We returned to the transport in the late afternoon and found it surrounded by a swarm of men, women, and children loading coal. Their method of handling the coal is unique. It is brought alongside in large barges, which also bring the aforesaid swarm of people. Platforms are swung down the sides of the vessel, upon which a line of men and women range themselves one above the other. The coal is shoveled into baskets and then tossed from hand to hand up this line of people until finally dumped into the bunkers. The baskets are not large, but as there is a constant stream of them going up from

each barge the aggregate loaded in an hour must be large. Notwithstanding the work is hard and the pay small, everyone seemed happy and good-natured. It was an interesting performance, the constant movement fascinating you like the break of waves on a shore.

This evening there was a wonderful sunset. The sky lit up as with flame and the waters of the bay took on a strange purple hue. The sight recalled those lines of old Omar where he speaks of "The seas that mourn in flowing purple, of their Lord forlorn." It made a reality of what had before seemed a poet's fancy.

NAGASAKI, *May 22, 1900.*

This day, our last in Nagasaki and Japan, was full of comings and goings. The old temples on the hilltop, the tortoise shell shops, and the tea houses, all had their devotees. For the evening a "Geisha" dance had been arranged, which quite a number attended. The place was prettily located far up the hillside and gave us a fine view of the city and harbor as they appear at night. On entering we removed our shoes, spending the rest of the evening in our stocking feet. We were ushered into a large, beautifully decorated room, spread with the softest of mattings. There were no chairs, simply cushions on the floor. A true "Geisha" dance is really not a dance at all but a dinner, the different courses being interspersed with music and dancing by the Geisha

girls. As ours was a typical performance, we were served with a regular Japanese dinner, consisting of twelve or more courses. A taste of the different dishes sufficed for most of us, but as we were limited to chopsticks there was little danger of overeating. The Geisha girls are specially trained for their vocation from earliest childhood. Their dancing, or whatever it might be termed, consists of a swaying of the body, with a weaving of the hands and arms, all of which represents to them a portrayal of different feelings and emotions. This posturing is accompanied by music upon stringed instruments, and a form of singing or chanting which sometimes rises to a weird wail—all intended to describe the development of the plot. The little girls who performed for us were dressed in the brightest and daintiest of kimono, and looked like tropical flowers or sprites from fairyland. In the intervals of the dance they would sit in front of us and smile and look happy. The scene and experience constituted a fitting farewell to Japan, for it left us with a picture that was bright and full of life, typical of this people. It is a strange and picturesque land, and that traveler must be blasé indeed who cannot find here much to stir his interest and imagination. What our experiences have been I have tried in brief fashion to set down. The various side lights, however—the many amusing incidents bound to happen amid such novel surroundings—are impossible to detail. They go to make up the “unwritten history” of every such trip, and are the heritage of those only who share them.

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HONG KONG, *May 26, 1900.*

We reached Hong Kong late tonight, but will not land until morning. The four days' run from Nagasaki has been a delightful one. In this we were fortunate, as this stretch of China sea is usually rough. After nearly two weeks of rush and scattered interests in Japan, it seemed good to be together again and resume the pleasant routine of ship life. As we sailed south the weather grew warmer and white clothes again predominated. The sunsets have been beautiful, that of last evening being a mass of deep red which streamed outward from the horizon, filling the whole western sky with wonderful cloud pictures. One of these took the form of a blood-red lake dotted with tiny islands, which kept its formation for nearly half an hour.

We are now within touch of Asia, that ancient land which typifies all that is old and mysterious in human history. It is rather odd to feel that rivers, towns, and peoples we have associated so long with geographies and picture books have now become something real and palpable. Tonight we look across the harbor and see the lights of Hong Kong gleaming tier on tier far up against the skyline. It is a charming spectacle, and, as on that other night in Yeddo Bay, we wonder what the morrow will bring.

III

HONG KONG TO MANILA

HONG KONG, *May 27, 1900.*

HONG KONG is a monument to the energy and enterprise of Englishmen. In little over a half century what was a barren, inhospitable island, inhabited by a few ignorant fisher folk, has become a magnificent city—the trade and tourist center of the Far East. Through its harbor there passes annually a tonnage of ships second only to that of Liverpool. Its rugged and precipitous hillsides have been parked and terraced and are now the site of great business houses and beautiful homes. Splendid macadam roads and thoroughfares wind over and about the island, a tribute to the skill of English engineers. Along its busy streets there constantly passes an array of humanity as motley and picturesque as the world offers, for this far outpost of England is the crossroads of the nations. The town as seen from the harbor, or the harbor as seen from the town, make equally striking pictures. The fact that so many of the streets run up and down introduced to us a new mode of transportation—i. e., the sedan chair, which somehow impresses as being a very luxurious mode of travel. The highest point

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of the island is known as "The Peak," and is some 2,000 feet above the bay. It is reached by a cable tramway, which runs at what seems an almost impossible angle. You have the feeling when riding it that your car is likely at any time to drop off into space. In seeking this tramway we told our chair coolies to take us to the station. Whether acting on past experiences, or simply through natural cussedness, they took us to the police station instead. Without arguing that we might not land there eventually, we did persuade them it was not our immediate destination. Ascending to the Peak, we had another of those views which seem to appeal to me as a bit better than anything previously seen. It was a bright, clear day, and the island, the city, the bay and its shipping, and the mainland of China beyond, were spread before us like a vivid chiseled etching. If there are finer outlooks they can easily be numbered.

We took tiffin at the Peak Hotel and were served a number of new dishes. Among the fruits was the mangosteen, described by one writer as being the last and most perfect effort of the Creator in the fruit kingdom. They certainly were delicious. Most of the people about us were English, and we regarded them with some interest as evidencing the effects of a tropical climate. They all had a certain white, washed-out look different from the usual ruddy English complexion. We saw in them replicas of what we would likely be in a couple of years.

In the late afternoon we took rickshaws and rode

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out to "Happy Valley," where the race course and the cemetery adjoin. Afterward we visited the purely Chinese section of the city, where we could well imagine ourselves separated by infinite distance from civilization as we had lived it. We returned to the *Hancock* in a native sampan. These boats are used not only for transportation but for family life as well. Many families, it seems, know no other home. Babies sprawl about the deck or dangle in most uncomfortable attitudes upon their mother's back as she wields an oar. It is not the cleanest way to travel, and when seven of us got into one of them it was more of an experience than a joy.

May 28, 1900.

The weather is warm, the hottest we have yet experienced. The Chinese, who constitute the bulk of the population, go scantily clad, most of them wearing nothing above the waist. Many of our party have put in their time shopping, Hong Kong being a free port and prices comparatively low. This is particularly true of clothing and furniture, of which quite a supply is being secured.

A few of us are organizing a trip to Canton, ninety miles up the river. The plan is to leave on the six o'clock boat this evening.

May 30, 1900.

The trip to Canton was made as scheduled and proved the most truly oriental of anything thus far

seen. We were there able to realize just what is meant by the expression, "the teeming millions of the Orient." The ride up the river from Hong Kong was delightful. Our boat was commodious, and the captain, who has sailed these eastern waters for seventeen years, regaled us with many strange yarns.

We reached Canton at six in the morning. Of its population of two and a half millions, it is estimated that two hundred and fifty thousand live on the river—that is, are born, live, and die on boats. The water was full of various craft, and it was a sight indescribable. As our boat anchored they flocked about us like a lot of beetles, and there was the noise and confusion of many tongues. Through the courtesy of the American Consul, who came down to meet Mr. and Mrs. Branagan, we all took breakfast at the Consulate. The foreign residents of Canton live in a district called Shameen, separate from the native city, and well they need to. There are no vehicles in Canton proper except the sedan chair, the streets being too narrow to admit of even rickshaws. From ten in the morning until after four in the afternoon we saw and smelled Canton. For guide we had Ah Cum, well versed in English and the devious paths of that devil city.

It is hard to do justice to the scenes and sensations which came to us on that tour. Before making the trip I had read Kipling's account of his visit, appearing in *From Sea to Sea*. I thought he must have exaggerated conditions, but now I know they

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are true. Think what it means to compress two and a half millions of people within the radius of what would be a small-sized city in the States! The people simply congest—they swarm. There are no parks, no wide thoroughfares. The buildings almost overarch the alley-like passageways, which are still further darkened by a plethora of multi-colored advertising signs. Through these obscure channels pours a constant stream of humanity. The day was hot and the odors that went up from those narrow lanes and from that sweltering mob were something oppressive and appalling. Most of the people wear a minimum of clothing, and all we could see before us was a gleaming vista of human flesh and devil faces. They stared at us insolently, and whenever we stopped would crowd about us until our nerve was almost gone. In describing the effect created upon him by this scene Kipling said: "Do you know those horrible sponges full of worms that grow in warm seas? You break off a piece of it and the worms break, too. Canton is that sponge." At places the streets would be so narrow that two chairs could not pass and there would be a blockade. Our coolies, of whom there were three to each chair, kept yelling like fiends in an effort to clear the way. It was a situation where anything might have happened without causing surprise. We visited a number of temples, rich in fine carvings, as also shops, where work was being done in ivory, jade, and precious woods so delicate that it seemed inconceivable the human hand or human eye could be so

trained. At noontime we ate lunch (brought from the ship) on the summit of a pagoda built on the old city wall. To one side spread the city, simply a sea of housetops, without a sign of street or tree; to the other lay the country, apparently one vast cemetery. The religion of China inculcates a worship or veneration of ancestors, with the result that all their dead must be buried rather than cremated. In a country where population presses hard upon subsistence, and where a small tract of ground means life to thousands, immense areas are given over to graveyards. Not only is the land unproductive, but works of public utility are often blocked because of the desecration which would result to these cities of the dead.

Many other strange things we saw in that most crowded and noisome of cities—the old water clock, the mortuary, the beheading ground, the prison, etc. It all seemed like some horrid dream, full of terrifying images. That human beings can pass from childhood to age knowing nothing and seeing nothing but that place of gloom and awful smells seemed almost beyond belief. One felt that in all the wide world there was nothing cheaper than human life. It was a relief to board the boat and have fresh air about us again. We started down the river at four-thirty, and the green landscape spreading to either side seemed veritable Elysian fields after the inferno we had left.

Early this morning we were back in Hong Kong. Our trip had taken just thirty-six hours, but measur-

ing time by experience our raven locks might well have turned gray in the interim. We talked "Canton" and its unique interest so much that those who had neglected to make the visit soon fled our approach.

In the afternoon an excursion was tendered the Commission and staff by Mr. Gillis, a wealthy Englishman of Hong Kong. We made a tour of the bay and ran out beyond the heads. The afternoon was pleasant and the crowd congenial. The Queen, the President, the Commission, the Anglo-Saxon alliance, our respective navies, etc., were all toasted with appropriate beverages and speeches. Everyone had a good time.

HONG KONG, *May 31, 1900.*

This is our last day in Hong Kong. The warm weather has reduced the pace of the party somewhat, though the manifold charms of street and shop are hard to resist. In all the exploring, however, no one seems to have been either concerned or deterred by the fact that from sixty to seventy deaths from bubonic plague are being registered daily. Whether we have absorbed some of the fatalism of the East, or simply regard the situation as natural to our new life, I do not know. We have moved a long way though from the wild terror spread in San Francisco recently by the unverified report of a single case of plague. I remember how a rope and a cordon of police were thrown about Chinatown at

four o'clock in the morning, shutting in most of the cooks and house boys of the city. When it comes to choosing between hysteria and plague there is some question as to which can work the most harm.

Tomorrow at daybreak we enter upon the last stage of our journey, Manila being two days' sail to the southward. It is to be hoped the weather will not grow correspondingly hotter. White clothes and pith helmets are now the regulation costume of our party, the Hong Kong tailors having been well patronized. Mr. Ferguson had an experience at one of the shops which illustrates how literally a Chinaman follows instructions. Having a somewhat large waist measurement, and finding that his trousers made in Japan had shrunk uncomfortably, he told the Chinese tailor to "make them high"—dramatically striking his chest in the neighborhood of the armpits as being about what he wanted. The garment was made accordingly, and is now the joy of everybody on board—except the owner.

CHINA SEA, *June 2, 1900.*

We are due at Manila tomorrow. The weather is still warm and everyone is dressed as lightly as possible. We have now gotten down to the strictly essential, as neither style nor temperate zone conventions find much encouragement in this latitude. Personal appearance has given way largely to personal comfort. The China Sea, which is usually turbulent, is as smooth as the proverbial millpond. Even

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Mr. Dominguez is visible, undeniable proof that the sea is absolutely calm. The fact of greatest interest now, however, is that within a few miles of us lie the Philippine Islands. This means not only new scenes and new experiences, but it means also a new home with new and untried tasks and responsibilities. All that has transpired thus far has been simply a delightful prologue to the real performance, which begins tomorrow. As the lines for which we are cast are new, the stage untried, and the temper of the audience reported hostile, there is naturally some anxiety as to how things are going to turn out.

The islands are now under military government, Major General Arthur McArthur being the Commanding General and Military Governor. The Commission, which is to be the legislative body, with authority to replace military rule as fast as conditions warrant, does not take over its duties until September 1. In the interim it will study the situation and determine how best to meet it. What the outcome of the experiment will be to our country, and to the members of our little group, is for the prophet or the historian to answer. Certainly the established order of things has changed for both, and conditions can never be quite the same again with it or with us.

We have been warned against all possible sorts of ills. The natives have been pictured as treacherous, the climate as pestilential, and earth and sky as teeming with animal life, ready, willing, and anxious to destroy us. The last message delivered to most of

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us upon leaving home was: "Now, if the climate or conditions don't agree with you, be sure and come right back." We will soon know the best or the worst, though no one appears to have any idea how long we are to serve. "Two or three years" is the usual conjecture, which has gradually crystallized into the belief that we will be in the Islands at least two years. Well, whatever happens, or however long or short our stay, we have had a most glorious time getting here. The thought may have obtruded that there has been more of pleasure about our trip than of concern for the problems we were sent to solve. As to all but the immediate members of the Commission this is doubtless true. For them the different stops have afforded opportunities to learn of general conditions in the East and to consult and advise with many persons concerning the work which awaits at the end of the journey. The rest have been free to enjoy their time to the full, and the days have been crowded with everything calculated to make the experience unique and memorable. With a fine ship, congenial companions, and a constant recurrence of novel and interesting sights, there has been little left to desire. As Stevenson says, in describing certain happy incidents on his *Inland Voyage*: "We have gained just so much upon the whole-sale filcher, Death."

IV

MANILA AND FIRST IMPRESSIONS

MANILA *June 4, 1900.*

WE PASSED the island of Corregidor, which marks the entrance to Manila Bay, shortly after daylight yesterday. Everyone was on the *qui vive* to get a first glimpse of the place and the people with whose fortunes we are soon to be so strangely united. It is thirty miles from Corregidor to Manila, which gives you an idea of the size of the bay. On our left as we entered were the mountains of Mariveles, and further on to the right was Cavite, where Dewey sank the Spanish fleet. We could see the hulks and projecting masts of a number of the wrecks as we passed. Manila has no docks, and the *Hancock* was compelled to anchor about a mile from shore. Viewed from that distance the city lay almost at the water level, with a range of rather hazy mountains in the far background. With the exception of the domes and spires of numerous churches, and a line of white houses along the shore, very little could be seen from the ship.

After satisfying the quarantine officials that we were in good health and spirits the yellow flag came down and visitors began to arrive. These included

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various delegations of Filipinos, military officers and newspaper men. The Filipinos wore frock coats and silk hats and made quite a distinguished showing. Among them were members of the Supreme Court and various men of prominence who have allied themselves with the American cause. Greetings and expressions of good will were duly exchanged, Mr. Ferguson acting as interpreter. His fluent and sonorous Spanish, interspersed with well-timed shrugs and gestures, doubtless convinced his hearers that "we were armed and well prepared." Our native visitors created a decidedly favorable impression both in appearance and in their ease of manner and expression.

Later in the day the Commission went ashore to return the call of the Military Governor and locate houses for themselves and families. As there are no good hotels here, most of the party has remained on the *Hancock* pending some arrangement for quarters elsewhere. This question of a place to live is now the prevailing topic. As the supply of really desirable houses in Manila never seems to have been plentiful, the advent of our army and its following has pretty well exhausted everything in sight. It appears also that the best accommodations offered have many unexpected features — such as having the stable under the house, mediæval plumbing, and like novelties. When to these drawbacks are added some dirt and some dilapidation you have a combination to drive the average American housewife to tears. I am fortunately saved the worry of an individual

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search, having been invited to make my home with Commissioner and Mrs. Moses. As for the rest, well, "time and the hour run through the longest day."

Before closing I would add that it has been and still is hot. Everybody looks wilted. If the past two days are a fair sample of what we are to expect there will be little left of us in two years. Last night there was a general exodus from the cabins onto the deck, which early resembled a huge dormitory. We have been somewhat heartened, however, by the assurance that this is the culmination of the "hot season," and that the climate is generally quite pleasant. It is so usual, however, to picture things of this nature as exceptional that we are by no means convinced.

MANILA, *June 12, 1900.*

Everybody is now ashore and located, though not altogether settled. We have already learned that things don't "settle" very quickly here, but require time and abundant patience. Very little has been done thus far beyond getting some first hand impressions of Manila and of the life into which we have been plunged. There is certainly plenty of novelty and strangeness about it. To most of us, as to people in the States generally, army life and all that pertains to it have been a sealed book. Here, however, it is an ever-present reality, the city being a huge military camp swarming with khaki-clad sol-



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diers. They patrol the streets, guard the public buildings, and perform all the functions of government. We go to bed to the sound of taps, and wake to hear the bugles sounding reveille. Military authority is supreme—omnipotent. To be on the streets after ten at night is presumptive evidence of treason, anyone found abroad after that hour without a pass being hustled to the guardhouse. The talk you hear is of “insurrectos,” and of fighting here and fighting there. Manila itself, while perfectly quiet, is disturbed by constant rumors of contemplated attacks. It was currently reported and believed that a demonstration against the city was to follow the arrival of the Commission—just a little something to show how welcome we were. Thus far, however, nothing has happened. We find the army view of the situation decidedly pessimistic. They think it will take years to crush the insurrection and restore public order. This would mean the indefinite continuance of military rule—a prospect apparently much more alluring to many of our officers than the advent of civil government.

Manila has an estimated population of over two hundred and fifty thousand, scattered over quite an extensive area. The city is bisected by the River Pasig, which is alive with launches, coasting vessels, and native *cascoes* and *bancas*. On the south bank of the river is the old Walled City, known as “Intramuros” (within walls), while to the north is the general shopping district. There are very few stores in the walled city, which is given over largely to

churches, convents, schools, government offices, and scattered private dwellings. The walls, which are massive and well preserved, are surrounded by a deep moat and penetrated by a number of picturesque gates, protected by drawbridges. These latter are still in working order, the place having afforded a refuge to the public in times of trouble up to that August day when our troops scaled its walls. The buildings crowded within this enclosure are time-worn and discolored, and as you walk its narrow streets, and catch glimpses of the hidden, mysterious life behind the ponderous doors and grated balconies, you can well imagine the centuries have been arrested and you are back in the days of Charlemagne or Charles the Bold. The city outside the walls, however, has no such reposeful air, its streets being thronged with people and vehicles of all kinds. The natives, though not particularly prepossessing, have an alert carriage, with something of the Spaniard's suavity and grace of manner. The men of the lower class dress in white cotton trousers and a more or less transparent shirt, usually worn outside the trousers. The costume of the women consists of a sort of waist with wide sleeves and a rather narrow skirt—bright colors predominating. Shoes and stockings seem to be almost unknown; the nearest approach to the former being a sort of slipper without heels called *chinelas*. Small children either wear no clothes, or what they do flourish is so abbreviated and transparent as to excite wonder why they wear anything at all. The upper

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classes dress much as we do, except that the native women and those of mixed blood, known as *Mestizas*, wear a waist with stiff, billowy sleeves, and a skirt tailed something like a beaver. As most of the Spaniards in the islands were connected either with the army or the civil administration, and left soon after the Treaty of Paris, the Spanish element is small. There are quite a number of Chinese and a marked sprinkling of other nationalities. There are also racial blends whose ancestral trees ramify to every quarter of the globe.

The transportation facilities are decidedly poor. There is a horse car line, but the cars are so few and small and the service so irregular that even in this land of *mañana* it is a byword. There are no rickshaws. The public vehicles for hire consist of small, two-wheeled rattletraps known as *carromatas*, with an occasional broken down Victoria. These are drawn by diminutive horses, driven by a set of indolent *cocheros*, who seem utterly indifferent whether they secure a fare or not. At noontime most of them absolutely refuse a passenger, protesting they must go and *chow*. As the distances are great, and walking uncomfortable, everyone who can afford it keeps a vehicle of some sort. There are in evidence also large army wagons, drawn by towering American mules—which usually crowd everything else to the curb—intermixed with a trailing procession of carabao carts. The carabao is a large, meek, ungainly animal, with wide branching horns—the beast of burden of the islands. His

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gait is that of the proverbial snail, and it is said he sets the pace for the people. As a result of all this traffic, the streets, none too wide, are in a state of constant turmoil and congestion.

There are few buildings in the city more than two stories high, due partly to the fact that ground is plentiful and also to fear of earthquakes. The various public buildings and churches, which abound, are well constructed, some of the latter being quite imposing. Most of the dwelling houses are built flush with the sidewalk and their exterior is not attractive. Small, flat shells are used for window panes and serve the purpose admirably, shutting out as they do much of the heat and glare. The better class houses, being mostly windows, can be thrown open to almost any extent desired. Ordinary native houses are built of bamboo with a roof of nipa palm, and have every appearance of comfort at small cost. The frame houses of the wealthy and the nipa shacks of the lowly adjoin, there being, apparently, no well defined residence section. There is a noticeable lack of parks and gardens, nor is there that luxuriant vegetation one associates with the tropics and which we saw in such abundance in Honolulu. Few of the streets are shaded, something inexcusable in a warm climate, where very little effort would accomplish so much. Possibly the disturbed condition of the country during recent years is partly responsible for this.

Different from Mexico and other countries ruled by Spain, Spanish has not become the prevailing

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language of the people. It is estimated that less than five per cent of the population speak and read Spanish, the rest being limited to their local dialects. In and about Manila the people are Tagalogs, who, having come into somewhat close contact with Spanish influence, are said to be more ambitious and restless than the other tribes. Many different important dialects are spoken throughout the islands, a fact which renders any real union of the people at this time extremely difficult, if not impossible.

Shopping is quite a problem. Most of the retail business is done by Chinese, Spaniards, and East Indians, Filipinos being in a decided minority. In but few stores do they speak English, while in none do they seem to have what you want or be able to direct you where to get it. There are two or three American commercial houses, but their trade is confined largely to liquors and canned goods. The army people get most of their supplies from the commissary and quartermaster departments—a privilege extended to the Commission and staff for the present. The large import and export houses of the islands are mostly German, English, and Swiss, with one Spanish concern known as the “Compania Tabacalera.” I imagine these foreigners do not relish our occupation very much, as it has seriously hampered their business. For over a year now most of the island ports have been closed to commerce in an effort to shut out insurgent supplies—offering a strong incentive for contraband.

Health conditions are fairly good, certainly when

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compared with what they are reported to have been when we took Manila. There is some bubonic plague, and more or less smallpox—the latter being endemic. The prevailing trouble, however, is dysentery, of which there seems to be a great deal. It is said that if you are careful what you eat and drink, and live a regular life, you can be as well here as anywhere. The only trouble about this is that you cannot always be sure just what you are eating and drinking.

About the only diversion we have is driving on the Luneta and Malecon. The Luneta is a large oval on the bay shore, where the band plays in the evening. The Malecon is a palm-bordered drive-way about a mile long, extending along the bay from the Luneta to the river. Between six and seven-thirty there is a constant procession of carriages moving to and fro, or anchored at some spot convenient to the music. At that hour the land breeze cools the air, and the sun, sinking behind the mountains of Mariveles, paints wonderful pictures in sea and sky. Everyone you know is in evidence, and informal visits from carriage to carriage are *en règle*. Among Americans the military element predominates. There are more Captains, Majors, and Colonels here than we had any idea existed before our coming. They make a fine appearance in their white dress uniforms, the few scattered civilians in plain duck being quite inconspicuous in comparison. The ladies—of whom there are already quite a number—all dress in white, and most of them

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very sensibly dispense with hats. Altogether it is an animated scene and one of the most delightful features of Manila life. The program closes each evening with the "Star-Spangled Banner," when everyone uncovers and stands at attention. It takes some such environment as this—a strange land with an atmosphere of war—to make one properly appreciate just what our country and our flag really mean to us. He would certainly be a poor American who did not thrill as he heard the strains of that final triumphant melody swell out upon the tropic night, and thought of all the heroism and sacrifice its music spells. The feeling stirred has something of consecration about it, and leaves you a better American, and more jealous of your country's welfare and honor than you were before. There is one song though which we have not heard and which the band never plays—i. e., "Home, Sweet Home." Homesickness is too present and real a thing among our people here to either require or stand any artificial stimulant. As to theaters and similar attractions, the ten o'clock curfew law effectually eliminates them for the present.

Commissioner and Mrs. Moses have secured a house on the bay shore just beyond the Luneta. We are now in the throes of painting, plumbing, etc., the different workmen being imbued with the idea evidently that it is to be a life job. With the exception of mosquitoes we have not found the insect life either numerous or voracious. Mosquito netting, however, is indispensable for the beds. The first

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few nights we were without it, and the experience was trying upon our disposition and our religion. The regulation Filipino bed is of split bamboo on which you spread a fiber mat and a sheet. Some pretend to like them and claim they would use none other. For a beginner, however, it is like sleeping on a board, which is not agreeable for a thin person with exposed angles.

The hot season is still "culminating," and it would require great optimism to pronounce it comfortable.



Provincial Transportation, Carabao Sled



Gate, Walled City

V

EARLY INCIDENTS AND PROBLEMS

MANILA, *July 1, 1900.*

THE Commission is now installed in the Ayuntamiento—the old “Palacio” or government building in the Walled City. It is also the military headquarters and furnishes a scene of activity such as was never witnessed by the old Spanish Dons, whose portraits still adorn its walls. From all accounts, administrative affairs ran a very leisurely and sleepy course under the old régime. For nearly three hundred years Spain ruled the Islands with little or no protest from the natives, and with but two or three slight differences with outsiders. At the time of our occupation, however, the islands were and had been for some years in a state of insurrection, the scattered uprisings of the people having finally merged into the more or less general revolution of 1896. The events following our occupation are familiar history. The people, already in arms, and misled as to our purposes by both church and secular bodies, were persuaded to rise against our authority. Hostilities opened with the outbreak of February 4, 1899, and gradually extended throughout most of the Christian provinces of the Archi-

pelago. Our forces were steadily increased until there are now between sixty and seventy thousand American troops in the islands, divided into five hundred or more detachments. Following the capture of the insurgent capital at Malolos, and the going of Aguinaldo into hiding, all organized resistance ended, the fighting thereafter degenerating into that most trying of all struggles, guerrilla warfare.

When it is remembered that almost every native is or was actively or passively arrayed against us; that the climate is a tropical one, where heat, and storm, and disease wait upon the path of our soldiers; that they are fighting upon unfamiliar ground, most of which is mountainous or rank with jungle growth; that they are ignorant of the language of the people and are compelled to rely for information upon the uncertain testimony of native guides and interpreters, some conception may be had not only of the difficulties encountered but of the fortitude and courage displayed in meeting them. The greatest trouble has been not in routing scattered insurgent bands, but in protecting those natives who, sincerely or otherwise, profess adherence to our cause. Such natives are truly between the devil and the deep sea. Unless they take the oath of allegiance they are considered and treated as "insurrectos," while if they do take such oath they are treated as "Americanistas" by the insurgent element and subjected to all sorts of barbarous treatment. In Manila there are many natives who realize not only that armed resistance is useless, but who are con-

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vinced of our good intentions toward them. Such also exist outside Manila, but hesitate to publicly proclaim their belief for fear of violence. The immediate problem is to create a situation where those in favor of peace can safely say so, and can argue with their brethren in the field not only that our intentions are good but, by pointing to accomplished facts, show the advantage of accepting our authority. It is very doubtful if the mass of the people have any interest in or desire to continue the insurrection. They know little, and probably care less, about "independence," "equality," and "popular government." They know not what the terms mean. The struggle is largely inspired and prolonged by an influential few, some of whom are doubtless sincere, but the majority of whom hope to ride into place and power upon the heels of our withdrawal. To convince these leaders, therefore, not only of the futility of their efforts, but that they will have an opportunity to participate in a government organized by us will go far toward ending hostilities.

The Commission, shortly after its arrival, issued an announcement outlining generally the scope of its powers and the policy it would pursue. It was stated that the members of the Commission were men of peace and that their work would be confined to regions in which armed resistance had ceased. To such of the people as laid down their arms assurance was given that they would have a full hearing as to contemplated reforms, and could rely upon the jus-

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tice, generosity, and clemency of the United States in its dealings with them. Suggestions were invited from Filipinos, and from others, as to needed changes in legislation and in the organization of the various departments of government. In the interim until September the various subjects calling for investigation were assigned to the different Commissioners as follows:

Taft—The civil service, the friars, and public lands.

Worcester—Municipal corporations, forestry, agriculture, mining, and public health.

Wright—Internal improvements, franchises, militia, police and criminal code.

Ide—Code civil procedure, courts, banks and currency, and registration laws.

Moses—Schools and taxation.

Taft, Wright, and Ide—Civil code.

The Commission—Central, departmental, and provincial governments.

It will be seen that the undertaking before the Commission involves not only winning the confidence of an alien and a resentful people, but the building of a government from its very foundations—a task seriously complicated by the unfortunate material conditions of the country, and hindered and embarrassed by the tirades of party politicians and mistaken theorists at home. Even here the Commission is apparently destined to be without cordial support from those upon whom it should be able to rely. It was natural that the natives should not receive us

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with open arms, but there was every reason to believe our army brethren would welcome the cooperation of the Commission in restoring orderly government, and would work in harmony with it. Instead, we have found the atmosphere at the military end of the corridor decidedly chilly, our welcome being severely restricted to what the "regulations" prescribe. Whether it is because they are jealous of dividing their power, or because they consider the appointment of the Commission a reflection upon their ability to handle the situation (a statement attributed to the Military Governor), the fact remains that we are regarded by most army officers as interlopers. They seem to have marked the place for their own indefinitely.

MANILA, *July 15, 1900.*

We are now enjoying some of the delightful weather promised us on arrival. The rains are here, cooling the air and washing the sky into a deep blue, unlike anything seen in northern climes. We have had two typhoons, but aside from a torrential down-pour of rain they proved harmless. Despite the lower temperature there is no call for anything but the lightest clothes. The other day the Commissioners made some formal call dressed in frock coats and silk hats, and returned to the Ayuntamiento heated throughout and dripping with perspiration. When they went into session, Judge Taft, as chairman, called for a resolution to the effect that there-

after, no matter what the occasion, frock coats and silk hats be neither worn nor required. With some slight protest from Commissioner Ide, whose residence in "Samoa" has won him the position of censor in matters of official etiquette, the resolution was adopted. If adhered to it will prove quite a departure from the pomp and splendor with which officialdom arrayed itself in the old days.

The month and a half in Manila has already begun to work changes in the Commission household. The position of Secretary, which was vacant, has been given to our Spanish Secretary, Mr. Fergusson, who will fill both places. Mr. A. R. Cotton of San Francisco, now of Manila, has been added to the translating department, while Mr. Beekman Winthrop of Boston, en route around the world, has temporarily joined forces with us. Dr. F. W. Atkinson of Massachusetts has been appointed Superintendent of Public Instruction, and is now on the ground. Mr. Coffman, Judge Taft's private secretary, left for the States on the last transport. As there is no "secretary" material in Manila, I recommended Mr. Fred Carpenter of San Francisco for the place, and he was cabled for accordingly. There is some fitness in all this, for it was Carpenter who first suggested that I apply for a position with the Commission.

There is much excitement now over the Boxer outbreak in China and the fate of the legations at Peking. Two regiments of troops have gone forward from Manila and will be among the first in the field.

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This is one advantage at least of having soldiers in this part of the world.

The Fourth of July was celebrated in Manila, the Declaration of Independence being read in both English and Spanish. While "expansion" may be all right, and while our attitude toward this people is doubtless the result of inevitable necessity and for their ultimate good, it nevertheless seems like rubbing it in a bit to spring the Declaration of Independence on them at this time. They may appreciate eventually that it is our purpose to give them all the rights for which that document stands, and in far greater measure than they could themselves achieve, but until that time comes it would seem good taste not to shout so loudly about what our ancestors did in 1776. The Commissioners took this view of the case, and were roundly criticised therefor by the American press of Manila. They were told that "lost opportunities never return," meaning, doubtless, that they would be taboo from now on.

MANILA, *August 1, 1900.*

Sometime in June the Military Governor, acting under instructions from Washington, issued an Amnesty Proclamation whereby all natives in arms were granted ninety days within which to present themselves and take oath of allegiance to the United States. To those who took such oath full pardon was promised for past offenses and a fresh start guaranteed. A number of prominent natives have

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availed themselves of the opportunity, among them one Pedro A. Paterno, who was President of the Filipino Congress at Malolos. He has the reputation of being an able man, but decidedly unreliable. In a burst of apparent gratitude over the granting of the Amnesty, he announced that he would give a "Fiesta" to celebrate the event, such fiesta to consist of a parade, illuminations, arches, and a banquet in honor of the Military Governor. This celebration went into history two days since, and it will likely be a long time before the echoes die away. It will be recalled that the Amnesty was based upon the unconditional acknowledgment of our sovereignty in the islands. Upon two or three of the arches, however, the pictures of Aguinaldo and McKinley were placed side by side, while most of the other arches bore inscriptions signifying "Independence under an American Protectorate." The military authorities removed the pictures of Aguinaldo, but permitted the inscriptions to remain. The parade did not prove a great success, most of the people evidently considering such a public expression of their allegiance premature—whatever they may have confessed privately. Invitations to the banquet were extended the Military Governor and the Commission. The Military Governor declined, but the Commission accepted as guests after being assured by the Military Governor that the speeches to be delivered had been censored. It chanced, however, that late in the afternoon of the day set for the banquet the Commission learned that most of the

proposed speeches advocated the granting of Philippine independence. A letter was thereupon dispatched to Señor Paterno stating that no American with authority to speak had ever by a single word held out the idea that we would grant independence to the islands; that it was impossible for the Commissioners to be present at a banquet where such a thing was suggested and by their presence lend countenance to it. That if they did come they would be compelled to rise and denounce any such scheme, and rather than do this on an occasion where people should be convivial, they must withdraw their acceptance. In the meantime it appears the Provost Marshal had issued orders that there *should be no speeches*, while the Military Governor had instructed that no banquet at all be given *unless some member of the Commission was present*. Having declined to be present himself, it is still unexplained why he should attempt to saddle the burden of a possible fiasco upon the Commission. This ultimatum reached Paterno late in the evening. His guests had assembled, the banquet was spread, and he held in his hand the notice of the Commissioners withdrawing their acceptance. In this dilemma he posted to Judge Taft's house—where Commissioner Wright is also stopping—and implored them with tears to come and save the affair from utter failure. This they finally did, reaching the banquet room about 9:30, the guests having been waiting over two hours. The affair, under the circumstances, was not particularly hilarious. The skeleton had obtruded

and could not be excoriated. Copies of the proposed speeches were later secured, and it would seem all of them must have been written by one person. Without exception they advocated Philippine independence in some form, a refusal of which nearly two years ago precipitated the present struggle. One of the proposed speeches, which will serve as a sample of the rest, is as follows:

The solution of great problems, gentlemen, are celebrated with great banquets, because it must be conceded, however much it may deride the human race, that satisfaction is full and complete only when the soul and body experience it simultaneously. And for a better reason my joy verges upon delirium in these awe-inspiring moments, inasmuch as I hope, with the great faith of well-founded optimism, that the splendor of joyousness may form itself into a beautiful rainbow of approaching happiness and peace. Yes, gentlemen, I seem to see the carrier dove with the branches in its beak, coming toward us across the deluge of tears, inundating the fatherland.

But in proportion as my satisfaction increases at this moment, my soul turns to our desolated mountains, endeavoring to gather as holy relics the longing sighs of so many unknown martyrs there suffering untold sorrows; my soul longs to garner the echoes of those mountains, and here in this joyous banquet to interpret them. But, for what purpose? Why these yearnings we feel? One ideal, one sole ideal, unites and enkindles the consciences of the good Filipinos.

But I must gather those sighs and translate those echoes, that both the sighs and echoes may reach

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the supreme authorities of the North American nation, in order that they may be impressed upon the spirit of that great people.

Magnanimous people! Thou who didst raise the formerly unhappy Liberia to the rank of a free and independent state; thou who has shed thy blood to redeem thousands and thousands of men from slavery; thou who enlightenest the world with the torch of liberty; thou nation, great and powerful nation, be the protector of the Filipino people; let them be protected by the ideals of liberty and independence and hear the fervent voice of eternal gratitude; forever wilt thou hear in the Malayan ambient, in the mountains, and in the forest, these soul cries: "Long live North America, protector of the incipient Philippine nationality."

Just what Paterno's purpose was in all this is not clear. Whether he and the other promoters of the affair did not understand the oath they had taken, or whether they hoped to place the Commission at a disadvantage, remains a question. Likely the latter.

Another recent occurrence also illustrates what vague notions the brightest of these people have of what self-government involves. Among the most influential of the natives now imprisoned in Manila, and who refuse to take the oath of allegiance, is Apolinario Mabini. He is a paralytic, something of a student, and is credited with having been the brains of the insurrection. A few days ago he expressed a desire for an interview with the Commission. Thinking possibly he was paving the way to accept

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the changed order of things, a meeting was arranged. He is a thin, pale, ascetic-looking man, and as he was wheeled into the presence of the Commission his appearance inspired sympathy, as also a belief that his attitude was sincere. When asked his purpose in seeking an interview, he entered into a long dissertation concerning the principles of freedom, liberty, equality, and the inherent right of individuals and races to shape their own destiny. The picture drawn by him was a beautiful one from the standpoint of a student philosopher dealing with abstract and purely theoretical problems. Every effort, however, to get him to discuss the question as applied to concrete conditions in the islands proved futile. He seemed obsessed with the idea that because all peoples are endowed with certain primary and admitted rights, any attempt to regulate the exercise of those rights by others was unjustifiable. Finally Judge Taft said to him: "But suppose, Señor Mabini, the Americans should withdraw and this freedom of which you speak be granted you, what then? Your country is composed of many scattered islands, some of them inhabited by savages and all of them by people speaking different dialects and without any cohesion of ideas or experience in government. You occupy an exposed and coveted position in the path of world commerce, and would doubtless be called upon very soon to defend your nationality. You have many foreigners living here, for whose lives and property you would be held accountable not only from outside



Government Offices, Manila

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interference, but from the ambitions and jealousies of your own people. To protect your country from these dangers you would need an army of considerable strength and at least the nucleus of a navy. All these things, together with the necessary expenses of government, would cost a great deal of money. Your country and people are poor and your industries paralyzed. Waiving, therefore, all question of your ability to govern yourselves, I would ask how you propose to raise the revenues necessary to preserve and administer such a government?" To this inquiry Mabini simply shrugged his shoulders and replied: "The question of revenue *is a mere detail.*" With this the interview ended. The lesson is one which our so-called "anti-imperialists" residing in Boston and elsewhere might study to advantage. They, like Mabini, reason altogether from the theoretical standpoint, shutting their eyes to conditions as they actually exist and must be met. For Mabini there is the excuse of ignorance and inexperience; for them there is no excuse, as their attitude is the result either of political expediency or of a narrow provincialism which judges everything by the standards of a particular environment.

MANILA, *August 14, 1900.*

Commissioners Worcester and Wright have just returned from Baguio, Province of Benguet, where they have been investigating the possibility of establishing a "summer resort" for people living in the

lowlands. They are enthusiastic about the place, and their report is fraught with vital interest to every American whom circumstance may call to pass his life on this our far-flung frontier. If statistics are to be accepted, the constant high temperature of the tropics gradually saps the energy and vitality of the white races, leaving them broken in health or ready victims for the numerous germs and microbes with which air and water abound. It has been stated also that a warm climate loosens the moral fiber, and causes a rapid degeneracy in the ordinary standards of conduct. It was President Jordan of Stanford University—who opposes our expansion policy—who said that if a Methodist missionary and a New England schoolmarm should marry and live in the tropics, the third generation would ride bareback on a burro to see a cock fight on Sunday. However this may be, there is no question but that a tropical climate is enervating, and that an occasional change is imperative if health and strength are to be preserved. This ordinarily means a long and costly journey, the separation of families, and all sorts of inconvenience. Baguio, which has an elevation of over five thousand feet, and is set in the heart of pine forests, is reported to have a climate as cool and bracing as that of our northern states. At present it can be reached only by a circuitous route over rough mountain trails. It lies, however, but fifty miles from Dagupan, the terminus of a railway line running from Manila. By constructing a wagon or rail line from this point Baguio will be made easily

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accessible, and we shall have this "Simla" of the Philippines at our very doors. The Commission, realizing the importance of the project, plans to commence construction work as early as practicable.

Another difficult and somewhat embarrassing problem facing the Commission is that of the Friar Orders in their relation to these people. While at first glance this might seem a purely religious matter, with which the government has no concern, the situation here makes it a political question of the gravest character. As a matter of fact, the different uprisings of the people during the late *régime* were directed not so much against Spanish sovereignty as against what they considered the intolerable abuses of the government as represented by the Friars. During the uprising of 1895 some forty Friars were killed, and at the time of our occupation more than four hundred were held prisoners by the Filipinos. One of the first acts of the Philippine Congress at Malolos was to confiscate the large land holdings of the religious orders. Now that we have assumed control, the question of protecting these orders in their legal rights, and at the same time satisfying the people that we are not siding with those whom they consider enemies, becomes a most delicate one. President McKinley, in dealing with the matter in his Instructions to the Commission, said:

It will be the duty of the Commission to make a thorough investigation into the titles to the large tracts of land held or claimed by individuals or by

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religious orders; into the justice of the claims and complaints made against such landholders by the people of the islands, or any part of the people, and to seek by wise and peaceable measures a just settlement of the controversies, and redress of the wrongs, which have caused strife and bloodshed in the past. In the performance of this duty the Commission is enjoined to see that no injustice is done; to have regard for substantial right and equity, disregarding technicalities so far as substantial right permits.

During the past three weeks Judge Taft has had interviews with the heads of the various religious orders, and with prominent Filipinos, in an effort to reach an understanding of the powers exercised and claimed by the Friars, and the ground of resentment against them. Much interesting testimony has been secured. It is somewhat difficult for people at home, accustomed to consider religion a matter of purely personal concern, to adjust their mental vision to the true situation in these islands. The history of Spanish conquest in the Far East, no less than in the New World, is inextricably mingled with that of the Church of Rome. The soldier and the priest marched together and the crucifix held what the sword had gained. It has been Spain's evil fortune, however, to find in her powerful ally of conquest, and in the force which cemented the triumph of her arms, one of the most potent factors of her own downfall. The support of her wonderful years of expansion became in time a rigid frame which remorselessly shut out all power of change or further

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progress, and in the upheaval which time inevitably brought her colonies were lost and the fabric of the church shaken to its foundations.

Upon the advent of Spain to the Philippines the church found a virgin field for her efforts. The religious beliefs of the people were few and simple, lacking altogether the rigidity which characterizes the systems prevalent in India, China, and other Oriental countries. The people accepted readily the forms and ceremonies of the new faith and became converted *en masse*. Churches and convents sprang up throughout the islands, and much was done toward the moral and intellectual development of the people. With time, however, the missionary zeal which characterized and inspired the early churchmen gave way in large measure to more earthly considerations and to a mistaken system of government policy. The Monastic Orders which had early appeared in the field, and into whose hands fell the church government, soon devoted themselves more to extending their own power and influence, and to exploiting the people and country to add to their own wealth and prestige, than to any high considerations looking to the spiritual development of their parishioners. The ranks of such orders were recruited too often from among the lower classes in Spain, to whom a distant field and isolated parishes meant simply an opportunity to tyrannize over a simple people and to gratify their own desires and passions unchecked.

The full scope of the power and influence wielded

by the Friar priest in the interior pueblos of the islands can hardly be realized by one unfamiliar with Filipino character and Filipino history. To a naturally docile disposition the mass of the Filipinos added the passivity which comes from credulous ignorance, rank superstition, and awe of those in authority — a condition which the church and government systems did little to ameliorate. The native dialects, which possess little or no literature, were taught almost exclusively in the parishes, instruction being limited in most cases to the catechism and church dogma. Only the small percentage of persons able to attend the Manila schools ever acquired a knowledge of Spanish or of a world outside the confines of their particular towns. This system was based, it is said, upon the theory that by confining the people to their own dialects, and shutting to them the pages of history, the possibility of concerted action upon their part against either church or state authorities was minimized.

Given the above condition of affairs, coupled with the natural actions of men of ordinary human passions when invested with practically unlimited power, and the result is not difficult to imagine. The priest controlled and dominated the people not only by the power which comes from superior race and superior education, but he held in his hands as a scourge for those who questioned his words or his deeds the threat and fear of imprisonment or banishment here and the terrible tortures and torments of the damned in the hereafter. Neither Spain's army in

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the islands nor her civil official roll was ever very large. For this reason, and because the church was a state institution, churchmen played a large part in governmental affairs. The priests were subsidized by the state, practically all of them receiving a regular allowance from the government treasury. In a vast number of towns the priest was the only representative of Spanish sovereignty, being not only the intermediary between the government and the people, but performing as well the duties of an official. The strong arm of the state, with its mysterious power to banish, imprison, and kill, was always back of him, making his authority a menace and a dread. So strong, in fact, did the religious corporations finally become, and so powerful was their influence throughout the islands, that the civil authorities became subordinate, and the tenure of that governor or officer who dared oppose their will was short. It is not altogether strange that this tremendous influence given into their hands was too often abused.

Concubinage on the part of priests with the women of their parishes was of frequent occurrence, and many prominent Filipinos today trace their Spanish blood to this source and speak openly of the fact. In referring to this phase of the subject in an interview with Judge Taft, Don Felipe Calderon, a leading attorney of Manila, said:

With respect to their morality in general, it was such a common thing to see children of Friars that

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no one ever paid any attention to it or thought of it, and so depraved had the people become in this regard that the women who were mistresses of Friars really felt great pride in it and had no compunction in speaking of it.

He gave a list of Filipinos who were children or descendants of Friars, heading the list with his own name, stating that his mother was the daughter of a Franciscan Friar. He coupled this admission with the somewhat naïve remark that he did not dishonor himself by so stating, as his family began with himself.

While the despotic methods pursued by many of the Friars in what pertained to their religious work doubtless created antagonism, the chief ground of hostility seems to have been a political one. The Friar represented to the people all that was vicious and bad in Spanish governmental methods. He was to them the visible embodiment of grinding and oppressive taxes, of conscription, of cruel and unusual punishments, and of every arbitrary and unreasonable demand made upon them by officials to whom the good of the governed was too often a secondary consideration. The Friars, being the exposed part of the government machine, were the point of attack. The particular orders against which the greatest animosity exists are the Dominicans, Augustinians, Recolletos, and Franciscans, these having been the most active in securing property interests and assuming the rôle of landlords to the people. Three of these orders, i. e., the Dominicans, Augustinians,

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and Recolletos, own over four hundred thousand acres of the choicest agricultural lands of the Archipelago, besides large holdings in the city of Manila and other towns of the islands. The people living upon these large properties claim that the land was acquired from them and their fathers through duress, fraud, and other questionable methods, and that they should not be compelled to pay rent therefor.

As a military measure, the orders are prohibited at present from attempting to collect rents, as disturbances would inevitably result. With the establishment of civil government, however, and the organization of civil courts the right of the orders to enforce their demands against their so-called tenants cannot, as a legal proposition, be disputed. To an ignorant people such a result would be conclusive evidence that our government had become a partisan of the orders and stood in the shoes of its predecessor. In the meantime, the Commission is being flooded with petitions from all parts of the islands protesting against the Friars and asking that their return to the parishes be forbidden. The people cannot see or be made to understand that the question of the return of the Friars is purely a matter of church policy, and that their property rights are to be determined by the courts and not by the arbitrary action of individuals. The only solution that seems possible is for the government to buy these large holdings and then sell or rent the land to the people upon easy terms.

In treating this question there is one point upon which Americans are apt to be misled, and that is in thinking that any attack or reflection upon the religious orders in these islands, or any action looking to their withdrawal, is an attack upon the Catholic Church. Nothing could be more erroneous. It is not the Catholic Church, but these corporations within the church, which are the cause of trouble. A condition now exists where the Catholics of the islands—the natives—are irreconcilably arrayed against the church as represented by the religious orders. If the governing church authorities, under these circumstances, try to force the Friars down the throats of the people, it will simply result in extending their antagonism to the church itself, with disastrous results to its influence and prestige. Realizing the true condition of affairs, the Pope commissioned Archbishop Chapelle of New Orleans as Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, with instructions to examine into the affairs of the church in the islands and to harmonize the discordant elements therein if possible. It is not unfair to state that, measured by results, his mission bids fair to be an utter failure. Whether from conviction or other motive, Archbishop Chapelle has closely identified himself with the Friar interests and thus destroyed whatever influence he might else have had in bringing about better relations between the church and the great mass of native Catholics. The people are even now mourning the death of Dr. José Rizal, perhaps the greatest native the islands have produced, who was pub-

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licly shot upon the Luneta as late as December 30, 1896. The charge against him was conspiracy to overthrow the government, but the opinion is quite universal that he met his death through the influence of the religious orders because of accusations made against them in his book, *Noli me Tangere*, and other writings.

The intimate relations existing between church and state under Spanish rule is evidenced by a question now being debated before the Commission. Under the Treaty of Paris the United States became vested with all property in the islands belonging to Spain. Various properties, undoubtedly under the control of Spanish civil authorities, are claimed by the church, the contention being that the state simply acted as agent of the church in administering them. Among such disputed holdings is the College of San José, in Manila, worth probably half a million dollars, the title to which is now being considered. The question is one which will likely have to be determined eventually by the courts.

In any criticism of Spanish rule in the islands, or of a church policy which finally roused a pacific people to bitter antagonism, sight should not be altogether lost of the great civilizing influence actually exerted over the natives by their Spanish masters. Compared with their original condition, or with the status of other Malayan people, the Filipinos have much to their credit. With the exception of the Mohammedan Moros, and certain of the hill tribes, the people profess Christianity and practice

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many of its enlightened precepts. While their morals may be lax in some respects, they are reported to be a great improvement over those of most tropical races. They have acquired many of the social graces of the Spaniard and are universally courteous and polite. As a people they are hospitable, and a stranger among them is seldom refused food or shelter. Their knowledge of current affairs, although superficial in many respects, has in it sufficient of the modern to justify a belief that under proper guidance further development will be rapid. The position of women among them is far in advance of that of her sisters in other Oriental countries. She is an equal partner in the household, and in very many instances a better executive and in closer touch with business affairs than her husband. Children are treated affectionately, and filial obedience and respect are ingrained. There are few, if any, almshouses, the old and indigent being cared for by their relatives. All these things represent an evolution of character accomplished only through generations of contact with a superior race, and without which our scheme of granting the people a participation in the government would be visionary. Even so, the most serious obstacle we will likely encounter results from that feature of Spanish rule which restricted wealth and education to the few and kept the masses poor and ignorant. That great middle class existing in our country, from which free government derives its inspiration and its support, is altogether lacking in these islands. The average Filipino ac-

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cepts as gospel any doctrine laid down to him by the select few, and has learned through long travail to invest official position not only with the right, but the power to dictate his course of life and conduct. They have found it safer to submit to the arbitrary actions of their superiors than to complain, and are easily influenced by these so-called leaders to take up any scheme, however absurd or chimerical. It will be slow work to eradicate this tendency, and to convince the masses that the law is intended for their benefit no less than for those privileged ones from whom they have so long accepted orders.

MANILA, *August 30, 1900.*

In a couple of days the Commission enters upon its legislative work, which includes the handling of the insular funds. Much work has already been done upon a tariff law, and upon an act regulating the civil service. Upon our occupation of the islands the old system of taxes and import duties collected by Spain was continued. Here, however, as in other Spanish colonies, the laws were made by the landed proprietors and people of wealth, and they saw to it that few of the burdens of government fell to them. They taxed, instead, commerce and industry, with a consequent stifling of enterprise. It was difficult for a poor man to turn his hand without being compelled to contribute something to the revenue. There was

and is today no tax upon land, while luxuries of every kind are admitted at a nominal duty. Everything consumed and used by the masses pays a maximum rate. Dr. Carl C. Plehn of the University of California, an authority upon economic subjects, has been called to assist in framing a more equitable tariff law and is now at work upon it. At the same time Mr. Kiggins, an examiner of the Civil Service Board at Washington, was brought to the islands to prepare a comprehensive civil service measure. Something of the kind is quite necessary, not only to fix a standard for admission to government employ, but to relieve the pressure upon the Commission by those with a "political pull" desiring appointment in the islands. Plans are forming for a rapid extension of school work. Dr. David P. Barrows of California has been appointed Superintendent of Manila Schools, and a number of American teachers are en route. The Filipinos seem anxious to educate their children; so much so that schools established by the military in still hostile territory, and taught by soldiers, have been and are well attended.

Driving on the Luneta and Malecon of evenings still constitutes our chief diversion. In addition to this, we attend dinners and watch for the bi-monthly transport with mail. When letters come half-way round the world they mean something, and your grievance is very great if your share is less than anticipated. Dinners, however, furnish the great relief. The maxim here is, "When in doubt what

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to do, give a dinner." Many prominent Filipinos have entertained the Commissioners and families, and vice versa, establishing an *entente cordiale* which mere official intercourse could not accomplish. Our acquaintance with army officers gained over the festal board has also been most delightful. Whatever may be their feelings as a class concerning the Commission and its work, taken as individuals they could not well be more agreeable. There is one feature of these functions, however, which has proven somewhat novel to most of our party, i. e., the importance attached in military circles to the question of rank. If by chance you should seat a captain nearer the head of the table than a major, or even seat a junior captain above his senior of the same rank, your blunder would be unpardonable. Not only this, but Mrs. Senior Captain and Mrs. Junior Captain must be placed with the same precision as her husband—if not more so. To a civilian host and hostess, who have not studied the Army Register with the prayerful diligence of most army officers and their wives, the problem of properly seating their guests is often a very perplexing one. I believe the members of the Commission first learned that some of them "ranked" the others when they were received by the Japanese Emperor. To most of them the idea had not occurred that they had a right to precede each other in the order of their appointment by President McKinley, being altogether content to file in as circumstances made convenient. One of the Commissioners, with some pre-

vious experience in mind, insisted that he should rank those who had been named subsequent to himself. The incident was later recounted by the other Commissioners with considerable glee.



The Water Carrier

VI

LAW-MAKING AND SUNDRY EXCURSIONS

MANILA, *September 20, 1900.*

IT has been usual to associate the tropics with *siestas*, negligé, easy chairs, and cooling drinks; a place where all that is strenuous is put aside, and life takes on a *dolce far niente* coloring like unto that lotus land where "it is always afternoon." Whatever truth the picture holds generally, it has no application to present conditions here. The task of organizing a system of government which will appeal to these people, and at the same time square with our ideas of what is right and best, leaves little time for dreaming. What with the preparation and consideration of proposed laws, the granting of interviews, the discussion of plans and projects, and the hearing of petitions as numerous and varied as human tribulations, the Commission is simply swamped with work. Old residents predict that the pace set is the pace that kills.

On taking over its duties, September first, the Commission determined to give the fullest opportunity possible for public consideration of proposed legislation and reforms. Agreeable to this plan, Wednesdays and Fridays of each week have been

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set apart for public sessions, at which times any person is privileged to make suggestions or offer criticisms as to matters in hand. By this arrangement it is hoped not only to get the Filipino viewpoint, and satisfy their innate desire for public speaking, but to demonstrate our purpose of giving them a voice in public affairs. While some of the natives have availed themselves of the opportunity, it is but fair to say that most of those of influence have thus far held aloof from the sessions. This attitude was at first somewhat surprising, no less than disappointing, to the Commission. We knew that the principal leaders of the people realized there was no longer any organized resistance to our authority, and that all chance of achieving independence through insurrection was hopeless. Many of them appreciate also that our desire to help them is sincere, and that the welfare of their people demands that they cooperate with us in establishing law and order. While conceding all this in private, they seek, nevertheless, to appear in public as neutral or as favoring independence. The reason for this anomalous position was soon disclosed. It has its root in the fear and the conviction that if Bryan is elected in November the American forces will be immediately withdrawn from the islands and the government turned over to the natives. Believing this as gospel, they hesitate to become known at this time as "Americanistas," something which, should their fears be realized, would cut them off from the spoils of an independent *régime* and single them out for persecution

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by those who had more consistently championed "the rights" of the people.

The Democratic platform, as you know, seeks to make the Philippine question the "paramount issue" of the campaign. It condemns and denounces the policy of the present administration in the islands, and speaks of it as dictated by a "greedy commercialism;" it refers to our efforts to terminate the insurrection as "a war of criminal aggression," and advocates the immediate declaration of our purpose to give the Filipinos a state government, to be followed by independence and protection from outside interference; it pretends, also, to see in our occupation of the Archipelago something which involves the existence of the Republic and of free institutions, while it pronounces as un-American the application of military force to crush "the efforts of our former allies to achieve liberty and self-government." This decided stand of one of our great parties, coupled with the ill-considered preachings of its leader and a coterie of Boston enthusiasts, have been industriously brought to the attention of the natives by the insurgent juntas of Hong Kong and Madrid. Copies of this party declaration, and of the writings and speeches denouncing our presence here as a crime, have been found in the possession of captured insurgents, together with instructions urging renewed hostilities pending the election.

As part of this campaign program we are promised an early uprising in Manila, and are in receipt of daily reports of ambushes and murders in differ-

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ent parts of the Archipelago. While these people are possibly in error as to just what would be the outcome of a Democratic victory, it cannot be said, under the circumstances, that their attitude is unreasonable. Whether reasonable or unreasonable, however, there can be no question but that the present resistance to our authority and the reluctance of prominent Filipinos to cooperate with us derive their principal vitality and support from the United States and not from any encouragement furnished by conditions in the islands. There is every reason to believe that if McKinley be reelected the whole insurrecto movement will crumble, and the toll of human lives now being offered up for purely partisan purposes will come to an end. It need hardly be said we anxiously await the result.

The first law passed by the Commission was an appropriation of \$2,000,000, Mexican currency, for the construction and repair of highways and bridges, the money to be expended under the direction of the Military Governor. By this law employment will be furnished a large number of persons rendered idle by the war and a beginning made in a comprehensive system of road-building for the islands. The need for improved means of communication is a crying one. In her over three centuries of occupation Spain did very little in this regard. There are but one hundred and twenty miles of railroad in the archipelago, while the public roads—or what are termed such—are practically impassable during six months of the year. The great interior of the coun-

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try finds access to a market difficult if not impossible when not adjacent to the few scattered waterways. When it is realized how closely the industrial development of a country is dependent upon this transportation, this first step of the Commission is certainly in the right direction.

The second act appropriated five thousand dollars for the purpose of determining the best route for a railroad into the mountains of Benguet. This is in line with the plan previously referred to of establishing a sanitarium or health resort in Baguio, where relief can be had from the enervating climate of the tropical lowlands. As the first consideration of everyone taking employment in the islands is that of health, the project is intimately connected with the possibility of building up a permanent and contented personnel for this service.

With the like object of placing employees here on a right basis the Commission has just enacted a civil service law which is sweeping in its provisions. With the exception of bureau chiefs, practically every government position is placed under civil service rules. Even as to heads of bureaus it is provided that within eighteen months after the Board shall certify that it has a sufficient eligible list, such positions are to be filled from a class composed of the first, second and third assistants in the various offices. Entrance to the service is by competitive examination, and is limited to citizens of the United States, natives of the islands, and persons who, under the Treaty of Paris, acquired the political rights of natives. Appointing

officers are required, where other qualifications are equal, to prefer for positions, first, natives of the Philippines, and, second, all honorably discharged soldiers, sailors, and marines of the United States. It is the purpose of the Commission to eliminate all politics and favoritism, and to hold out a well-founded hope of reward to those who serve the government faithfully. The law will doubtless prove a sad blow to that numerous class of persons with "influential backing" who desire to sacrifice themselves for their country's welfare. It will also prove a great saving of time and worry to the Commission, as it can now refer all such aspirants to the Civil Service Board "for information."

Another matter pressing upon the Commission is the reorganization of our courts and the reform of the present judicial procedure. While the courts in Manila and other pacified centers were reopened shortly after American occupation, they are still largely governed in their organization and conduct by the old Spanish codes based upon the Roman civil law. Whatever merit this body of law may possess in its application to peoples of Latin origin, that portion of it having to do with court procedure certainly seems designed to prevent rather than promote justice. In the matter of criminal actions our authorities early found the old system so cumbersome and so opposed to modern conceptions of justice that a new set of regulations governing criminal procedure was promulgated by military order. As to civil actions, the law as it now stands involves litigants

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in a hopeless tangle of delays and uncertainties. It permits, for instance, an appeal to the Supreme Court from any interlocutory order of the trial court, thus postponing a final decision indefinitely—while other provisions are in keeping. Under such a scheme the person with the longest purse usually wins. It appears also that in the old days the various court officials received little or no salary, being dependent for their reward upon “gratuities” bestowed by the parties interested. A matter just presented to the Commission illustrates another strange feature of the law; i. e., a provision which permits successful litigants to tax their attorney’s fees as part of the court costs. In a recent suit involving some \$579, judgment went against the plaintiff upon what to us would be a demurrer, there being some technical defect in the power under which the action was filed. There was but one hearing, and this not upon the merits of the case. The attorney for the defendant (an American) fixed his fee at \$624, while the other costs brought the total up to \$739, or nearly \$200 more than the amount sued for. Upon objection by plaintiff to such a charge the question was referred under their practice to two attorneys for an opinion. This committee reported the fee a just one, and charged another \$50 for their services. The judge (a Filipino) allowed the claim, although vested with discretion to modify or deny it. There being no appeal from his order, the matter was brought before the Commission. The Commission decided it had no authority to review the decision,

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but as it did have power to appoint and remove judges, this particular judge was invited to appear and explain his mental processes. He was a queer little specimen of humanity, and a very uncomfortable half hour he had of it. At first he protested that he was without discretion in the matter. Being shown the provision of law giving him such discretion, he was finally driven to stating that he thought the fee a reasonable one. He urged, however, that the attorney for defendant had told him the fee was in accordance with the practice "in the rich and powerful North American Republic, where the services of lawyers are paid for in a splendid manner as befits persons truly great." He also spoke seriously of the lawyer representing the defendant as "one of the most prominent legal representatives of that great country." There being nothing to indicate that the court and attorney were to share the fee, and the practice being recognized as one which a vicious custom had apparently sanctioned, the judge escaped with simply a bit of advice as to his future conduct. To remedy such conditions, however, Commissioner Ide is working on a Judiciary Act and a Code of Civil Procedure, while Commissioner Wright is drafting a Criminal Code and a set of regulations governing criminal actions.

MANILA, *October 25, 1900.*

The political situation remains much the same, no important change in conditions being expected until after election. The Commission is grinding away

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with its sessions, and, through interviews and otherwise, seeking to bring home to these people the fact that their true interests lie in joining with us in terminating the insurrection and implanting civil authority. In the meantime the work of reorganization goes steadily forward. A Bureau of Statistics has been organized to compile reliable data concerning the population and industries of the islands. A Bureau of Forestry and a Bureau of Mining have been established to investigate and conserve these two sources of latent wealth of the archipelago. One million dollars has been appropriated for improving the port of Manila, a work begun under Spain but interrupted by the war. At present all vessels except those of very light draft which enter the Pasig River are compelled to anchor far out in the bay and lighter their cargo and passengers. During the southwest monsoon, or where typhoons are blowing, it frequently happens that all traffic between ships and shore is suspended for days at a time. By the construction of breakwaters and docks it is proposed to establish a protected, deep water harbor, which will make Manila not only one of the best ports in the Far East but a great distributing center as well.

The new Civil Service Board has been organized, Mr. Peppermann, Recorder of the Commission, being one of the appointees. Owing to the scarcity of reporters, I have assumed his duties as recorder in addition to my work as private secretary to Commissioner Moses. At this time, when plans and politics

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are shaping which involve the future of a country and a people, it is worth while being where you can see and hear the wheels go round. There is a flavor about this situation and work which reminds one of Kipling's tales of India. It is a place where men do things and where life is more than a routine. There is a joy, moreover, in watching the Commission in action. In the pressure of its work it forgets all about meal hours and family obligations; it seems to find in the heat of noontime and the "Luneta hour," a favorite season for renewed exertions, while difficulties seem only to whet its energy and impart a new zest to life. And finally, when rising temperature, military antagonism, and native procrastination have charged the atmosphere to the explosion point, and things look hopelessly blue, a hearty laugh by Judge Taft or a droll story by General Wright relieves the tension and saves the situation. If ever circumstances existed where a large optimism, coupled with a "Divine sense of humor," were necessary for success, that condition exists here and now. Not until the true history of this epoch is written will our people know how fortunate they have been in having men on this work who can sink individual feelings in their sense of responsibility to their country, and who can tide over all sorts of trouble with a laugh.

MANILA, *October 30, 1900.*

While matters political have largely occupied my letters thus far, it must not be thought that life here

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holds no other interests. This old city, with its hybrid and restless population, is a constant and fascinating study. It is a kaleidoscope of changing scenes, each with its own peculiar color and charm.

To a newcomer one of the things which possibly strikes most forcibly at first is the stress laid upon the spectacular in the religious life of this people. Manila is a city of churches, splendid in architecture and rich in interior finish and decoration, while no village, however poor or squalid, is without its imposing *iglesia* and *convento*. In addition to regular services, which are quite elaborate, frequent celebrations are held during which the numerous statues of virgins and saints, which adorn every church, are mounted upon litters and taken in solemn procession through the streets. They are robed in their richest vestments and jewels, and the floats which carry them are studded with ornaments and lights. In front and at intervals of this line march the priests, resplendent in gold and brocade, chanting the services of their faith. Two or more bands of music usually attend, while hundreds of devout natives, dressed in black and carrying candles, add impressiveness to the scene. As the parade winds in and out through the narrow streets, a vivid stream of light against the night shadows, it makes a weird and fanciful picture, well calculated to inspire religious fervor among a rude and simple people. It is difficult for the colder natures of the north, trained to act through reason rather than through emotion or sentiment, to realize the blind veneration with which those who dwell

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where skies are warmer can be brought to invest certain objects. To them the visible sign—the outward show—is the thing which appeals, rather than the hidden fact which it is supposed to symbolize.

The other evening a number of us visited the Augustinian Church, where the final services of a “Novenario” were being celebrated. All the chandeliers were lit, gorgeous tapestries swung from the vaulted dome, and altar, alcove, and shrine blazed with candles. Worshipers filled seat and aisle, while far down the vista could be seen the richly dressed priests revolving in the ceremonial figures of the mass. The air was full of incense, which rose like a smoke. About one were dark, intent faces that never swerved, while above, and mixed with the chanting of the priests, was the roll of organ music and the peal of human voices. In some respects the scene was barbaric, reminding of some ancient and legendary rite, but the question remains after all whether it is not an easier and a better way to reach and influence pagan souls than preaching an abstract God from a bare pulpit fronted by wooden benches.

Among the excursions further afield than Manila have been a visit to Cavite, a launch ride up the Pasig, and a trip on the railroad as far north as Apalit. Cavite, which lies just across an arm of the bay from Manila, is reached in an hour by ferry. Its principal attraction is the navy yard and arsenal—a legacy bequeathed us by Spain. The place holds an

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added interest just now because of the battle of Manila Bay, and the wrecks of the Spanish fleet still lying where sunk by Dewey's cannon. Sentiment here concerning that May day fight does not reach the fever pitch it did in the States. In talking the other day with a young fellow who was on the *Concord* during the battle, he said the Spanish fleet offered little real resistance; that with the exception of one or two vessels none of them had up steam, while all but one were anchored fore and aft. As to the story about quitting for breakfast, he said they withdrew because the smoke was so thick they couldn't see anything, and simply breakfasted while waiting for it to clear away.

Cavite itself is a sleepy old town, though the province of which it is the capital has been the seat of most of the uprisings against Spain, and is now a hotbed of insurrection. On the Sunday of our visit most of the natives appeared to be at the cockpit, their *gallera* being crowded with men, women, and children. Cock fighting is the national sport of the Filipino masses, their feathered champions forming an intimate part of the family circle and receiving an affectionate care scarcely second to that given children of the household. We visited the Cavite cockpit for a short time, and the sight of that circle of tense, absorbed faces hanging upon every movement of the combat made a subject ripe for a painter's brush. Most of the natives gamble recklessly on their favorites, and poverty and crime wait upon the result of each sanguinary struggle. Filipinos of

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education admit the sport to be vicious and brutalizing, and a serious menace to the moral and material progress of their people. As man does not live by bread alone, however, the problem of uprooting the evil is intimately linked with the other question of furnishing the people some more legitimate pastime in its stead.

The Pasig River is about fifteen miles long and connects the Laguna de Bay with Manila Bay. It winds in and out through a broad fertile plain, its banks lined with little nipa villages and rich with all the luxuriant growth of the tropics. It is the great highway of commerce for the lake country, and as your launch ascends its course there glide by a succession of native craft laden with fruit, pottery, *palay*, and other products bound for the Manila markets. Upon either side there pass in review a series of pictures Arcadian in their simplicity and charm. The Filipinos are a cleanly people both in person and dress, a fact which makes of every river and stream a site for promiscuous laundry work and bathing. While the mothers of the household thresh and beat the family linen upon the stones, their numerous progeny, clothed only in sunlight, swim and splash about beside them. It may also be that a drove of carabaos share the water with the *lavenderas* and bathers, but this is a detail best forgotten.

Beautiful and interesting, however, as is the daylight ride up the river, it is the ride down, when bright moonlight floods the land and marks your



River Scene



On the Pasig River

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path with beaten silver, that furnishes inspiration for poetry and romance. As our launch turned and headed from the lake into the river the glory of the setting sun was before us, painting the sky with red and gold and flushing the waters with deep crimson shadows. As the colors faded, and the short tropical twilight deepened into night, a perfect moon rode out of the East and lit up field and river with a wealth of radiance unknown in lands of cold and snow. Groups of majestic palms, broad-leaved banana groves, and clumps of feathery bamboo stood out in silhouette against the sky, their graceful outlines reflected in the placid waters like some dream vision. When to the witchery of such a night and such a scene are added congenial companions, attentive *muchachos*, and a well-stocked ice box, you forgot for a time that in the dim hills on the horizon men were struggling in fierce hate, and that your enjoyment was but a breathing spell in the rush of events making history about you.

Our railroad trip to Apalit, some forty miles north of Manila, took us over ground where much of the severe fighting occurred following the insurrection. A few guerrilla bands yet lurk in the mountains, but most of the territory to the north is pacified and the natives again engaged in their usual work. The railroad, however, is still operated by the military. It is owned by English capital, but the insurgent sympathies of the old management, and the necessity for prompt and efficient service, led our authorities to assume and retain control. The train crews

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are made up of American soldiers, our campaign having shown that no matter what emergencies may arise experts are forthcoming from the ranks to meet them. The cars used in the service are like unto the dinky little boxes seen on English railways. A number of army officers shared our cubby with us, among them Brigadier General Frederick Grant, who is stationed at Angeles. He very much resembles his distinguished father, and proved a most delightful companion. Our immediate party consisted of Commissioner and Mrs. Moses, Miss Briggs and myself, the occasion of our trip being a visit to Dr. and Mrs. Thomas, stationed at Apalit. Our journey, which occupied some two hours, proved remarkably pleasant. The road runs over a flat plain, the Zambales coast range rising sharply to the west, while the Cordillera Central could be seen far to the east. Rice paddies, cane fields, and an ever-present array of palms, bamboo, and banana trees filled the landscape. We passed through Malolos, seat of the short-lived Filipino Republic, and were pointed to various places where important events had transpired. We saw a great many insurgent trenches, and at one stop there was a group of sixty insurgent prisoners under guard for Manila. Soldiers were stationed at the different towns en route, and all the bridges were guarded. The "panoply of war" was decidedly in evidence.

We were met at our destination by Dr. and Mrs. Thomas, and drove to Apalit, about three miles distant, in an army ambulance. The road follows the

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windings of the Rio Grande de Pampanga, and furnished another series of moving pictures the light and color of which cannot be transcribed to paper. Both sides of the road were hedged by an almost continuous row of nipa houses, which, with their wilderness of surrounding vegetation and their quota of brown humanity resembled so many stage settings. All the natives turned out to see us, the youngsters airing their knowledge of English by yelling "Hello" at the top of their lungs. Many of them were dressed in the "altogether," their dark skins shining in the brilliant sunlight like polished bronze.

We found our hosts installed in one of the village nipas, and soon appreciated how well suited such houses are to this climate. There is not a nail or bit of iron in the whole structure. The frame, floors, and walls are of bamboo, and the roof of nipa palm, all fastened together with *bejuco* and wooden pegs. There are no windows, their place being taken by a sort of shade projected outward with a pole. The rooms run right up to the ridge, and while there is some effort at partitions, they are little more than imaginary, at least so far as sound is concerned. The ventilation is that of all out-doors, the open work floors and sides furnishing plenty of ozone. While the Thomas' nipa boasted bamboo beds, it is probable that ninety-five per cent of the natives sleep on mats spread on the floor. As the "feel" is about the same whether you sleep on a bamboo floor or a bamboo bed, there is some reason besides economy

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for eliminating a bulky bedstead from these little huts.

Our arrival was the signal for an early visit from the village presidente and other "leading citizens," all of whom were dressed in conventional black and were profuse in their expressions of welcome. There was also a procession of native women bearing gifts of fruit, *dulces*, and various eatables, such having been the *costumbre del país* in the old days when Spanish officials shed the light of their countenance upon the provinces. Captain Butler, in command of the post, took tiffin with us, and it was a right jolly spread. We ate to the accompaniment of a native band, which persisted in serenading us during the entire meal. Late in the afternoon the Buencamino family sent carriages for us and we all repaired to their home.

In Apalit, as in other pueblos of the islands, one or two families usually own most of the property and dominate the social and economic life of the place. This position of influence is held here by the Buencamino and Arnedo families, who are related by marriage. The hospitality of the Buencamino home was extended us by the four daughters—the father, Don Felipe Buencamino, being absent in Manila, where he takes a prominent part among the Filipinos who have openly espoused the American cause. He was Secretary of State in Aguinaldo's cabinet, and though accused of shifting his politics to suit each favoring breeze, is undoubtedly a man of ability, with more initiative than usual among this race. His

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home in Apalit is a large, roomy dwelling, typical of the better class houses in the islands. The *entresuelo*, or ground floor, is given over to horses, carriages, servants, and other miscellaneous uses, the family occupying the upper floor. Here the rooms are spacious and airy, with high ceilings and with floors of native hardwood polished until they shine like glass. Connected with all such households is a body of servants or retainers who identify themselves with the interests of the establishment, and who receive in turn maintenance for themselves and families somewhat after the patriarchial style of Bible times. It is a system which breeds a motley array of attendants, who give you the impression of being constantly in the way.

Our reception was a royal one, the ritual of hospitality among these people being reduced to a fine art. There was music and dancing and a recounting of vivid personal experiences during the troublous days just passed. It seems that upon the approach of our troops—who had been painted to the people as devils incarnate—everybody fled into the forests and mountains, where men, women, and children herded together like hunted animals and suffered all manner of privations. When they learned, however, that our soldiers did not burn their houses nor destroy their property, and did not make war upon women and children, they flocked back to their homes and are still voicing their surprise and gratitude. It is a strange fact, but most of the waste and destruction of property in the islands since the American

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occupation has been by the natives themselves. Upon retreating from a village it was their frequent practice to burn it to the ground—a piece of folly explained on the theory of mock-heroics or because they ignorantly believed that by such action our troops would be plunged into all the misery which befell Napoleon before a burning Moscow.

Dinner was served at eight, and it was indeed a feast to remember. A great mahogany table glittered with the finest china and linen, its entire length being set off by massive bouquets, pyramids of fruit, wonderfully ornamented cakes, and stands of most elaborately carved toothpicks. The number and variety of courses were amazing, creating a sense of wonder as to where and how they were all produced. There were wines of all kinds and color, the effect of which doubtless added to the conviviality of the occasion. Among the guests were the Arnedo boys, Macario and Eugenio—the young uncles of our hostesses—who assumed the burden of our entertainment. Nowhere have I met more perfect and gracious hosts. All of our party understood Spanish, and most of them spoke it passably, which added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion. After dinner there was more music and dancing, followed by a drive homeward through the tranquil peace of a tropic night. I lodged at the *cuartel*, where Captain Butler is stationed with a company of soldiers. They occupy the convento, or priest's residence, attached to the village church. There has been some criticism of the use of these buildings by our troops, but in

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truth there are no other structures in the towns large enough to accommodate a company of soldiers. This may furnish some idea of the palatial quarters occupied by the church dignitaries of the old days, who were wont to assemble on occasion to enjoy material as well as spiritual communion.

The next morning we stood at the window of the convento and watched the people gather for service. They were dressed in their bravest and best, and their costumes were picturesque and becoming. Some of the women were very pretty, many of them having a poise of head and beauty of neck and shoulders that would be the envy of women in the States. Later we went into the gallery of the church and looked down the long nave, where hundreds were kneeling to the solemn chant of the mass. It was an interesting and impressive sight.

We returned to Manila in the late afternoon tired but content. A light rain had fallen, clearing the atmosphere and sharply defining the distant mountains beyond the green-flecked fields of rice, and cane, and feathery bamboo. Our outing had proven a rare treat, and we felt at its end that seldom do thirty-six hours in any life hold more of vivid experience than we had just garnered.

VII

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE

MANILA, *November 28, 1900.*

SINCE my last letter was written the *vox populi* of our country has decreed, and Bryan and his "Paramount Issue" have gone down in defeat. It has relieved the situation here immensely, and the Commission and army now feel free to go ahead and work out this problem along the lines heretofore set by the administration. There has already been a perceptible warming toward the authorities by those leaders wise enough to read the handwriting on the wall. It should be plain to all of them, and is plain to most, that further resistance will only invite disaster to the people they profess to serve and involve their own personal fortunes and ambitions in possible eclipse or ruin. Whatever ideas they yet retain as to the abstract right of their country to independence, or the wisdom of it, true patriotism would certainly counsel that they take some method other than force of arms to achieve it. Given conditions as they now exist, our authorities are justified in treating those who still persist in fomenting disorder as enemies not only to our government but equally so to the wishes and best interests of the great mass

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of their own countrymen. As a matter of fact, most of the present "insurrecto" operations have degenerated into barbarous attacks upon those of their own people who show a desire to cooperate with us. A quite recent case was the murder of Eduardo Kintero, Chief of Police of Tacloban, Leyte, who had administered his office faithfully and fearlessly. To evidence our appreciation of his loyalty, and to encourage others who are jeopardizing, or may jeopardize, their lives and property in our service, the Commission has just appropriated seven hundred and fifty dollars to the widow and family of the deceased, left destitute by his death.

A noticeable effect of the election has been an increased attendance upon the public sessions of the Commission. The fact of being permitted to freely express their views concerning proposed legislation is something new to these people, and they approach it with diffidence. They are slow to realize that the Commission is sincere in its efforts to obtain their opinion and counsel. On several occasions when, after profuse apologies, some criticism was made of a pending measure and the speaker invited to make suggestions he would simply spread his hands and remark that he "could not presume to give advice to so learned a body as the Commission." Among others who have seen the light and favored the Commission with their ideas and presence is Pedro A. Paterno—he of "Amnesty Banquet" fame. I mention him, not because his suggestions have in any way lightened the burdens of the Commission, but

as indicating how rapidly and completely the tide of popular favor is turning our way. When a Filipino of Paterno's shrewdness, whose every move is governed by self-interest, casts his lot with us, its significance is far reaching among a people whose politics are largely personal.

The Commission has just submitted a report to the Secretary of War dealing with the present situation and future needs of the islands. If there is a single problem in government building which is not presented for solution here, then this report fails to disclose it. Had Spain purposely created a condition to embarrass us she could not have done it more completely. Not only did we inherit an insurrection, and a church problem upon which her own government was wrecked, but the whole administrative machinery is so antiquated and disorganized as not to admit of patching or repair. Questions of municipal and provincial law, of revenue and currency, of courts, sanitation and police, of education and transportation, of land titles, forestry and mining—of everything in fact essential to organized society—are clamoring for attention and must needs be solved with few, if any, precedents to guide. Into this miscellany of problems has now entered another element still more uncertain; i. e., the United States Congress. Thus far the Commission has acted entirely under the war power of the President, but with the establishment of civil government many necessary reforms can be accomplished only under express Congressional authority or sanction. To be compelled,

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when needs are pressing, to wait upon the will of a body ten thousand miles away, which knows little and possibly cares less about the Philippines, does not make for the happiest results in government. A striking example of such embarrassment now confronts the Commission in its dealings with the currency problem. When we acquired the islands they were on a silver basis, the money in use being Mexican dollars and a special Spanish-Filipino peso, the exchange value of which fluctuates with the market price of silver. Sometime prior to 1898 Spain prohibited the further importation of Mexican dollars, while the coinage of Spanish pesos naturally ceased upon our coming. With the supply of silver currency thus shut off, came our army of occupation with a flood of American gold and an ever-increasing demand for local currency in exchange. To meet this demand the banks asked authority to import Mexican dollars free of duty, agreeing to maintain an exchange rate of not less than two Mexican dollars for one of gold up to their importations. This permission was granted, and something over twelve million Mexican pesos have been imported, the banks profiting both in their purchase of the silver and in its subsequent exchange in the islands. For some time the value of silver permitted a higher rate than two for one, but the demand for silver, consequent upon the war in China, having raised the price, the banks, in violation of their guarantee, dropped the rate to 1.98 Mexican for one of gold. As the business of the country is done in terms of silver, the immediate

effect of this was to discredit American money among the trading classes, who, fearful of still further reductions, refused to accept it except at ruinous discounts. The first effort of the Commission to bolster the purchasing price of our money was to authorize the payment of customs dues and internal revenue taxes in gold at two to one. This having proved inadequate, an arrangement was entered into whereby the banks holding government deposits agreed to freely purchase gold from the public at two to one, protecting themselves by transferring each week an equivalent amount at the same rate from the government silver account to its gold account. While the effect of this was to protect holders of American money by fixing a definite rate, it was made possible only because of the large silver deposits to the credit of the government. Should this reserve become exhausted, the arrangement would necessarily fail unless the government replenished its silver supply by the purchase of additional Mexican, an operation likely to prove expensive. Between August 18 and November 17 its silver deposit with the Hong Kong & Shanghai Bank decreased from \$2,440,910 to \$290,420, and that with the Chartered Bank something over a million pesos. To minimize the demand for silver provision was made for the payment of all salaries in United States currency, and that appropriations be made in gold whenever possible. In the meantime, however, both the banks and private individuals were exporting Mexican dollars to Hong Kong, where they were worth more than their pur-

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these price in Manila. To prevent this misuse of its guarantee the Commission took the somewhat extraordinary step of fixing a ten per cent duty on all exportations of Mexican silver. Before that law was passed, however, a single Manila bank exported nearly a million and a half Mexican, and other banks and individuals probably as much more. Another prolific source of profit to the banks was a requirement that all deposits should be made and all checks drawn in Mexican currency, the result of which was that everyone receiving United States money had to convert it into Mexican for his bank account, and then change it back into gold should he purchase foreign exchange. It also worked havoc with the silver reserve of the government, which was called upon to maintain the ratio. To close this particular gap the Commission has just enacted a law compelling banks to receive deposits both in United States money and in local currency, and honor checks or repay deposits in kind. Just when or how the next break will occur remains to be seen, as there is nothing final in what has been done. Certainly our experience thus far furnishes little argument for free silver. The only remedy is to adopt a Philippine coinage based upon gold values. This, however, is something the Commission is powerless to do, being driven to all manner of expedients to save the situation until Congress can or will act. It has recommended that a silver Filipino peso be minted receivable in business as equivalent to fifty cents United States currency, the intrinsic value of such peso being

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made sufficiently low to prevent exportation. With the convertibility of this peso into gold at fifty cents guaranteed, the islands will be furnished a perfectly stable and elastic currency without disturbing the denominations and values to which the people are accustomed. To at once adopt United States currency, when wages and prices are fixed in terms of silver, would produce business chaos. Let us see how soon Congress will appreciate our predicament and furnish relief.

Manila was stirred somewhat last week by the return of the Fourteenth Infantry from the China campaign. Whatever else this life here may hold, its different scenes and events have power to make very real to us many things which were rather vague at home. The story of what England has done and is doing in India, the work of the Dutch in Java, and of the French in Indo-China, the awakening of Japan, the march of Russia to the Pacific, the future of China—all this takes on new meaning here, and you feel yourself a part somehow of the great drama now unfolding in the Orient.

Our returning soldiers have much to tell of what happened during the China expedition, and, newspapers to the contrary, are exhibiting large quantities of valuable "loot" to point their stories. Rich as is their spoil, however, it would seem to be a mere bagatelle compared to that annexed by their more enterprising allies. The tales told of that march upon Peking, and of the subsequent conduct of the troops and foreign populace, are almost incredible in

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their enormity. The amount of goods and property deliberately looted or wantonly destroyed is beyond estimate, and this, too, from non-combatants, whose only part in the Boxer movement was being situated in the path of the relief columns. Whole villages were given over to pillage, rapine and slaughter, while Pekin itself became a vast treasure house to be plundered at will by soldiers and civilians. Those who were wronged had no spokesmen, and the damnable things done to them, and the misery and injustice suffered, will likely never be heralded to the world.

The spectacle offered by the so-called Christian nations in China has not been one to make us proud. We have held the American Indian up to execration because he visited his vengeance upon the unoffending, but he was a savage, while we who have done this thing pretend to much. Even as to the Boxers, was their movement so very unreasonable or unnatural? They were simply trying to preserve their own customs and religion, and to prevent the unwelcome interference of foreigners with the resting places of their dead and with traditions grown sacred through the practice of untold ages. Other peoples have been applauded for such a stand as theirs. I appreciate there is involved in all this the mooted question of our religious missions in China, and of our obligation to save what are termed "heathen souls." It is a matter upon which opinions differ, and upon which few persons have more than theoretical notions. To many who have studied the situ-

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ation on the ground the whole thing appears to be an expenditure of effort and of treasure which could be directed to far better advantage at home. These people have a religion. It satisfies their ideas, and is a product of their environment, and of a civilization far more ancient and less mutable than our own. Why should we seek to supplant their beliefs with one we have inherited, which, while perhaps better for us, may be entirely unsuited to them. The manner of their lives and the bent of their thoughts cannot be changed by dogma. Religion is just as much a matter of evolution as are other modes of thought and feeling, and is fitted to a people much as is the costume they wear or the food they eat. Before you can permanently transform their faith you must transform their view of life, their mode of living, and their conception of existence. This is not done by preaching, but by bringing to them those material and mental conditions which have fitted us for our particular belief. Privileges of various kinds in favor of foreign missions, forced upon China by the powers, have been a source of frequent friction and disorder, with their consequent excuse for intervention on the part of the country whose citizens were molested. How far we are justified in forcing our commerce and our educational ideas upon the Chinese is for the nations to decide, but only when such is done will they come to our conception of life and our view of man's duty to man and his obligation to the Creator. Until then orthodox Christianity, with its doctrines of the Trinity and of



A Country Lane with Bamboo



A Country Home

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vicarious atonement, and with its different and rival sects each claiming to point the true road to heaven, will be a difficult thing for the Oriental mind to either apprehend or adopt. Good work has undoubtedly been done, and is doing, by our missions in China, but the wider question suggests whether the results achieved justify the large expenditure of life and treasure involved, and whether the same energy and the same money would not yield a bigger and a better harvest if expended among our own people, free from all political upheavals and unrest.

MANILA, *December 15, 1900.*

The Commission has been wrestling for some time with a liquor license law for Manila. The peculiar conditions existing here seem to make for a greater use and abuse of intoxicants than at home. The fact of climate and of being "East of Suez" doubtless have much to do with creating a thirst, but the lack of home and social restraints and of legitimate diversions also figure largely in the equation. The saloon, the beer hall, and hotel and club bars have become the natural gathering places for those with time upon their hands. As regards the saloons, a very large number of them front flush on the Escolta, the principal thoroughfare and shopping center of the city. As most of the thirsty ones have some sort of vehicle in waiting, the narrow streets and scant sidewalks are frequently so jammed as to be almost im-

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passable. Owing to our large army of occupation, American soldiers naturally predominate in these places, and as they usually imbibe with the same zest that they fight the spectacle afforded passersby is often anything but edifying. This is particularly true in view of the fact that few Filipinos ever become intoxicated. The native police are powerless to quiet or quell the frequent disorders which arise, while our soldier police are inclined to be lenient with their comrades. While all of our soldiers are not drinkers, the impression one gets is that the exception is small.

As finally passed by the Commission, the law not only raises the liquor license tax but prohibits all saloons on the Escolta, Calle Rosario, and other important streets and plazas. It also forbids the sale of any native wines such as "vino," "anisado," "tuba," etc., to American soldiers. While these concoctions are not particularly deadly if taken in moderation, they are very much so when consumed with the ambition peculiar to many of our soldiers. The purpose of the law is to reduce the number of saloons and to drive them from the principal streets to less conspicuous places. While it will not altogether remedy the evil, it will relieve the public of the worst exhibitions of it. One speaker before the Commission, with a naïveté that was refreshing, asked if the law would interfere with his business of manufacturing liqueurs. Inquiry developed that he was producing from drugs and chemicals in an Escolta storeroom various high-priced liqueurs, such

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as benedictine, etc., which were being consumed by our epicures as fancy products of French and Spanish vintage. The law was naturally opposed by the saloonkeepers and by American commercial houses, the latter of which derive their largest profit from the sale of intoxicants.

Another important matter before the Commission, and which has given rise to lengthy public discussion, is the proposed tariff governing imports into the islands. As the new system will be a radical departure from the old Spanish rates in force, the different importers are much concerned. The act is now being gone over item by item preparatory to sending to Washington. It will there be published in various trade journals, and an opportunity given our exporters to be heard upon it. As soon as returned it will be enacted into law and the present unequal and unsatisfactory schedules will be relegated to history.

It has fallen to the Igorotes of Benguet to be the first of the island people to receive civil government. Although not partial to clothes, and with a reputation for dog eating which has somewhat sullied their fame, these men of the hills are said to be sturdy and self-reliant, with little yearning for *independencia*. Spain concerned herself very little with them, her efforts at government being limited to one or two military posts, with a sprinkling of coast Filipinos occupying minor positions in the villages. Now that their mountain retreat promises to become the summer capital of the islands, with an influx of

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people in search of health and treasure, some form of government is essential.

Two acts have been passed, one extending a form of civil government to the townships and the other to the province. In the former, authority is conferred upon the Igorotes to elect their own president and council, upon whom certain simple duties and obligations are imposed. They are to fix the salaries of duly authorized officers and employes, to care for the construction and repair of trails and bridges, to preserve public order, to manage the property of the township, to fix certain license taxes, to make appropriations for lawful expenditures, to erect needful government buildings, to enforce sanitary regulations, and do various other things of purely local concern. All ordinances and rules passed by them, however, are subject to approval by the provincial governor before becoming effective. Provision is made for a meeting of all the presidents twice a year to confer with the provincial governor. They are also authorized to elect a popular representative, whose duty it is to report to the chief executive any grievance for which the people cannot obtain redress from the provincial authorities. The underlying idea is to awaken an interest in the people by giving them active participation in local affairs and at the same time retain sufficient control to prevent injustice to individuals.

The officers of the province are a governor, secretary, and inspector. They are entrusted with large powers of supervision over the towns, and are to act

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as guides, counselors, and friends of the people in every emergency. Should any municipal council fail to perform its duties, the governor is authorized to issue suitable orders for securing action, which orders have the force of law. His general duty is outlined as follows:

The constant aim of the governor shall be to aid the people of the several townships of the province to acquire the knowledge and experience necessary for successful local popular government, and his supervision and control shall be confined within the narrowest limits consistent with the requirement that the powers of government in the townships shall be honestly and effectively exercised, and that law and order and individual freedom shall be maintained.

The Commission was greatly assisted in the preparation of these acts by Mr. Otto Sheerer, a German of education, who has lived among the Igorotes for a number of years, and who not only speaks their language but seems to have identified himself largely with their life and interests. He was appointed Provincial Secretary, while H. Phelps Whitmarsh, a journalist and writer, with a wide experience of people and places, has been appointed Provincial Governor.

It is hoped to have a wagon road into Baguio within a comparatively short time. Capt. C. W. Mead, U. S. V., the engineer in charge of survey, reports that such a road can be completed within six months at a cost of \$75,000. An act has accord-

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ingly been drafted appropriating this amount and directing that the work be pushed to completion by July 1, 1901.

MANILA, *January 5, 1901.*

Much has happened since my previous letter, both politically and otherwise. Possibly the event of greatest importance, and one which has most heartened the Commission in its work, was the creation during December of what is known as the Federal Party. Through this party, organized by the most influential and representative Filipinos of the islands, there has been crystallized into definite form the desire of the great body of the people to end hostilities. It has for its platform peace under American sovereignty, with eventual statehood under our flag. Dr. T. H. Pardo de Tavera, a Filipino of brilliant attainments and of European training and culture, is president of the party, while among its directors and members are men who ranked high in the councils of the insurgent government at Malolos, and who are recognized as leaders among their people. Branches are being established throughout the islands, and the movement is bound to have a tremendous influence for good. The evident sincerity of the Commission, and the spirit of justice which has animated its work, have convinced thinking and earnest Filipinos that they can safely trust their destiny to our keeping. Many Filipinos in the provinces, however, who know nothing but the rigors of

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military rule, can hardly be expected to appreciate our benevolent intentions. To such of these as are sincere in their struggle it is the purpose of this new party to send agents to explain what the Commission has done, and proposes doing, and urge their surrender. More than anything else, however, the party will furnish a rallying point for all those willing to accept our sovereignty, but who, through want of organization, have thus far been terrified into silence. As the sub-committees in the various towns are composed largely of those to whom the people look for guidance, it will give the latter courage to resist the impositions of guerrilla and ladrone bands that now levy contributions upon them under the guise of "military orders."

At present our army is principally occupied in protecting and policing the provincial towns, and in heart-breaking "hikes" after these guerrilla bands. The task of wiping them out is almost hopeless, however, unless the people themselves cooperate by denouncing the offenders and refusing them information and supplies. Much of the country is rough and broken, and the enemy when hard pressed have a habit of hiding their guns and becoming all at once most innocent looking *amigos*. If exasperated soldiers occasionally apply the "water cure" as an aid to memory, there is some provocation if not justification for their act. It is with toil and travail, and with blood and money, that we are getting back those rifles distributed by Dewey to Aguinaldo's army.

Another move which will likely have a salutary

effect is an order just issued for the deportation to Guam of certain prominent agitators now confined in Manila. This will not only eliminate them from the scene but will convince others that the day for temporizing has passed and that further resistance to our authority cannot go unpunished. To coddle this class of persons longer would be unfair to all those Filipinos who desire peace and who are cooperating with us in securing it.

McKinley's election, and the more stringent policy now being pursued, have resulted in a rapid improvement of conditions. In the Island of Panay alone over 35,000 persons have taken the oath of allegiance since November. The few scattered insurgents still out are showing little aggressiveness, and many of them are negotiating surrender. As for Aguinaldo, he is believed to be hiding somewhere among the mountains of Northern Luzon. Except for the sentimental influence exerted by his still being at large, he has ceased to be a factor in the situation.

We have celebrated our first Christmas and New Year in the Philippines, but there was little to identify the time except the calendar. The heat of tropic skies and the foliage of a perpetual summer do not harmonize with our conception of the holiday season. Memory persisted in calling up visions of snow and ice, of cool, crisp air, of gorgeous shop windows, of kindred and friends, and all the glad cheer to which we are exile. One felt that he was being cheated; that Providence or the weather man had some-

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how gotten things mixed. It was a time of homesickness, with a burden of longing for the things that were which refused to be satisfied. The "staring Eastern days" came and went with nothing to mark them except the ceaseless ringing of church bells. These latter pounded and clamored for nine days, beginning at the unholy hour of five in the morning. I have not yet solved, nor have I had explained, just what connection there is between the sleep-destroying practice and anything either Christmas or Christian.

It was my good fortune to escape from Manila over Christmas, having been invited to spend the day with Dr. and Mrs. Thomas at Apalit. While a greater contrast between their surroundings and anything to be found in the States could hardly be imagined, there was the compensation of novelty and good comradeship. Christmas eve witnessed an elaborate church procession, the native padre and image of the Virgin in the lead, followed by a concourse of villagers with gayly lighted "floats," tissue lanterns, and a band. Mass was celebrated at midnight, which we heard from the choir loft. Report had it that later some of the prominent citizens, including the padre, played *monte* until daybreak, but there may be a mistake as to the hour.

Christmas day held a variety of diversions. The Thomas "nipa" fronts directly on the main thoroughfare, and furnished a coign of vantage to observe the restless flow of village life. Just at their gate is a native *tienda*, whose presiding goddess, being quite comely, is popular with our soldiers.

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Early Christmas morning I overheard two of the latter discussing the weighty problem of church going. Finally one of them, who had evidently been celebrating well if not wisely, remarked to his comrade: "I have been to church every Christmas in my life, and I am going today if I die the next minute." Let us hope his resolution carried no such disastrous consequence. In the afternoon Captain Butler drove by in an army ambulance and short calls were made on the Arnedos, Buencaminos, Espiritus, and others. We were received at each place with good cheer and a hospitality truly genuine.

We took dinner that evening at the *cuartel* with Captain Butler and Lieutenant Pond, the other guests being Macario and Eugenio Arnedo, of Apalit, and Tomas G. del Rosario and Ramon Genato, of Manila. A village turkey had been sacrificed and the army commissary drawn upon for such dainties as it afforded. The dinner was purely American. Dishes were few and the cutlery such as army life affords. The table was set in the long hall running the length of the convent building, our light being two kerosene lamps, which acted as beacons for all manner of winged creatures. Grasshoppers and crickets held high festival on the board, and it frequently became necessary to carefully fish them from our glasses. Such things, however, were a mere detail to what proved a most interesting and delightful spread. Our Filipino friends, who are highly educated and traveled, were fully alive to the

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issues of the day and threw many sidelights on conditions in the islands both preceding and immediately following American occupation. Señor Rosario, who is now one of the leaders of the new Federal party, was one of Spain's *deportados*, having spent some time in one of her north African penal colonies. The character they gave the former *régime* was naturally anything but flattering. It chanced that on my return to Manila next day I shared a compartment with a Spaniard who has spent most of his life in the Philippines and who held high position under his government. He gave me the Spanish side of the story, and it was in vivid contrast to the one heard the previous evening. He said there were but three honest Filipinos in the islands, naming them, and that the others were utterly untrustworthy. His talk breathed all of the medieval Spanish spirit, there being a profusion of recommendations to shoot, kill, and destroy, our plan of granting the people a participation in the government being scouted as altogether Utopian. With us in the compartment, and inclined to agree with the Spanish Colonel, was an Englishman, now secretary to General Bates. He is of the adventurous type and has been a wanderer most of his days. From his story he was through the rebellion in Brazil which overthrew the monarchy of Don Pedro; was five years in South Africa, where he took part in the Matabele campaign, and participated in the survey of the Cape to Cairo telegraph line, having been alone near Victoria Falls fourteen months without seeing a white face; he served also

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for a time on the staff of the Viceroy of India, hunting tigers in far interior Indian provinces. There is scarcely a country he has not visited. This far edge of the world holds many such strange characters, and while some of them are adventurers, and some are outside the pale, it is to be said that few of them are fools. The foolish and the dull do not, as a rule, stray very far from home or the beaten paths of life.

On New Year's eve occurred the monthly dance of the Army & Navy Assembly at the Provost Marshal Building. The departure of the old year and the old century, and the advent of the new, were impressively marked. Just before twelve o'clock two buglers stepped out and the mellow call of "taps" sounded through the hall. Then, as the midnight gun boomed over the city, the buglers again advanced and there rang out clear and sweet the call of "reveille," the awakening of a new year and of the new century. As the echo, with all its mighty suggestion, died away, the band crashed into the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," which always causes one's blood to riot. Never, however, has its message come to me with more thrilling power than in that hour when, standing on the verge of the twentieth century, one's mind leaped forward to all that could or might happen to our country and to mankind before another such epoch dawned upon the world. In this far off land, where strife and turmoil exist, and where the passions of men are stirred over real or fancied wrongs, one's patriotism

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is reborn, and all question of our country's high purpose or destiny is fiercely challenged. Whatever may be the feelings of this people toward us today, there rests with me the belief and the conviction that a hundred years from now their descendants will bless the chance that brought our flag to their shores and taught them the message for which it has ever stood—Liberty, Progress, and Equality.

On New Year's afternoon eight of us, upon invitation of General Frederick Grant, took the train for Angeles, some four hours north of Manila, where he has his headquarters. In the party were Commissioners Moses and Worcester, Miss Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy, Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Emery (Associated Press correspondent), and myself. We had a special car set apart for us and the railroad trip was made in comparative comfort. Upon reaching Angeles we were lodged at headquarters, and found General Grant a genial and capital host. After dinner—which destroyed any illusions we may have had as to the privations of provincial life—we strolled about the village in the soft moonlight, which lit up with gorgeous splendor the palms and tropical foliage of the nipa-lined streets.

One of the objects of our visit was to see some "Negritos," the aboriginal race of the islands, quite a number of whom still inhabit the Zambales Mountains. They have nothing of the Malay about them, and are classed by ethnologists among the lowest order of human beings now extant. The rendezvous was to be a little village among the foothills, about

nine miles distant. The start was made at eight-thirty next morning in army ambulances, the road proving of the roughest. As we were now in the "enemy's country," we were accompanied by a mounted escort of one hundred men. The effect was quite warlike, particularly when we came to a large clearing, or crossed a flowing stream, where the troops were all visible. On reaching our destination we found that our expected host, who had arranged to secure the Negritos, was in jail. After inviting the General and party to visit him, and making preparations for the feast, correspondence was discovered showing him to be the insurgent president of Bacolor, a large adjoining town. He sent word from jail, however, to repair to his house, where the Negritos would be waiting for us. His wife and son received us quite hospitably and seemed little concerned about the fate of the head of the house. The wife remarked that if he was guilty it served him right to be in jail. The incident illustrates how abnormal is the situation here, and how impossible it is to know the real thoughts of these people from anything they profess.

Only five Negritos had been secured, three men and two women, as they are very timid. They are small of stature, and though their hair is kinky, they have none of the features of the African negro. They are inoffensive and have given our soldiers no trouble. They performed a weird sort of dance to the music of a bamboo band, and also gave some rather remarkable exhibitions with a bow and arrow,



Negritos in the Forest



Negritos at Home

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their only weapon. Altogether it was a strange gathering, grading up through every class of humanity from the little black men, with their primitive intelligence, to the highest types of American manhood and womanhood. The setting was an ideal one, the outlook being over a broad sweep of hill, mountain, and valley, reminding one much of Switzerland. Our drive back to Angeles in the late afternoon was picturesque and refreshing. After dinner we sat on the broad veranda chatting and listening to a band concert. The air was pleasantly cool, while the bright moonlight on the palms and the white-garbed figures about us served to make a strangely foreign picture. General Grant told of his work in the province and recited many interesting stories connected with the people. He is very democratic and has been quite successful in his work of pacification. We returned to Manila the following afternoon, feeling that we had added another valuable experience to our fast increasing store.

VIII

PROVINCIAL, MUNICIPAL, AND SCHOOL LAWS

MANILA, *January 15, 1901.*

ONE of the most hopeful signs for the future of this people is their eagerness for an education. The demand for schools has been so insistent that the Commission is giving the matter preferred attention. During Spanish rule education was controlled largely by the clergy, with the result that religion and religious subjects composed most of the curriculum. Scarcely any effort was made to teach Spanish to the masses, and possibly ninety-five per cent of the children of school age today speak only their local dialect. None of these dialects possess any literature of consequence, and to give instruction in any of them would simply perpetuate the provincialism of the people. While Spanish is spoken by most of the *gente fina*, or influential class, their number is small compared with the whole population. What the people require, if any scheme of ultimate independence is to be realized, is the unifying influence of a common language, with a literature telling something of governments whose people have learned to submit to the will of a majority. We

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have promised to train them along this path, and consequently propose to do at once what Spain never did in all her sovereignty; i.e., teach the people one language—English—throughout the entire archipelago. Although this policy may create a single tongue to criticise us and to demand our withdrawal, we are big enough to take this risk and to meet it when it comes.

The question upon which there is most argument is whether religious instruction shall be permitted in the schools. Ordinarily it would make little difference, but with the fierce hatred existing here against the Friars, any action seeming to favor them is construed as a surrender to their influence. We are told by the speakers that church and state are entirely separate in America, and are asked why the same principle should not apply here. Many good Catholics, on the other hand, cannot understand a system of education wherein the religious element is lacking, placing the training of their children in church doctrine far above mere worldly knowledge. Much eloquence has been spent on the subject, it being the first important question upon which the Commission has divided. Judge Taft and Commissioners Wright and Worcester feel some account should be taken of the fact that for generations religious instruction has been a matter for State intervention. Commissioners Ide and Moses believe the public schools and questions of dogma and doctrine should be altogether divorced. The act as finally drawn makes certain concessions to the church,

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but with such restrictions as to disarm serious objection. Regular teachers are forbidden to teach or criticise the doctrines of any church, or attempt to influence their pupils for or against any religious sect. The priest or minister of any church is permitted, however, to use the school building for half an hour three times a week for religious instruction; this for pupils whose parents wish it and express a desire therefor in writing filed with the principal teacher of the school. Any religious teacher who uses this privilege to rouse disloyalty to the United States, or to discourage the attendance of pupils at the public schools, will be denied further entrance to the school building. The substance of the concession is that government property may be used under certain limitations for religious purposes. As there are more churches than schools in the islands, and the use of the latter by the church authorities will likely be misconstrued by the ignorant and prejudiced, the necessity or wisdom of the concession is open to question. How it will work out remains to be seen.

January 21, 1901.

For some weeks a Municipal Code and a Provincial Government Act have been under preparation by the Commission. As these acts will define the participation to be given the people in their local affairs, there has been considerable concern in shaping their provisions. Under Spain the archipelago

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was divided into forty-seven provinces or districts, which were subdivided into some nine hundred municipalities. It is the purpose of the Commission to retain these old divisions so far as economical administration will permit, the people placing great store upon their particular towns and provinces. The proposed Municipal Code is now undergoing public dissection, and, like the brook, the talk threatens to go on forever. Any lack of interest originally shown in these meetings is now being amply compensated, the session hall being crowded. As recorder it is my duty to make a verbatim report of the various speeches and then condense them for the Commission records. Very often this simmering process fails to disclose a single idea or suggestion on the subject in hand. The speakers usually spend several minutes eulogizing the commission and descanting upon their own unfitness to offer suggestions; they then start with the creation of the world and follow the course of history through all its devious windings down to the present; at some stage they usually refer to the particular law under discussion as "transcendental," and then, without ever coming to the point, dramatically finish with the exclamation, *he dicho*—I have spoken. On a few occasions the speakers have gotten so involved they have asked permission of the Commission to stop talking. Of course, valuable suggestions are often received, and the above characterization does not apply to all. When it is remembered that everything said, whether by Commissioners or by persons

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addressing them, must be interpreted from English into Spanish, and *vice versa*, and that the climate is tropical and decidedly soporific, the patience of the Commission in sitting hour after hour listening to these verbal pyrotechnics is something to marvel at. What with almost continuous public sessions, and with executive sessions whenever they can be snatched, there is precious little time for the "simmering process" referred to above. From every side is heard a wail for more stenographers. None are to be had here, while the machinery of the United States Civil Service, which has been invoked, grinds very, very slowly.

General conditions throughout the islands continue to improve rapidly. The spread of the new Federal Party has been phenomenal. It has swept over the islands like wildfire and now numbers its adherents by tens of thousands. It has received the cooperation and best wishes of the Commission in its propaganda, something which cannot be said unreservedly of our army friends. It has seemed that certain of the latter fear that some of the glory of "suppressing the insurrection" may rest with this party rather than with them.

Another vital factor in bringing about a better understanding has been the laws enacted by the Commission. Promises made to the people, and concerning which they were naturally skeptical, are now being put into concrete form, and, wonder of wonders, they find themselves accorded greater privileges than they had asked, or than they could have

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hoped to enjoy under any government of their own. They are beginning to realize vaguely that the Commission is legislating for *them*; that it is establishing schools and teaching their children one language; that it is building roads and harbors, and attempting in every way to bring to them those things which have made us great and powerful; that we are not here to oppress them, but to give them every liberty and privilege which they can grasp and hold, and that there is promised them finally, when they shall have grown to man's stature, either a place as citizens under our flag or an opportunity to govern themselves. This is the gospel that is being preached the people by the Commission and by the leaders of the Federal Party, and it is the gospel that is destined to work the regeneration of this people so far as race, climate, and previous environment will permit.

This missionary work, combined with the increased activity of the army and the deportation of certain irreconcilables to Guam, has created a condition justifying the early extension of civil government to the towns and provinces. The Commission hopes to enter upon this work early next month, the plan being to visit all the provinces and personally explain to the people the scheme of government provided. While pride, or a mistaken zeal, still causes a number of "Generals," "Colonels," and other paper officials to refuse all overtures of peace, it is believed an act recently passed carried an argument for surrender which will appeal to most of them.

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This act provides that all persons who on the first of April, 1901, shall be in arms against the authority and sovereignty of the United States in the islands, and all persons aiding or abetting them after that date, will be disqualified to hold any office of honor, trust or profit in the Philippine Islands. To this people official position of some kind is the *sine qua non* of existence. To hold office in the old days meant not only social prestige and comparative ease, but usually an opportunity to exploit their less fortunate brethren. It meant influence, power, and that adulation and homage which is the breath of life to a society given largely to the worship of externals. To be indefinitely deprived of an opportunity to hold office, therefore, will be a punishment whose dire consequences will likely outweigh the transitory glory now attending high rank in a scattered army or a non-existent republic.

In the greater interest of matters political, I have neglected all reference to that perennial subject—the climate. As it is a feature of this life which looms large to people contemplating living in the islands, and is a source of almost constant worry to them after they get here, the topic should not be lightly sidetracked. It is customary, of course, to regard all tropical countries as hot and pestilential, and returning soldiers and others have not spared pains to paint the Philippines as the “jumping-off place”—whatever that may be. In this matter, as in most others, much depends upon the point of view and a great deal upon one’s digestion. In truth, the



A Woman of the People



Adult Negrito Woman, Showing Relative Size

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climate of Manila is far from disagreeable, and not a single member of the Commission or staff has missed a day's work through illness. The thermometer seldom rises above ninety, while the nights are almost invariably cool enough for restful sleep. We have none of that sweltering, moist heat peculiar to summer months in the States, nor does any particular day stand out as uncomfortable. The evil lies not in any extreme heat, but in the uniform absence of any crispness in the air; a lack of tone and brace which, it is said, eventually saps the vitality, develops nerves, sours the temper, and leaves one non-resistant when disease does come. Thus far there has been no apparent diminution of steam power on the part of the Commission, though a collapse is predicted when the reserve energy brought from home is exhausted.

February 6, 1901.

The Municipal Code and Provincial Government Act have, after exhaustive discussion, been finally enacted into law. The task has proven somewhat strenuous, involving, as it does, the granting of a large measure of popular control to a people who, while endowed with a sublime self-confidence, have had no experience in the responsibilities of self-government. Just how difficult it has been to devise a scheme to fit such conditions can hardly be appreciated by persons whose ancestors have been trained since the days of Alfred to express their will through town meetings and elective assemblies.

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The Municipal Code makes the government of the towns practically autonomous. While it was the aim to keep the law simple, it was found necessary to specify in considerable detail the powers and limitations of the different municipal officers. Under Spanish administration a public official may have been responsible to those above, but seldom or never to those beneath him. Saturated as the people are, therefore, with the idea that any demand made by a person in authority must be obeyed, the present law lays stress upon the fact that the government now sought to be implanted is one of limited and prescribed powers, and that public officials have no rights beyond those expressly conferred upon them. When the people thoroughly appreciate this fact they will have learned their first great lesson in true self-government.

The act vests municipal authority in a President, Vice-President, and Council, all elected by the people. The number of councillors varies according to population, each councillor being charged with the welfare of a particular *barrio*, or ward. The treasurer and secretary are appointed by the town president with the consent of the council. Only the president, secretary, and treasurer draw salary. The right of suffrage is limited to males twenty-three years of age who have—(a) held some municipal office in Spanish times; (b) who own real property of the value of five hundred pesos or pay an annual tax of thirty pesos; or (c) those who speak, read, and write English or Spanish. The act is explicit

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in prescribing the manner of holding elections, and incorporates all necessary forms. The sources of public revenue and the duties of the various officials are minutely defined. Provision is made for a real estate tax, something new to these islands. This feature met with considerable opposition when the law was discussed, the persons addressing the Commission being of the class most affected by such a provision. They found it difficult, however, to answer the argument that everyone should be taxed according to his means. The purpose of this tax is not only to work justice in the matter of contributions, but to compel landed proprietors to either cultivate their holdings or subdivide and sell them. In view of the ravages of war and other recent disasters, the land tax is small, the maximum allowed in the towns being one-half of one per cent. Of this at least one-fourth of one per cent must be devoted exclusively to the support of free primary schools and the erection of school buildings. Ample provision is made for the assessment and collection of the tax, for delinquent sales, etc., leaving as little margin as possible for injustice and inequality.

The provincial government act is largely supplementary to the Municipal Code, the provincial officers being charged with a wide degree of supervision over the towns. The officers consist of a governor, treasurer, supervisor, secretary, and fiscal—the latter corresponding to our prosecuting attorney. The supervisor must be a civil engineer and has special charge of roads, bridges, and buildings.

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The governor, treasurer, and supervisor constitute a provincial board, being the governing body of the province. The treasurer collects, in addition to the provincial taxes, all funds pertaining to the municipalities except fines, market fees, and ferry tolls. The money so collected by him is turned over to the municipal treasurers, who furnish regular statements of their expenditures, thus enabling an absolute check to be kept of their accounts. The provincial tax on real estate is limited to three-eighths of one per cent, of which at least one-eighth of one per cent must be destined to the construction and repair of roads and bridges. The assessment of lands, both in the provinces and towns, is under the supervision of the provincial treasurer, special deputies acting with the municipal president and secretary in determining values. All revenues collected, whether in the towns or provinces, are applied locally, none of the moneys being remitted to the central treasury. This differs radically from the Spanish method, where all contributions centered in the treasury at Manila, little of the money finding its way back to benefit the contributors. The provincial governor is required to visit all the towns in his province at least twice a year, and to receive and hear complaints from the people concerning the conduct of their officers. The position of governor is elective, while those of the other officers are appointive. All except the fiscal are brought under the classified civil service after March, 1902. The governor is chosen for a term of two years, being elected by a majority

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vote of all the municipal councillors. This naturally means that the provincial governors will be Filipinos. The plan is to extend the general provincial law to the provinces by special act, which will prescribe the salaries to be paid and certain such other terms as local conditions require. The first election for governors will be held in February, 1902. Until then they will be appointed by the Commission.

There can be no question but that these acts go far toward delegating control in local affairs to the people themselves, and should convince the most skeptical that we are not here to despoil or oppress them.

Another act worked in during odd intervals is one regulating the hours of labor, leaves of absence, etc., of appointees under the Philippine Civil Service. By this act not less than six hours of labor each day is required of all employes, while more can be exacted without extra compensation; annual leave ranging from fifteen to thirty-five days is provided, based upon salary. This leave may be accumulated for three years for a visit to the States, in which event the time required in going to and from San Francisco is added at half salary. Sick leave not exceeding sixty days each year may be granted by heads of departments. Persons residing in the States appointed to the service are allowed their traveling expenses, San Francisco to Manila, with half salary *en route*. A person employed in the service for three years will, upon retirement, be furnished transportation, Manila to San Francisco,

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with half salary for thirty days in addition to accrued leave. While these provisions are apparently liberal, it is felt they are none too much so to secure and keep good men in the service.



A Tropical River



A River Scene, Pagsanjan, Laguna

IX

PROVINCIAL ORGANIZATION

MANILA, *February 19, 1901.*

THE Commission has made a beginning in its work of provincial organization. We returned yesterday from a pilgrimage of seven days to the north of Manila, during which civil government was extended to the provinces of Pampanga, Pangasinan, and Tarlac. It was a week of vivid incident, and if our experiences during these days are a measure of what awaits us in the thirty and odd provinces yet to be organized, then fate has reserved for us a series of sensations more varied and unique than often fall to the lot of men.

We left Manila on the morning of the twelfth, the party occupying special coaches on the regular Manila-Dagupan train. Our cast of characters was as follows: Taft, Worcester, Wright, and Moses, Commissioners; Fergusson, General Secretary; Branagan, Disbursing Officer; Williams, Recorder; LeRoy, Heiskell, Carpenter, and Swindell, Secretaries; Arellano, Chief Justice; Tavera, Flores, and Herrera of the Federal Party; Emery of the Associated Press; McDonnell of the *New York Sun*, and Juan de Juan, Loyzaga, and Gonzalez of the Span-

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ish-Filipino *Press*. General Grant, in whose district Pampanga is situated, was stage manager for the initial performance. Our railroad destination was San Fernando, fifty miles distant. Notice of the coming of the Commission had been given the municipal officers of the different pueblos, with request that they meet us in convention at the capitals of their respective provinces.

Our progress along the railroad was a continuous ovation. The first stop was at Bocaue, where a throng of people and two bands—both playing at once—heralded our arrival. A number of leading citizens, dressed in customary official black, said they were glad to see us—to which Judge Taft responded *nosotros tambien*. General Flores then made a short talk in Tagalog, the purport of which was that if the people behaved themselves things would come their way. The crowd in the meantime gazed at us in petrified silence, broken only when the train started by "*Vivas*" for "*La Comisión Civil*," for "*America*," and various other entities. At Guiginto we had more music and more speeches, Dr. Tavera getting into the game here with some good advice to the populace. It is to be said, however, that this oratorical part of the program was held under difficulties, as these diminutive cars do not lend themselves to platform speaking. When a goodly sized man doubles himself out of one of these small windows the sight is more amusing than inspiring to all but the devout.

The above proceeding was repeated with varia-

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tions as to speakers at Malolos and Calumpit. There was the same sea of brown, upturned faces, the same eager, absorbed expressions, and the same variety of costume and "*Vivas.*" *En route* there spread ever about us all the picturesque panorama of a tropical land, of which one never grows tired. We saw old Arayat looming purple through the haze; saw the rice paddies and the carabaos; saw the dark green fringe of bamboo along the fields, and the little nipas peering from the deep-leafed shade of the banana groves. The spirits of the party bubbled over at the novelty and freshness of it all.

At San Fernando, where we left the train, the military added their pageantry to that of the natives, the place being decked in holiday attire. Carriages were in waiting, and we were conducted in state through a succession of streets spanned by triumphal arches of palm and bamboo. The schools had been dismissed and the children, each with a tiny American flag stuck stiffly in front, were lined up to greet us. A short stop was made at Colonel Page's headquarters, where something was taken to clear the dust from our throats. We then started for Bacolor, a mile and a half distant, where the convention was to be held. Reaching the environs of the town, we found all the houses, not excepting the little nipas, gaily decorated for the occasion. Some of these efforts were rather pathetic, but the spirit was all right. There were queer-painted little flags of paper and cloth, the number of stars and stripes being often hopelessly mixed. Again you would see

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a white cloth hung in a window, a patch of red perhaps appearing in the center, the whole set off by paper lanterns of various fantastic designs. Here, as in San Fernando, numerous arches of elaborate construction spanned the various streets, a testimony to the skill of native craftsmen.

Our first stop was at the house of Judge Macapinlac, where greetings were duly exchanged. Later we repaired to the home of Señor Santos, where tiffin was served, which, however, was more than a tiffin—it was a dissipation. There were six meat courses, and others in proportion, with all sorts of wines, *dulces*, fruits, and other puzzles to digestion. It seems meat is something of a luxury, and the more of it served during a meal, the better the latter is supposed to be.

After luncheon the Commissioners disappeared for a much-needed *siesta*, they being guests of Santos. We attachés sat around, drowsy with the heat and much eating, waiting to be assigned quarters. Presently a messenger reported he had found the desired haven, whereupon Branagan, Carpenter, LeRoy, Swindell, and I packed our grips into a *carromata* and descended upon one Felix Rodriguez, our designated victim. He looked somewhat dazed at the onslaught, but came to the center smiling. We were invited to sit down, and the usual cigars and cigarettes made the round. Judge Arellano was present, while we could see General Flores in the offing. Conversation developed that there were but three beds in the house, two of which were already bespoken

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by Arellano and Flores, not to mention the needs of our host and family. He courteously offered us the third bed, but as we numbered five, the idea did not appeal, and we sorrowfully took up our trek. After various experiences, too sad to chronicle, we finally learned that we were to lodge at Guagua, headquarters of Major Wholly, three miles distant. In the meantime we succeeded in washing up a bit and finding a nook in the Santos house to dress for dinner.

Shortly before seven the entire party repaired to the provincial building, where a banquet was spread. The *patio* was agleam with lanterns, while a profusion of flags, palms, and greenstuff made the hall a scene of splendor. Sixty-two people sat down to table. It was a great feast under any circumstances, but in a small provincial town whose buildings were in ruin and whose people were impoverished by war, it was remarkable. In praising the dinner, Judge Taft well said that no town of like size in the States could equal it. There was such an overflowing abundance it sort of appalled one. The people and the occasion, however, were greater than the setting, worthy as it was. It marked the beginning of popular government in the Philippines under American sovereignty, and no man could tell the end. About the table were grouped the representatives of peace and war and the best the Filipinos could produce from among their own sons. Following the dinner, speeches were made by Judge Taft, by Señor Joven of Bacolor, by General Grant, Commis-

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sioner Worcester, Judge Arellano, Dr. Tavera, General Flores, and Colonel Page. The speeches were splendid, and all of them breathed a spirit of kindness, of confidence, and of good will which could not but impress favorably all who heard them.

At 9:30 the next morning the Commission met in public session with the presidents, councillors, and leading citizens of the twenty-five pueblos of the province. The roll of the towns was called and the delegates arose in turn and responded. They were serious and attentive and made a very favorable impression. Judge Taft then spoke to them, setting out in simple language the purposes of the Commission in their behalf, and explaining in detail the provisions and scope of the new provincial law. The public was then invited to make suggestions, and quite a number responded. While the suggestions were generally directed to some point already threshed out by the Commission in executive session, the proposed amendments were favorably considered whenever possible. At twelve the meeting adjourned for another so-called tiffin, but which proved, like that of the previous day, to be a sumptuous dinner. Our host at tiffin—Señor Rodriguez—did not sit at table with us, but assisted in serving, which seems to be a custom of the country.

In the afternoon session the special act applying the provincial law to Pampanga was passed and the provincial officers named. Señor Joven, president of Bacolor, was appointed governor, and thus was accomplished the first real step toward granting the

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Filipino people a participation in their own government. The occasion was an impressive one. As the early evening shadows lengthened through the hall and threw into deeper shade that sea of dark, upturned faces, you felt the hour charged by fate with tremendous possibilities. You wondered whether the people would rise to their opportunity, and in the new way opened for them realize the high destiny painted by the speakers of the afternoon, or would their impatience, their desire to grasp too soon the reins of power, blind them to the gifts which were freely offered, and change their words of praise to words of hate?

The next province on the list was Pangasinan, the convention to be held at Dagupan, the terminus of the railroad. We left San Fernando early next morning and reached Dagupan in the afternoon. The train ride was an interesting one, the ground covered being new to most of us. The press representatives, together with most of the attachés, occupied one car, and a bohemian crowd it was. We had a basket lunch, supplemented by bananas and cocoanuts secured *en route*. The day was warm, and through the windows floated the necessary dust and cinders to give our meal its regulation picnic flavor. The scenes of the early part of our journey were repeated at the different stations, all the people being anxious to catch a glimpse of "*La Comisión Civil*." There were always two or three bands in attendance, no village being too small, apparently, to support one. These people seem to be natural

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musicians. They are also natural orators—or at least have the gift of words. As we neared Dagupan we passed through large nipa swamps and immense groves of cocoanut palms—the latter filling one's ideal of the beautiful in tropical vegetation.

On reaching Dagupan we found things somewhat mixed, no word having been received as to the size of our party. We were finally distributed, the whole thing reminding me of a church convention in the States where the visiting preachers are parceled out among the members of the congregation. It fell to my lot, in company with Commissioner Moses, to be entertained by Captain Winn, a former military instructor in the University of California. It was good to get back to simple army fare after our recent orgy.

Our first afternoon and evening were spent quietly, most of us being thankful for it. The convention met next morning in the villlage theater, the thirty-one towns of the province being represented by three hundred and fifty delegates; these, with the general public, soon made the "standing-room" sign necessary. As the roll was called each delegation came forward and passed in review before the stage. The morning was given over to this and to an explanation of the provincial law by Judge Taft, the afternoon being devoted to a public discussion of the special act. The people were somewhat slow to respond, but by judicious questioning they finally got started, and then the trouble was to stop them.

Our audience comprised most of the educated and

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influential Filipinos of the province. As the masses receive their ideas through these few, this face-to-face presentation of facts to their leaders virtually meant talking to all the people. That the Commission had sufficient interest in their welfare to make a special visit to the province established a bond of union and sympathy such as nothing else could have done.

That evening we were banqueted at the house of one Villareal, the dinner being given by the Federal Party of Dagupan. The spread was like unto others described, being superabundant. There were the usual speeches, without which a dinner here would be considered altogether tame and commonplace. Judge Taft, in referring to the Federal Party, characterized all those who, for personal reasons or otherwise, sought to hinder its work as enemies to the best interests of their country. Some of this was meant for the local military, who, while quite courteous, do not seem to enjoy the object of our visit among them. The establishment of civil government ends their absolute sway, and they naturally dislike to give up the power which is theirs. It comes hard to be relegated from monarchs to mere peace officers. One captain, in describing his administration of an adjoining town, said that he was king, King with a big "K," and that when the natives did not respond promptly to his demands he stuck them in the guardhouse. This no doubt proved effective, but it hardly works for benevolent assimilation. Commissioner Wright made quite a long speech and

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a good one. He is naturally witty and can drive home plain truths with a smiling face. He told the people exactly how we happened to come to the islands, and explained that our remaining here afterwards was something we could not in justice have avoided, even had we wished. He said it was not necessary for us to oppress them, and that we had no idea whatever of doing so; that our purpose was to help them, and we could do this only as they cooperated with us. Professor Moses followed and pointed out wherein the methods we were pursuing differed from those followed by Spain, which country, amid all the blessings which time had showered upon her, had never enjoyed good government.

Next morning the special act was passed, and Perfecto Sison of Lingayen named provincial governor. Judge Taft then called for speeches from Chief Justice Arellano, Dr. Tavera, and General Flores, who roused the crowd to a dramatic finish. I think Arellano's talk one of the best I have ever heard. He is without doubt the greatest Filipino in the islands today, though one of the most modest. He has always stood for peace, and yet is universally liked by these people. When he rose to speak the audience rose involuntarily. He talked to them sincerely and earnestly as a father would talk to his children. He told them he was not given to appearing in public; that for twelve years he had lived in practical retirement, and that if he now came forth it was because he felt the crisis to be a vital one to his people. He said he was growing old and might

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not live to see the great future which spread before his country, but he spoke for them and for their sons who would live to see it. A deep note of conviction rang through every word, and the effect upon his emotional audience was striking. It was a great speech and one which it is good to have heard.

The Commission decided to remain in Dagupan until Monday, giving us a day and a half for diversion. In the afternoon I visited the public schools, in charge of Max McCullough, a California boy whom I knew. That day he was teaching in the girls' school, a nipa structure with bamboo floors and bamboo seats, entirely too small to seat the children; they were sitting around on the floor and filling every available nook. He was drilling them in relays, using a pictured English chart. He remarked that after going over that chart fifty times a day, and following it up for months, the subject-matter became strangely familiar.

On Sunday the entire party drove to Lingayen, the provincial capital, eight miles distant. The road seemed a continuous street, being lined throughout by little nipas, the windows of which framed many striking pictures. We made a halt at Binmaley, midway to Lingayen, to see their old church, one of the finest in the islands. We were met by the priest and leading citizens and escorted up to the altar to organ music. The priest here was more successful than most, for he succeeded in saving the treasures of his church from Americans and insurgents alike. After visiting the church we went

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through the convento, or priest's residence, where refreshments were served.

On reaching Lingayen a reception was tendered in the municipal building, with the usual accompaniment of speeches and eatables. We took luncheon with Major Brush, which compelled us to forego the spread prepared by the town people. We understood when too late that quite elaborate preparations had been made to entertain us. After luncheon LeRoy and I climbed the tower of their old church, which commands a magnificent view. The shimmering bay of Lingayen, deep blue under that southern sky, lay to the west of us, while on every side stretched reach on reach of nipa, palm, and coconut groves, through which the thread-like Agno wound down to the sea. Below us lay the town, with its queer nipa houses and wealth of life.

Later our party visited the provincial prison, where we saw the man and woman who have been personating the Christ and the Virgin Mary. They were ordinary looking creatures, but had exerted wonderful power over certain of the superstitious natives. We also saw Señor Valles, Aguinaldo's "Director of Communications," who was captured last week. He appeared to be a shrewd man. Returning to Dagupan we stopped at the Binmaley cockpit, where practically the entire town was assembled.

The next morning at 8:30, to the music of a military and two native bands, we started south for Tarlac, our next stop. Here we were met by the military and most of the populace. Owing to infor-

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mation received at Dagupan, the Commission had decided not to organize Tarlac at this time, the plan being simply to make a short stop and tell the people we would call again when they had improved a bit in their behavior. The town lies about a mile from the railroad, and we made the ride in a varied assortment of vehicles and in a bewildering cloud of dust. The people had gathered from all parts to meet us, the town being as elaborately decorated as any we had visited. When the Commission learned that delegates had gathered from most of the towns and were without notice that their province was not to be organized, it was decided to go through with it that afternoon rather than disappoint them. Accordingly, between 2:30 and 5:30 the provincial bill was explained, discussion had, amendments offered, the bill passed, and officials appointed. Owing to the somewhat uncertain temper of the people, and to various factions among them, an American governor was appointed, who will hold office until an election is held in February. One incident of the afternoon was rather pathetic. On the roll call one of the towns failed to respond and was marked absent. Later we learned the delegates had come and were below stairs, but, being barefooted, were ashamed to come into the presence of the Commission. After the session a band concert was given in the village plaza, and later a banquet was served by the Federal Party at the house of the town padre. There were the usual number of courses and the same array of people. We had but

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two speeches, one by Judge Taft and one by Chief Justice Arellano. The people were somewhat less demonstrative than elsewhere; possibly they were disappointed over the failure of the Commission to appoint a native governor.

We left Tarlac at six the next morning, reaching Manila at noon. Most of the party were able to answer "Present" at the finish, there being but two or three whose digestive machinery had failed to respond to the strain put upon it. It is hard to estimate the good the trip will bring in its train. It brought home to the people as nothing else could just what is proposed to be done for them. They are tired of military rule, and relief from it is the reward offered when they prove themselves worthy.

MANILA, *March 3, 1901.*

Two more provinces have been organized — Bulacan and Bataan. The trip to Bulacan differed only in detail from our previous one. This time the ladies accompanied us, i. e., Mrs. Taft, Mrs. Worcester, Miss Herron, Mrs. Fergusson, Mrs. LeRoy, Miss Briggs, and the Misses Ide. Bulacan is within an hour's ride of Manila by train, the town being two and a half miles from the railroad. There was the same outpouring of natives to witness our advent and the same cordial reception. While not as gorgeously decorated as some of the other towns, they had two or three indefatigable bands whose lung power was a wonder.

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The convention was set for 2 P. M., being held in a small chapel, the large town church being used as barracks by our soldiers. Most of the important buildings in the town were destroyed during the insurrections against Spain and our authority, and we saw little but ruins. The chapel where we met was small and the ventilation poor. It was crowded to suffocation and we gasped and perspired in the sweltering, overcharged atmosphere. Following an exposition of the provincial act by Judge Taft, considerable interest was roused over a movement to remove the capital from Bulacan to Malolos, which is on the railroad. The discussion waxed warm and it was finally suggested by the Commission that the question be left to a vote of the towns—the vote to be taken next morning. One of the speakers made the somewhat novel proposition that an engineer survey the province and find its central spot, and that the capital be located there. Another speaker branched off on the evils of gambling, which, he said, was the curse of Bulacan. He asked that the governor be empowered to punish gambling as an executive function. He was told that in countries where civil liberty prevails punishment can only be had through the courts, but that the Commission would try and appoint officials in sympathy with his ideals.

A banquet was given in the evening by the Federal Party in the Convento building. There were speeches by Judge Taft, General Grant, and Señores Calderon and Flores. After the dinner a *baile* was held upstairs.

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The meeting next morning was one of the most interesting yet held. The question of the capital was submitted to vote, possibly the first time in the history of the islands where the people were permitted to settle a thing of that kind themselves. Malolos won by a majority of three. Judge Taft told the people it was our purpose to let them have their way in all things so long as it was consistent with public order and the rights of individuals, citing the matter of the capital as an example. It appealed to them, and after Calderon had stirred them with a speech in Tagalog, and Dr. Tavera had flattered them, had appealed to the memory of their great men, and had led and forced them along with him on the current of his wit and eloquence, the occasion developed into a regular love feast. One speaker went so far as to ask that the land tax be applied at once, and not postponed for a year, as contemplated. He said Bulacan was the first to go to war and the last to come in; that it took a man of Bulacan a long time to get an idea into his head, but, once in, it stuck. They were now for peace and American sovereignty. For the time, at least, I believe them sincere.

Señor Serapio was appointed provincial governor. The people are split into factions and Serapio was *persona non grata* to many of them. He has been an active American sympathizer from the beginning, and was instrumental in causing the capture of many insurrectos. His life has been marked many times, and though the people now profess peace, they can-

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not overlook the past. We left for the train at 2:30. A heavy rain set in and we were a dripping, bedraggled lot when we reached the station.

The next day was spent in Manila, and the day following we started for Bataan, which lies just across the bay from Manila. The trip was made by launch, the ladies again accompanying us. Before starting we had heard something of the reception awaiting us, it being reported that over twenty thousand flags had been secured to decorate their water craft and buildings. What we imagined—what we possibly could have imagined—was dwarfed by the reality, however. While yet a considerable distance from shore, fifteen or twenty large *bancas* bore down upon us, each manned by from twenty to thirty rowers and filled with people. The rowers were naked to the waist, and as their bronze bodies swayed backward and forward with each broad sweep of the oars, it made a picture of savage grandeur that thrilled one. Round and round they went, rising in their seats at intervals to utter strange and unknown cries. All the *bancas* were decorated with flags and bunting, a number of them having bands of music aboard. One barge, larger than the rest, had a large pagoda top and reminded one dimly of those triumphal floats in which Egypt's queen was wont to make her pilgrimages on the Nile. This was brought alongside the launch and boarded by our party. There were a number of women aboard with musical instruments, who played and sang improvised songs of welcome. We were taken in tow by two other

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barges, which spread their sails and sped on, followed by the entire fleet. As these scattered over the water they looked, with their square, colored sails, like a flock of great birds.

As we neared the landing for Balanga, the capital, another fleet appeared, adding to the excitement. The coast is quite low here and the boats grounded some distance out, our landing being made in army ambulances. About five hundred school children had a banner reading, "Welcome to the Civil Commission. Give us schools and English teachers and we will do the rest." We all agreed that our reception on sea and land had been the most spectacular of our lives. We took lunch at military headquarters, and an informal reception was held later in the provincial building.

At 3:30 a public session was held of the usual character. Here, however, as the mass of those present spoke only Tagalog, the speeches were interpreted into that language by Señor Calderon. The banquet that evening was one of the largest we have attended, there being a greater representation of women present than usual. A few speeches were made, after which we adjourned to the town hall, where a *baile* was in progress. It was a lively scene, everyone seeming to enter into the spirit of the occasion. Mr. LeRoy and I had been assigned to a Filipino family, where we showed up shortly after midnight. One of the native bands was also quartered there, its members, together with the family, being stretched out on the floor. We had to pass



Native Bats Welcoming Commission, Bataan



Native Prao, Off Bacolod, Negros

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over their bodies to reach our room. Perhaps some people, reading the States papers, would have considered it reckless for two unarmed Americans to sleep alone under such circumstances. We slept well, however, despite the hard beds and harder pillows. These native pillows seem stuffed with sawdust or something equally hard. Our breakfast was served in the room next morning, the band playing meanwhile in the adjoining room.

The closing session was held this morning, and we had another splendid talk by Chief Justice Arelano, who is a native of the province. Another tiffin—really a dinner—was eaten, with more speeches. We were then escorted to the bay shore by most of the populace and by the military, and then to our launch and onward by the fleet of bancas.

Next week we are scheduled to start on our trip to the southern islands, which will be made in the transport *Sumner* and will occupy about two months. In the meantime the Commission is in almost continuous session, trying to clear up a mass of accumulated matters. My dual position of private secretary and recorder has simply swamped me with work, and it is a scramble to keep from being smothered.

Word has come of the passage by Congress of the so-called "Spooner Bill," relating to Philippine affairs, and it is a great disappointment. While it authorizes the President to establish temporary civil government in the islands, it prohibits absolutely the sale, lease, or other disposition of public lands or

timber, or the granting of any mining rights. It authorizes the granting of franchises, but renders the grant nugatory by providing that all such franchises shall terminate within one year after the establishment of civil government. The law effectually ties the hands of the Commission so far as developing the resources of the islands is concerned, without which development no general prosperity can be expected. The whole thing illustrates how foolish our representatives can be when dealing with something which does not affect their chances of reelection, and concerning which they have no knowledge, nor the ambition to acquire it. No action whatever was taken to relieve us of our unfortunate currency muddle. The sensible thing would be for Congress to follow the advice and suggestion of those on the ground, commissioned to study the situation, but our Solons evidently argue that to do this would be to admit that their intuitive judgment is not better than the mature study and reflection of others.

X

THE SOUTHERN TRIP

U. S. TRANSPORT *Sumner*,
March 14, 1901.

OUR long-planned "Southern Trip" is now a reality, and it promises to dwarf all that has preceded. Although out but a few days, incident has followed incident with a rush that leaves us somewhat bewildered as we think of all that yet remains to be unraveled. It has come to us that we are participating in an extraordinary journey, the events of which will not only be unique to our little party, but will be written large in the future annals of these islands.

The expedition is being made in the U. S. transport *Sumner*, placed at the disposal of the Commission for the occasion. While not as large as the *Hancock*, it is a fine ship, complete in every detail. We have electric fans, an ice plant, Chinese cabin and table boys, and other important accessories for comfort in the tropics. Naturally, there were many who were willing to forsake their happy homes to join us. For this reason the line was drawn fast and invitations limited to those associated in some way with the Commission and its work. The roster

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of the privileged includes most of the old *Hancock* crowd, with a sprinkling of newspaper correspondents and members of the *Partido Federal*. The assortment is sufficiently variegated to insure that no one need suffer from *ennui*.

We left Manila on Sunday last, the center of a vociferous crowd and innumerable bands. When the "shouting and the tumult" died, and our launch steamed slowly down the Pasig, you could almost hear the sigh of relief that went up from the Commission and staff. The past few weeks have been pretty strenuous, and we were tired enough to grasp eagerly at the prospect of change and rest offered by our proposed cruise. It is in truth a trip whose contemplation should make anyone happy. To voyage for two months in a splendid boat amid beautiful tropical islands; to visit them all, and know that in the more than twenty-five scheduled stopping-places a reception awaited from a people unrivaled in hospitality; to share this experience with tried companions, grown intimate through months of work and pleasant association, and to realize further that we are pioneers in a movement pointing our country along new and momentous paths of destiny and power—all this gave cause to feel that fortune had indeed been kind in counting us among those called for such a journey and such a work. Not only are we to replace military by civil rule throughout a great Archipelago, but we are commissioned as well to plant in virgin soil those principles of government which lead to the progress and enlightenment of

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ances. Not that the Filipinos appreciate all this as yet, or see in the Commission instruments of fate shaping their future destiny; all they see is a body of men vested with power to relieve them of the rigors of military rule, and give substance to their aspirations for local government. They rejoice accordingly, and the Commissioners are everywhere hailed as the Messiahs of peace and prosperity.

The first province on our repertoire was Tayabas, the convention being billed for Lucena. Our journey thither led us down the quiet reaches of the Straits of Mindoro, skirting the shores of Luzon. We anchored late in the afternoon in front of the peak of Banahao, which sweeps directly from the sea to an elevation of over seven thousand feet. With a bank of clouds wreathing its summit, it towered the commanding monarch of a beautiful countryside. We did not land until morning, when two of the ship's cutters were taken in tow by our little launch and headed up a small river to the Lucena landing. Immense cocoanut groves stretched as far as eye could see, and a wilderness of nipa palm and jungle growth ran riot to the water's edge. A huge crocodile basking upon a heap of débris by the river side gave a finishing touch to the picture and completed our enthusiasm.

We drove into Lucena to the music of various energetic bands, the clamor of bells, and the "*Vivas*" of the entire population. The Commission repaired at once to the school building, where a public session was held and the provincial act ex-

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plained by Judge Taft. Luncheon was served at the home of the Alcalde. This repast—a fore-runner of many such in store—consisted of innumerable meat courses, with a paralyzing assortment of wines, *dulces*, fruits, etc. How we were expected to transact business in a sun-stricken audience hall after eating that meal remains a question. Before the afternoon session some of us visited the town church, where we happened on a christening ceremony.

Provincial organization was completed at the afternoon session, keen interest being developed over the question whether the capital should be removed from Tayabas to Lucena. It was finally submitted to a vote, Lucena winning by a small margin. The delegates took an active and intelligent part in the discussion, and were very much alive to the problems presented.

The original arrangement was to remain in Lucena over-night, drive to Tayabas next morning, and return aboard ship the same evening. When this plan was announced the delegation from Tayabas was ready to weep. They said their people had arranged an elaborate banquet and ball for the following night, and there would be woe and bitter disappointment should we fail them. Their tearful entreaties prevailed, and we returned to the boat to fortify ourselves for what we knew was coming to us.

The following morning dawned with an overcast sky and occasional burst of rain. The prospect of

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a ride through a choppy sea, to be followed by nine miles in an ambulance over bumpy roads, did not appeal to some of the party. Only five ladies responded to the call, i. e., Mrs. Taft, Miss Herron, Miss Briggs, Mrs. LeRoy, and Miss Bourns. We were a goodly company, nevertheless, and the fine drizzle that beat upon us may have dampened our clothes, but not our ardor. The drive to Tayabas, though not a rest physically, was a treat in every other respect. There were four ambulances, each drawn by a four-mule team, while as escort we had a troop of American soldiers, some native police, and a concourse of the citizens of Tayabas. This guard was more a matter of honor than protection, as the province is thoroughly pacified. The road wound its way for the entire distance through an immense cocoanut grove. Looking backward or forward, you saw a vista of these beautiful trees with their chiseled stems and tufted tops, and from every elevation they spread a sea of waving plumes to the horizon. Tayabas is noted for its cocoanut industry, the number of trees being estimated at over ten million. Each tree is said to yield a net profit of over a peso per year. On reaching Tayabas we were taken direct to the church and convento, the latter having been prepared for our accommodation. During the insurrection against Spain the garrison from adjoining towns made their last stand in this church, where they were besieged for fifty-six days before surrendering. The walls are pitted with bullet marks, as are most of the houses in the town.

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Our coming was heralded with the usual bands and outpouring of people, the latter crowding after us into the convento until it was jammed. In the center of the hall stood a large table stocked with all sorts of drinkables and the ever-present cigars and cigarettes. The speech of welcome delivered us remains an unforgettable one. Scarcely had we assembled when a Filipino dashed into a clear spot near the Commission and in a shrill voice which broke on the high notes, and with wildly gesticulating arms, told his tale of joy at our coming. The matter of his speech was passable, but his manner of delivery was something appalling. When he came to his "*Vivas*" he started at the top of his voice and finished with a doleful squeak. It was a time to laugh, and our desire so to do struggled hard with our obligation to preserve a respectful countenance. Later we learned the speaker was a bit *loco*, and his appearance formed no part of the reception program. Judge Taft started to respond, but before he was well under way our crazy friend cried, "*Viva la Comisión!*" and the crowd, thinking the speech was ended, closed in and choked off further oratory. Meantime the ladies were being offered copious draughts of whiskey, it being assumed that Americans drink liquor as other people do water.

We took tiffin at the home of the Vice-President, our long drive enabling us to do better justice to it than usual. Quite a number of women were present, though the rôle they play at these functions is a minor one. They usually sit in a row on one side

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of the room, segregated from the men, and seldom utter a word unless addressed. With their flowered *camisas* and *pañuelos* and their beaver-tailed brocaded skirts spread carefully before them, they seem a collection of lay figures set up to delight the eye.

In the evening the promised *baile* and banquet took place, and to describe them would be simply to expand on the admirable qualities of the Filipino as host. There was the usual crowd of men in official black, bowing and smiling, with a background of dainty femininity bedecked in jewels and fine raiment. It was a scene full of color, with no hint of that grim figure, scarcely out of sight, which had so lately traced his course in blood and flame across the lives of the people. The situation seemed a bit unreal. It was hard to understand why the passionate hatreds of war had left no apparent bitterness in their wake. As the music rose and fell, and white and brown mingled freely together in the dance, I talked with one of their old men and sought to fathom the riddle. What he told me explained much, and I saw where the answer lay. I had been trying, as so many others are doing, to judge the state of feeling of these people by Anglo-Saxon traditions, rather than taking their own history as a standard. My informant spoke of their life under the Spaniards, when they were treated as inferior beings and given no participation in public affairs; of their exploitation by a rapacious clergy, and how their aspirations for learning and advancement were frowned upon or ruthlessly suppressed as a menace

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to the state; of the final uprising against intolerable abuses, and the cruel reprisals inflicted upon them when they fell into the enemy's hands. He referred to the coming of the Americans, and the unfortunate insurrection waged against us at the behest of ambitious leaders who misrepresented our character and purposes; of their discovery later that our soldiers and officers were not ogres, but men who treated them with cordiality and were willing to be friends if given the opportunity; that almost before the smoke of battle had cleared schools were started for their children and soldiers detailed to teach them; that municipalities were organized, and the people given a voice in the election of their officers; that no attempt was made to coerce them in religion or religious matters; that a provincial government had just been organized wherein the Filipinos would elect their own government; that the Commission had honored them by a visit, and had given personal assurances not only that we held no animosity toward them, but would help them to realize every legitimate aspiration. All this was in such contrast to what would have been meted them under the former *régime* that their gratitude was sincere, and they desired their welcome to assure us of the fact. Just now we are Moses leading them into a promised land. Let us hope as time passes they will not forget their bricks without straw and begin to cry for their imaginary flesh pots again.

That night we all lodged in the convento, the women occupying one large room and the men an-

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other. There were thirteen beds in our ward, contributed by various leading citizens of the town. I rested well, though my pillow seemed stuffed with bricks, and some of my companions had the unfortunate habit of audible sleep.

Before seven next day we were off for Lucena and the sea, our return drive through the fresh, rain-scented morning proving delicious. The next point on our itinerary was Boac, Island of Marinduque, three hours to the southward. During Spanish rule Marinduque was a sub-province of Mindoro, but as most of its trade is with Tayabas, the Commission wished to discuss with its people the project of annexation to the latter province.

We anchored quite near shore, which, with its coral beach, its fringe of palms, and its up-springing, verdure-clad hills, realized our ideal of tropical luxuriousness and beauty. Shortly after three o'clock the men folks went ashore and made the drive to Boac, two and a half miles inland. Our old friend, the army ambulance, was lacking there, its place being taken by native *carromatas*. These vehicles were built for people of smaller girth than most of our party, and furnished not only a tight squeeze, but had a tendency to tip over backward and swing the little ponies off their feet. Despite this they shot off as if tearing to a fire, their haste being as startling as unusual.

We drove to military headquarters, located in an old church or citadel overlooking the city and river. The place is really a fort enclosing the church, and

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was built some two centuries ago as a protection against Moro pirates. The view from the tower commanded a panorama of hills and glens and low-lying clouds reminding much of the Scottish highlands. After a visit with the officers, and announcement of a meeting for the morrow, we started for the boat. It rained, and the heavy roads exhausted the little ponies, many of whom finally refused to go at all except by jerks, first one being in the lead and then another, giving rise to alternate jeers and cheers. Mr. Fergusson, our Secretary, who weighs two hundred and sixty pounds, had quite a handicap. He stated later that no power on earth—not even a squad of soldiers—could compel him to get into one of those carts again. In the evening the military band from the post treated us to a serenade and the hours sped joyfully.

March 15, 1901.

At the session this morning strong opposition developed to annexation with Tayabas or any other place, the people insisting upon a district all their own. This attitude is dictated by local pride, with a sublime ignorance of the expense and responsibility involved. About ten o'clock the ladies from the *Sumner* appeared on the scene, being the first American women to set foot on Marinduque. Needless to say, they created something of a sensation. The children of the town swarmed after them in droves, and we could hear the tumult from afar. There is

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no question but that the presence of the ladies is assisting the Commission materially in its work. They not only interest the populace, and help put life into social functions, but they furnish an evidence of our confidence in the good faith of the people. Another feature which undoubtedly lends force to our mission, and aids greatly in impressing the public, is the size and avoirdupois of the Commissioners. The aggregate weight of the five Commissioners and their Secretary is thirteen hundred and sixty-two pounds, or an average of two hundred and twenty-seven pounds per. When all are lined up behind a table they come near filling the space allotted them, not only in fact but in the imagination of the people. To a race small of stature, with a childlike reverence for those in power, the dominating influence of this mere physical bigness is an important item.

The sentiment for a separate organization was so strong that the Commission finally agreed to it, with the proviso that when we returned from the south the island be entirely pacified. Marinduque, though small, has been quite actively insurgent. It was here that Captain Shields and some thirty men were taken prisoners last fall and carried into the hills. A fight occurred two weeks ago, when four soldiers were wounded, and an American was shot on the road between Boac and the beach a few days since. About two hundred and fifty insurgents are still in the hills, although it is evident most of the people honestly desire peace.

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At the close of the meeting Chief Justice Arellano gave a short talk, the memory of which is of the sort that lives. Arellano is small of build, with nothing remarkable in his appearance, but his words today seemed touched with living fire. The convincing earnestness of his delivery and the absolute sureness with which he put into a few pregnant sentences his message to the people were marvelous. He painted their struggles and aspirations, their sufferings and sorrows, and then pointed out the futility of all these longings without a teacher to guide them—someone to direct them along the path for which their feet were all untried; this teacher was the great American people, a nation whose foundations were laid deep in the liberty of the individual and the preservation of human rights. He referred to the Commission, and called his audience to witness that its members came among them, not as lords and masters, but as men willing and anxious to learn the will of the people and follow it; today, before their very eyes, they had received an evidence of this purpose to respect their wishes, when the question of local government was submitted to them. When had this ever been done before? When could they ever hope for it except under the protection of a nation strong enough and great enough to be just and generous? He told them, as they had faith in him (and there is no Filipino more loved and honored), that he guaranteed all these blessings, and urged them to prove worthy of the trust.

We took tiffin with the people, our bill of fare

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being limited to local products, as the ports of the island have been closed for over six months. Truth to tell, our main interest in these affairs now centers largely on the crowd. Life is too sweet to hazard it too recklessly on the great array of eatables usually pressed upon us. Miss Briggs and I drove back to the beach in one of their little *carromatas*, and waved our hands and glued our faces into a perpetual smile for the benefit of our little brown brothers along the road.

March 16, 1901.

After a run of three hours, we dropped anchor this morning in the beautiful little harbor of Romblon. The town lies between two jutting headlands, with high hills rising behind it. The inhabitants are Visayans, who are reputed a milder race than the Tagalogs. As a number of the delegates did not speak Spanish, Judge Taft's remarks were interpreted into Visayan. The people appeared a bit more reticent here than elsewhere, due perhaps to the fact that few of them are wealthy, a condition which alone seems to justify pretensions of any kind in the Philippines. They felt very badly at not being able to tender us a great spread. We were not sorry and returned to the boat for dinner.

In the meantime a friend and I mounted to an old fort above the town, used in former days to repel Moro pirates. It is now weather-beaten and crumbling, its gray sides and uneven walls showing

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scarred and broken beneath its mantle of tropical green. The sun was just setting over one of the tiny islands, lighting up the water with a purple glow; below us nestled the little village, its narrow streets appearing threadlike amid the sea of nipa; the old church, with its ruined bell tower, dominated the scene, and in the mellow glow of evening seemed to shed rest and benediction upon all the place; far up the mountain paths we could see natives in bright-hued costumes winding along in single file until lost in the twilight shadows; out in the bay rode the *Sumner*, and along the shore, lying deep in the gathering dusk, were little coasting vessels, their masts tipped with light; on the hills the tall cocoanut palms stood out against the sky like sentinels guarding the valley. It was good just to live and feel the inspiration of it all.

That evening a *baile* was given at the home of Señor Francisco Sanz, a wealthy Mestizo. One of the most interesting features was a native dance, following which came refreshments, principally sweets, of which there was a wondrous variety.

March 17, 1901.

We steamed into Palanoc, Island of Masbate, at noon today after an eight hours' run. Later the Commission and a small party went ashore and met the captain of the garrison and some of the prominent citizens. Masbate has had a pretty hard row to hoe. Its people are Visayans, whose pacific na-



Filipino Girl



Typical Filipino Women of the Better Class

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ture has made them a prey to ladrones and pirates from adjoining islands. During the insurrection their towns were burned to the ground, and recently their chief industry, cattle raising, has been destroyed by rinderpest, a disease which has swept through the herds of the island, leaving scarce a living beast. One of the surest signs of their poverty was the absence of music, for poor indeed is a Filipino village that does not sport a band. After a short reception, and having arranged for a meeting in the morning, we returned to the ship.

March 18, 1901.

The Province of Masbate includes not only the island of that name but various neighboring islands, all but two of whose fifteen towns were represented at the session. Judge Taft made the usual explanation of the provincial law and of the special act applying it to the province. His talk this morning impressed me as a master one. It was in detail, yet succinct and clear, fitted to the comprehension of the people. The different presidents were invited to express their views concerning salaries, etc., and to describe conditions in their respective towns. The situation revealed was one to excite pity. There seems to be no regular trade or industry among them. They plant a few sweet potatoes, some corn, a little hemp and cocoa, cut firewood and timber from the public forests, and do some fishing. Since the loss of their cattle they have nothing for export. The

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daily wage of laborers is twenty-five cents Mexican, with ten cents for food.

In appointing provincial officers the duties of governor and secretary were combined, and the Fiscal of Romblon assigned to Masbate, greatly reducing expenses. Bonifacio Serrano was appointed Governor, and a Corporal of the Second Infantry, Supervisor. It was dark before the meeting closed and the oath of office administered to the appointees. This was done by Chief Justice Arellano to the feeble flicker of kerosene lamps, and presented a striking spectacle. Back in the shadows stood the delegates, the Commission looming gigantic in the foreground. The Corporal was coatless, and as he stood, tall and lank, and with uplifted hand swore to support ever the flag of his country, and perform well and faithfully the duties devolving upon him, he typified the democracy of our nation and the spirit of a race which has marked the world with its frontiers.

Later there was a dance at headquarters, which most of our party attended. The señoritas wore beautiful costumes and were more attractive than the average of these people; they also danced the two-step, something quite new in the islands. We have discovered that no diplomacy need be used in paying compliments to these little ladies. To tell them they are beautiful, or that your heart is torn asunder at the thought of parting, creates no apparent distrust of your sincerity. They respond with a smile, and a *mil gracias señor*, which inspires to further courtesies.

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March 19, 1901.

Today was passed at sea. We left Masbate at midnight and are due in Iloilo early tomorrow. We have been within sight of land all day, and this morning nearly ran aground. The Spanish chart showed twenty fathoms of water, but when the ship stopped we were touching bottom. It is a joy to have a day of quiet. While our trip thus far has afforded plenty of "change," it has contained mighty little "rest." In our first week we have organized three provinces, besides meeting in public session the people of Marinduque.

March 20, 1901.

Iloilo, the second city of the islands, does not present an imposing appearance. It lies almost level with the Panay coast, the mountains being too distant to relieve the general flatness. Most of the town was burned by the insurgents upon the coming of American troops, and is but partially rebuilt. The people are Visayans, and such little fighting as occurred in the island was fomented by Tagalogs from Luzon. We anchored before eight, and received an early visit from the major portion of the "Partido Federel." They were attired in full black, one of the visitors being in evening dress with white gloves and opera hat. The collection of "derbys" helped to solve the problem of what becomes of our antiquated styles. General Hughes and staff also came aboard, and quite a levee was held. We landed at

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ten-thirty and found the whole population, including numerous bands, at the wharf to greet us. The party scattered until noon, when we met at the home of Señor de la Rama for tiffin. A friend and I put in the interim driving about in one of their primitive conveyances, and doubtless proved a puzzle to our *cochero*, who could not fathom why anyone in his senses should want to drive hither and thither without an objective point.

It is not proposed to establish a government here until our return in April. A meeting was held, however, and speeches made by Judge Taft, Chief Justice Arellano, Dr. Tavera, Commissioner Worcester, Judge Llorente, General Flores, and Señor Villanueva, of Iloilo. I do not recall a series of talks on our entire trip which more fully set out the plans and purposes of the Commission, or indicated a clearer grasp by the people of the situation. Judge Taft presided with that cordial, good-natured expression which is one of his greatest charms, and which cannot but inspire confidence and good-will. In listening to the speakers, and watching the eager, intelligent attitude of the audience, I wished those of our countrymen who are decrying and hindering this work could have been present. They might then understand that we are not only offering these people complete local autonomy, but are guaranteeing them by our presence two priceless blessings they have never known; i. e., honesty in the administration of justice and a free public school education. As a people they have everything to gain by loyalty and

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everything to lose by disloyalty. The masses will never want to rebel, and the few who might be active in stirring trouble cannot fail to realize the futility and foolishness of such a step. I predict there will never be a new insurrection.

Tomorrow we go to Bacolod, Island of Negros, lying just across the straits from Iloilo. As the passage is somewhat dangerous and the *Sumner* needs coaling, the journey is to be made in the *Churruca*, a small coasting vessel.

March 21, 1901.

We left the *Sumner* at nine-thirty this morning prepared for an absence of three days. The run to Bacolod took over three hours and was anything but a pleasure trip. Our boat pitched and tossed outrageously, and faces usually sunny took on a serious and anxious look, with a tendency "to seek the seclusion the cabin grants." Dr. Tavera, whom the slightest motion upsets, looked the picture of woe. Judge Taft, whose spirits seemed to rise as others fell, rallied the Doctor upon his failing, saying that as a medical man of international repute he should know a cure for seasickness. To this the Doctor replied that he knew a perfect remedy; i. e., to take a walk in a garden.

In a former letter I described a reception given the Commission off the coast of Bataan, where we were hailed by a great fleet of decorated *bancas*. I thought then it was a sight that would never be dupli-

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cated, but it has been rivaled today. As our boat neared the Negros coast there swept out from the gray horizon numberless *proas*—deep, narrow craft with wide spreading sails and outriggers. The wind was strong and the sea rough, and as the wildly surging boats careened from side to side the occupants shifted from one outrigger to the other as ballast, the sea constantly ducking them. Under full sail and with banners flying they cut through the water at a tremendous rate, veering, turning, and circling about us like winged things, the crew apparently risking their lives at every turn.

Like most of the island towns, Bacolod has no harbor, merely an open roadstead. To reach shore two transfers were necessary, first into a steam launch and then into a magnificent, canopied *banca*. The tide was high, else we would have had to make another change into carabao carts. The population of Bacolod lined the shore by thousands. The place was gay with flags and arches, and the air pulsated with music. While we are growing somewhat used to this sort of thing, it still retains its element of strangeness.

Ample preparations had been made for our reception and lodgment. Twelve of us are domiciled in one house, the family having vacated. It is a sort of bachelor's dormitory with kitchen attachment, our meals being served in the house. They consist of purely Filipino products, and though we appreciate the evident zeal of our hosts, the prospect of three days of it makes the crowd look solemn.

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That evening a reception was tendered the Commission at the Government house, the military and numerous native dignitaries being present. The rooms were large, with beautiful hardwood floors polished to a state of transparent brilliancy.

March 22, 1901.

Negros occupies a somewhat unique position, as it already enjoys a form of civil government. The people accepted American sovereignty without insurrection, and a scheme of government was devised by the military. The system has proved somewhat cumbersome and expensive, and opposition has developed to it and to the personnel of the present officers. Those in power naturally seek to perpetuate themselves, but there is a strong faction demanding that regular provincial government be applied. The residents of the east coast also ask that they be erected into a separate province, claiming that Bacolod is not only inaccessible but that they do not get a fair share of the revenues. It was a battle royal into which the Commission plunged when it met the people this morning.

At twelve we adjourned until *mañana*, our entire coterie having been invited for the afternoon to a banquet at the hacienda "Rosario," a large sugar plantation seven miles distant, owned by Señor Lason. The Philippines are noted for their sugar lands; of the various islands Negros stands first, and of all the plantations that of "Rosario" is the best.

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The drive was made in a variety of vehicles, grading from army ambulances to a species of two-wheeled box drawn by humped cows. These latter trot along just like horses and make very excellent time. En route, as one of these box affairs was crossing a small river, the shafts became unloosened and the contrivance tipped over backwards. Mr. Branagan and Rupert Fergusson, who chanced to be the victims, stood on their backs with their feet waving wildly in the air until help arrived. They suffered no damage save a wetting, with a possible hurt to their feelings on account of the boisterous and inconsiderate mirth of those who witnessed their plight.

Our reception and banquet at the hacienda realized every conception we had formed of life on these great country estates. The house, which is immense, is itself the center of a small village where live the employees of the plantation, estimated at over a thousand. Señor Lacson has his own police, his own band, and all the accessories of a small principality. A little to one side stands the mill where the cane is ground and sugar made. A half mile to the west lay the sea; to the east, almost as far as we could see, stretched the rich cane and rice lands, interspersed with feathery bamboo and tall cocoanut palms. Here and there over the fields could be seen carabaos drawing carts loaded with cane to the mills. Beyond all rose the mountains, part of the chain which divides the island. We sat down to table before three, and it was after five when we arose. The function was perfect in its arrangements, and the Commission

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and party relaxed for a time from all thought of politics and problems. Toasts were proposed by Judge Taft, by Judge Yusay of the island courts, and by Dr. Tavera. During his speech Señor Yusay paid one of the most glowing tributes to American women I have ever heard. Spanish lends itself to beautiful phrasing and to sentiments which in our more practical English might sound a little romantic. He spoke of her beauty and intelligence, of her courage and devotion, and of those high qualities which led her to cross wide seas and brave the perils of unknown lands to cheer the husband and brother in the great tasks appointed them.

To those of us who are aware of the fact that more women are waiting in San Francisco to come to the islands than can be accommodated, and that there is scarcely a woman in Manila but would have been glad of this experience, the force of his remarks was somewhat discounted. He was sincere, however, for it is to be remembered that the part played by Anglo-Saxon women in the home and in public affairs is very different from that allotted to those of Latin race and training.

March 28, 1901.

At the meeting this morning much feeling was manifested by some of the speakers in referring to the present government. The sentiment seemed quite general that it should be changed and the regular provincial act applied. The tide was too strong

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for the present officers to stem, and they finally begged only for time. A month's leeway was accordingly granted, the change to occur not later than May 1. The Commission apparently pleased all factions and effected a satisfactory solution of what threatened to be a serious problem. Here, as everywhere, we find an insistent demand for schools. One of the speakers in asking for American teachers incidentally raised the question of religious instruction, saying the people hated the Friars worse than they did locusts. As the locusts have seriously damaged their crops for years, this was emphatic. Later we had tiffin with the Governor, lasting two hours, followed by bicycle races under the auspices of the Federal Party. At the close of the meet Dr. Tavera made a characteristic speech, in which he said that for three centuries and a half Spain had been teaching the Filipinos the way to heaven and little else; that now the Americans would try to teach them as well how best to live on earth; that Filipinos in material affairs, as in the construction of their houses, began at the top, putting the roof on first.

The Governor gave a ball in the evening, a crowded and brilliant affair. These entertainments usually last until about four in the morning, and while we do not usually stay until that hour, we are coming to believe that service with this Commission means not only a test of mental capacity but of physical endurance as well. The original plan was to leave for Iloilo early next morning, but as some of the party considered this a bit strenuous, the hour

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was changed to four in the afternoon. Commissioners Wright, Ide, and Moses arranged to leave on a quartermaster launch at six a. m., and I was invited to join them. This appealed to me more than an extra day in Bacolod, with the chance of further ruining my digestion.

March 24, 1901.

Our quartette was on board the *Sumner* shortly after ten A. M., the others not arriving until eleven at night. Tomorrow afternoon we start for the domains of the Sultan of Sulu, which will be our longest run thus far—about thirty hours.

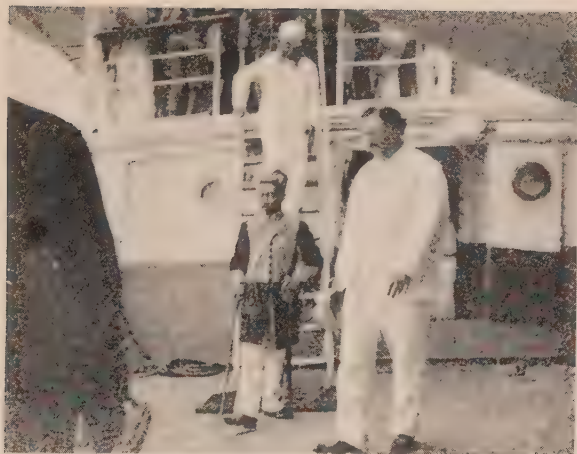
XI

THE SOUTHERN TRIP, CONTINUED

U. S. TRANSPORT *Sumner*,
March 26, 1901.

THE run today has been a pleasant, restful one, the charm of which lay in the very fact of its being uneventful. The air was cool and fragrant, the sea calm, and the party good-natured and inclined to be lazy. All day we sailed close beside pretty little islands, clean-washed and smiling in their coat of green; they seemed to beckon us to come and play with them, and we were sorry we could not. The day died with a flare of purple and gold, over which a great white moon gradually drew a mantle of shimmering silver as soft and filmy as the fiber of a dream. Through this white radiance our boat glided with scarce a ripple, bearing us on to lands of newness and mystery like unto those sung in olden story. As we gazed out over the sea, and saw the shadow of strange headlands blur the horizon, there tugged at memory all those ancient tales of Argonaut and Odyssey, whose heroes sailed a younger earth and found therein such great adventure.

At ten o'clock the *Sumner* anchored off the little



President Taft and Sultan of Sulu



Group of Bataks, Paragua

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town of Jolo, the chief port of the Sulu Archipelago. We are now in Moroland, the habitat of genuine pirates and bolomen. It is but a few years since their long *proas* swept all these southern seas, a menace to shipping and a terror to their Filipino neighbors, whom they periodically looted of treasure and slaves. They represent the latest wave of Malay invasion of the Philippines, and are still practically untouched by modern civilization. Through all her occupation Spain struggled in vain to conquer the Moro and subject him to her civil and religious rule. Mohammedan he was and is; a fighter, a slave holder, and a polygamist, governed by his own Sultans and Dattos and amenable to no other authority. The greater portion of Mindanao, the Island of Basilan, and the whole of the Sulu group, constitute a problem entirely separate and distinct from the so-called "Christian Provinces" of the archipelago. There is no question here of a Municipal Code or Provincial Government Act; the Moro has still a long climb before he can remotely understand their meaning. The proposition fronting us with these followers of Mohamet is to preserve law and order, while interfering as little as possible with their religion, tribal customs, and local laws. The Sulu Islands are now administered by the military under a treaty entered into between General Bates and the Sultan, whereby certain money payments are made the latter and his authority variously recognized. Thus far there has been no friction, though this furnishes no guarantee for the

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future. The question which most perplexes our authorities is the attitude to be taken regarding slavery. Naturally we cannot recognize or protect it, yet any attempt to abolish or arbitrarily suppress the practice would undoubtedly precipitate a conflict with a somewhat fierce antagonist.

JOLO, *March 27, 1901.*

The breakfast gong this morning found all the laggards on deck, the atmosphere being surcharged with anticipation over the day's events. There was that prevailing restlessness which always marks the coming into new ports, rendered acute here by the distant sight of shore boats thronged with our piratical fellow-citizens. Shortly before ten the procession started, forming into three long columns, each headed by a triumphal barge canopied in bright scarlet. We could hear the beat of tom-toms and other strange instruments, mingled with the cheers of the rowers, as the regatta moved onward. There were sixty-five craft in line, rigged out in barbaric splendor. As they approached the transport they converged and swept around us a dazzling mass of color. The noise, the brilliant costumes, the movement, was exhilarating, and we tore from one end of the ship to the other, whooping and yelling in concert with our more savage brothers.

The Sultan, who lives at Mauban, twelve miles across the hills, came to Jolo to meet the Commission, the ship's launch being sent to bring him

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aboard. He appeared about eleven, accompanied by his "Prime Minister" and a retinue of fearfully and wonderfully costumed bolomen, and was greeted with a salute of seventeen guns. The Sultan was dressed in an European military uniform, resplendent with gold braid. He was met at the gangway by the Commissioners, and then ran the gauntlet of an interested line of spectators. A conference was held later through an interpreter, and assurances given of our good intentions, and of our purpose to respect the religion and social customs of his people. Before leaving he was introduced to the ladies, whom he invited to visit his village and meet the women of his household. The Sultan is a rather weak looking specimen, and it is said he is as weak as he looks.

The fact that he is the lawful representative of Mohammedanism in the islands is the only thing which enables him to retain any sort of hold over his people and the more energetic Dattos.

We all went ashore in the afternoon and found Jolo one of the cleanest, prettiest, best-shaded little spots we have seen in the islands. It is surrounded by a wall, needed in former times, and possibly now, as a defense against the Moros. None of the latter are allowed to live within the walls, and those entering are required to deposit their bolos at the gates. There are about seven hundred soldiers in Jolo, with their quota of officers. Today was a holiday for the people, and they gathered from far and near, forming a medley of humanity which baffles description. An area had been roped off on one of the main thor-

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oughfares, where a program of native dances and mimic combats was staged. With their large shields and long spears the fighters presented a formidable appearance, their gestures and expressions in the different numbers being strikingly realistic. Neither the men nor women are prepossessing, their habit of chewing betel-nut blackening the teeth and mouth, making their smile and laugh something hideous. In the evening we were tendered a reception by the ladies and officers of the post. The night was perfect, the bright moonlight throwing into relief the tall trees and causing the mountains—which bulked dark behind the town—to appear startlingly near and distinct.

JOLO, *March 29, 1901.*

The Commission held interviews today with Dattos, military officers, and others concerning the Moro situation. The social end of our aggregation explored the native villages beyond the walls and bought bolos, sarongs, old brass, mats, etc., the strong demand sending prices skyward. Later in the day our army friends dined with us on the transport, music being furnished by the garrison band. After dinner, as we sat about the deck, Judge Taft was handed a cablegram announcing Aguinaldo's capture, and that he was a prisoner in Manila. As the information flashed round the circle one could feel the thrill of it. The long-wished for had happened and to all came the thought: "The end is here,



Moro Sports, Cotabato, Mindanao



Moro Dancing Girls, Cotabato, Mindanao

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peace is at hand." The band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," and everyone was on his feet. It was one of those rare moments which one instinctively felt marked the crisis of great events. At midnight we left for Isabela, Island of Basilan.

April 3, 1901.

Today was spent at sea en route Cotabato to Davao. In the interim since leaving Jolo we have visited Isabela de Basilan, have spent two days in Zamboanga, and taken part in a jamboree of exciting incidents at Cotabato.

Basilan was formerly a Spanish naval station and is now garrisoned by a detachment of our marines. We stopped there but a few hours, the Commission interviewing the officer in charge and some of the leading citizens, the latter asking for a municipal government. Their petition was denied, the place being too small and poor to stand the strain.

We found Zamboanga a charming place. It is the military headquarters of Mindanao, General Kobbe being in command. Aside from the Moro population there is quite a large Filipino element, whom we met in public session. It was soon evident they are not now able to support a regular provincial government. Disease among their live stock has left but thirty carabao in the province, most of the land having remained untilled for two years. It was suggested that the present province be erected into a municipality, which would prove less costly and still give the people a voice in public affairs. The scheme

was taken under advisement by the Commission. Interviews were had with General Kobbe and other officers of the post; also with Datto Mandi, who controls the Moro contingent. Quite a mass of information was gathered concerning conditions throughout Mindanao bearing on the tribal customs, laws, and religion of the inhabitants.

On the last afternoon of our stay Dr. Atkinson, Superintendent of Schools, and a small company of us made a trip by launch to San Ramon, twelve miles up the coast, where they have what is termed a "Model Farm." It was formerly used as a penal colony and is now in charge of an army major. During the whole of our run we were scarcely a hundred yards from shore and were furnished a kaleidoscopic panorama of the beautiful in tropical landscape. We spent some time on the farm, seeing hemp, coconuts, pineapples, cane, etc., in their native state. We started back just before dusk, and the two hours' ride through the twilight and the moonlight was enchanting.

We anchored off the river leading to Cotabato early the afternoon of the first. Major McMahon, in command, came aboard in the evening, accompanied by Dattos Piang and Ali, and their attendants. Piang is a Chinese Mestizo, said to be the most powerful Datto in all Mindanao, having won his place through superior intelligence and cunning. The Chinese are the great middlemen and merchants of the Philippines, and we find them everywhere. They have a genius for trade and are disliked by the Fili-

pinos accordingly. The Dattos were shown about the ship and were as interested as children in the electric lights and fans, the ice plant, shower baths, machinery, etc. When given a piece of ice to hold—the first they had ever felt—their expressions were a study. As we watched them it was rather difficult to imagine they held undisputed sway over many villages and were the arbiters of life and death to thousands of followers.

Cotabato is situated seven miles up the Rio Grande de Mindanao, one of the largest streams of the archipelago. We journeyed up the river in the early morning and were given a glimpse of Nature primeval. The banks were lined with rank jungle growth, amid which troops of wild monkeys swung and screamed as our launch disturbed their solitude. At the Cotabato landing we were greeted by as heterogeneous a crowd as imagination can conceive. Three companies of soldiers were in line, as also the "Moro guard," and a company of native police decked out in all the panoply of pagan pride. Advised of the coming of the Commission, all the up-river Dattos and their following had donned their bravest and come to town. Never before in all likelihood has there been such a gathering of Dattos at one point.

It being the present policy of our authorities to occupy merely the role of counselors and arbitrators in Moro affairs, no effort was made to establish local government. The Moros, although primitive in many ways, seem to work out substantial justice

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among themselves. Their Dattos, notwithstanding their almost absolute power, live very near the people and there prevails much of the democracy of a patriarchal government. If a Datto abuses his powers his followers are apt to transfer their allegiance to some other leader. Of course, the value placed upon human life is less than we give it, but not less than our forebears gave it not so very long ago. Their religion permits a plurality of wives, but the practice seems confined largely to those who can afford the luxury. Slavery as it exists among them has none of the inequalities of station which rendered it obnoxious in our country. Slaves and master live together on terms of familiarity if not equality, and there is little doubt but that if liberated tomorrow most of them would not change their present status.

Most of the day was spent in receiving and hearing delegations of various kinds--Chinamen, Filipinos, Spaniards, and Moros. The interviews were reported verbatim, we of the pencil working in relays, thus giving each an opportunity to browse about and enter the lists as purchasers of Moro weapons, sarongs, and other curios. The *Sumner* is gradually being transformed into an arsenal or an Oriental bazaar. I reported the Chinese interview, then having a respite until after tiffin, when I had a collection of Dattos. They were a choice assortment. It has fallen to my lot to do reporting from Vera Cruz to Montreal, and from New York to Manila, some of it spectacular enough, but the experience to-

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day surpassed them all. Sitting in a semi-circle about the Commission were at least a dozen Dattos, all dressed in rich, multi-colored garments, most of them wearing decorations and medals presented by former governors to win their favor. All were barefooted, for it seems a peculiarity of primitive people to dress from the top downward, a straw hat frequently constituting a full costume. Each Datto had his personal attendants, who acted as bodyguard, and who also carried the brass betel-nut box, which seems an indispensable part of each outfit. Some of them also carried large, colored umbrellas to shield their lord and master from the rays of the sun. Without exception they were armed with the Moro kris, a long, wavy, murderous weapon, something after the pattern of a bread knife. Many of these knives were quite ornamental, with handles of gold, silver, and finely carved ivory and ebony. The Dattos were questioned concerning their government and whether they had any complaints to make against our authorities. Two interpreters were used, one putting Moro into Spanish and the other Spanish into English. There were no complaints, all the Dattos stating that since American occupation there has been a condition of peace never known before. As we have made no effort to implant our religious views among them—which was Spain's great source of trouble—they labor under the impression that we have no belief, and are favorably disposed in consequence. It seems, though, that in the interim between the departure of the Spaniards and our coming, things ran a lively

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course. One old Datto, Bakki by name, complained of Dattos Piang and Ali, declaring they had stolen seventy-three of his carabaos, had devastated his fields, and taken his palay, had killed his nephew and cousin, and had carried off one hundred and eighty-three of his people. As old Bakki's much interpreted tale of wrong and outrage ran its dramatic course I wished again that our humane and highly ethical "anti-imperialists" in the States could have been with us. They would have appreciated better than perhaps the distance which separates these people from Bunker Hill, and have realized that our presence alone prevents constant turmoil with its toll of human life and suffering. The Commission assured old Bakki that the matter would be investigated and restitution made him if possible.

Following our indoor meet we were treated to a series of dances and native sports beneath the great trees which shadowed the plaza square. The first number was by two little girls—princesses it was said—who went through a series of motions with arms and body to some weird native music, their faces remaining perfectly expressionless. We then had a combat with shield and bolo between Moros dressed in queer chain armor, reminding of some ancient gladiatorial show. After them five women of a tribe known as Tirurays gave us a dance to the music of a bamboo band. They wore brass bracelets reaching the elbow and brass rings on their legs reaching to the knee. One wondered how they could move so freely, weighted as they were. There was



A Moro Family

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also a mimic battle with fifteen natives to a side, one faction armed with shields and long knives known as campilans, the other with shields and spears. They hurled defiance at each other in set speeches, brandishing their arms and uttering strange war cries, finally clashing in combat. Here, as in Jolo, the setting of the program was possibly more interesting than the games themselves. The color, the life, the strange costumes and faces made us wonder if it was all real. I doubt if any drop curtain ever shut off a more fanciful and picturesque scene than that which fronted us at the landing as our launch drew away on its return trip to the *Sumner*. It was the spectacular run riot and beyond all the skill of the cleverest stage manager.

April 4, 1901.

We passed yesterday at sea, our course taking us around the southeastern peninsula of Mindanao and within five degrees of the equator. Today we visited Davao, one of the most isolated of our army posts. The place has no cable and mail reaches there but once a month. The population is mostly pagan, known as Bagobos, a quiet, timid looking people, easily imposed upon by their more virile neighbors. Their costumes are particularly attractive, being of bright colored cloth covered with fine bead work. To the curio hunter Davao offered the richest field yet encountered, and scarcely was our first reception over when the orderly scene became transformed into a struggling exchange. At the suggestion of

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Commissioner Dean C. Worcester, who is taking a series of photographs, and who feared the natives would be despoiled of their fine gear before he got into action, Judge Taft asked that the buying cease until afternoon. There was some murmuring at this, but the bargaining appreciably slackened. Here, as elsewhere, interviews were held with the representatives of the people and further data added to our fast increasing and miscellaneous store. In the afternoon we were furnished another program of native sports, photographs were duly taken, and the interrupted marketing resumed. Before we returned to the boat those natives looked like a lot of plucked birds, many of them selling the clothes off their backs. As the demand ran up the price, no injustice was done.

April 6, 1901.

This morning we anchored in the beautiful Bay of Surigao, on the northern point of Mindanao. We have bid adieu to our Moro and pagan brothers and are again in the land of *iglesias* and *conventos*, with their somewhat diluted Christianity. Once more we take up the tale of the Municipal Code and Provincial Government Act, and "by open speech and simple, an hundred times made plain, seek out another's profit and work another's gain." Yesterday our boat left the island seas and caught for a time the long swell of the Pacific, whose blue surges, far to the eastward, beat upon the distant shores of home. At night a brilliant moon paled by its splendor

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the glow of the southern cross, which here rides high above the horizon.

Through some "crossing of the wires" the commanding officer at Surigao was without advice of our coming, his only notice being an item in a Manila paper. Based on this he gathered together a few municipal officers, though five presidents are in jail charged with furnishing supplies to the insurgents. The morning was showery and it was eleven before we went ashore. We found the transportation limited to four *quiles* and one *carromata*, which were placed at the disposal of the ladies. The rest of us walked, the place of meeting being over half a mile distant. A short session was held, which developed that the province had sufficient population and resources to warrant a provincial government. The rain came down in torrents as we started for the landing, and the procession that filed down "Bates Avenue" was doubtless a novel spectacle to the occupants of the nipa mansions en route. Tonight we reveled in more moonlight and more islands.

MISAMIS, *April 7, 1901.*

Today we did our duty by the Province of Misamis, and a most exciting time we have had of it. The capital, Cagayan, is two and a half miles inland, reached by road and river. The Commission and a few of us drove over in the morning in army ambulances, the others coming up the river by launch in the afternoon. At military headquarters I ran

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across an old acquaintance, Dave Dodge, now a lieutenant in the Fortieth Infantry. Ten years ago we were fellow clerks in the general offices of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway at Sedalia, Missouri, and now met by chance in this far corner of the globe. Among the "leading citizens" gathered to meet the Commission was General Nicholas Capistrano, an insurgent leader who surrendered some two weeks ago. He took quite a prominent part in the meeting and seemed satisfied that more could be accomplished for his people through peace than war. Sessions were held both morning and afternoon and a provincial government promised the people. The Filipino banquet served at noon was excellent, there being less oil and garlic than usual.

Our return was to be by river, the ship's launch and a cutter having come for us. Just before six, the hour for starting, it began raining. There is little objection to getting wet here, but as the laundry facilities on board are limited, this getting wet two days in succession was a calamity. Most of us reached the launch on time, somewhat damp and none too good-natured. There we sat nearly an hour waiting for the Commissioners. The rain continued; night was falling, and the navigation of the river uncertain. The Commission, it seems, was detained by a conference with some officers, but in the meantime many evil things were said of them, and the fair ones of their households threatened dire reprisals. It was seven when we started, the women in the launch and the men in the cutter. We had

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gone but a short distance when, bumpety-bump, the launch struck on a sunken pier, breaking a propeller blade. Further on we ran onto a sandbar, and sawed backward and forward looking for the channel. Finally some of the ladies were transferred to the already overcrowded cutter, and the launch thus lightened worked slowly down the river. It was now dark and the launch was without lights; some of the children were crying, and the steam and the heat and the various delays and accidents began getting on our nerves. Reaching the mouth of the river, the officer in charge refused to cross the bar until the moon rose or a light was brought from the ship. We lay to, therefore, firing distress signals and blowing the whistle. The rain continued, streams trickled down our backs and we sat in pools of it. Some of the party took off their shoes, ready for the worst. Tales were told also of crocodiles who made a specialty of night attacks. After fooling away an hour in this fashion the passage of the bar was attempted and negotiated safely. Later we met two cutters, fully manned, coming to our rescue. Those on board, seeing our distress signals, imagined we were all being drowned. It was after nine when we sat down to dinner.

April 8, 1901.

When we came on deck this morning we were lying off Dapitan, our last stop in Mindanao. The place has a special interest in that José Rizal, the Filipino patriot, lived here for some three years when

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exiled from Manila. Of all the men the islands have produced Rizal is probably the greatest, and his memory is now revered by the people. He was born to an environment, however, where intellectual attainments and progressive ideas marked a man for destruction, and this though he lived in the closing days of the nineteenth century. Rizal, author, scientist, great of heart and liberal of mind, was publicly shot on the fashionable driveway of Manila—the Luneta—on December 30, 1896. Whatever reason may then have been assigned for his execution, history will record that he died because in his life and in his writings he antagonized the religious orders of the Church of Rome.

We found the province or district of Dapitan too small to support an independent government. The people upon being given a choice of annexation to Misamis or forming part of the Department of Mindanao, chose the latter. At one-thirty, ahead of schedule, we left for Dumaguete, Island of Negros, which we reached late this evening. Cablegrams were received here announcing the capture of the insurgent leader Geronimo, and the surrender of most of the insurgent troops in Luzon. The prediction of the Commission last August that the election of McKinley would speedily end the insurrection is being amply verified.

April 9, 1901.

The reception at Dumaguete compared favorably with any yet given. Negros is one of the richest

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islands in the archipelago and, not having joined the insurrection, has escaped much of the devastation wrought elsewhere. We landed upon a large covered bamboo raft, and were welcomed by an immense crowd of people. There were seven bands, each endeavoring to outplay the other. Two or three triumphal arches graced the landing, and the entire distance from the wharf to the session hall, nearly a quarter of a mile, was shaded by a canopy of cloth strung upon a frame of bamboo. This is the most ambitious effort yet encountered to do homage to the Commission. Here, as in Western Negros, the people requested that their present form of government be changed and the regular provincial act applied. An elaborate spread followed the morning session, when the ladies returned to the boat. In the afternoon a resolution was adopted by the Commission promising to apply the provincial act and devising a scheme for dividing the money on hand. We planned to sail at seven, but a banquet and ball having been arranged we remained on condition we could leave not later than eleven. Only five of the ladies appeared in the evening, the others having given out. Within the past four days we have visited Surigao, Cagayan, Dapitan, and Dumaguete, and are due in Iloilo tomorrow. It is a pretty stiff pace to hold. While my letters dwell largely on the lighter side of our trip, there are also long weary hours spent in small, poorly-ventilated rooms, crowded to suffocation, threshing over and over the provincial law and the various problems

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now agitating this people. Neither is there rest on shipboard; mail and telegrams pour in, and the Commission is in executive session most of the time. It is all enormously interesting, but not restful.

The evening's entertainment was delightful, and it was with difficulty we got away in time to sail at midnight.

ILOILO, *April 10, 1901.*

As we are to remain in port but two days, the question of laundry took precedence over questions of government. Fred Carpenter and I went ashore on the first craft available—about three o'clock—and our approach to the dock was heralded by bands and a many-voiced multitude. We excused ourselves as best we could and told the people that “the big show in the main tent” would open at four. We then spent an hour hunting to earth a lone Chinese laundryman. The *cocheros* here speak little Spanish, and the rest of the population live in a state of blissful ignorance concerning the industries of their town.

The Commission met with the presidents and representatives of the people in the theater building. Judge Taft explained the proposed provincial law to them, dwelling particularly on the land tax feature, the scope and wisdom of which do not appeal to the landed class, whose property has thus far been largely exempt from assessment. After the meeting questions of government gave way to questions of

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banquets and *bailes*. Adjacent to Iloilo are the rival towns of Molo and Jaro, each striving to outdo the other in entertaining the Commission. The proposed program involved a dinner and *baile* at Iloilo the first night, and a luncheon with the "Union Club" next day; a banquet and ball at Molo in the evening, with Jaro announced for the third and last night. The only weak spot in the plan was that it overestimated the staying qualities of the Commission. Judge Taft told the people that while we had no fear now of Filipino bullets or bolos, we did feel our lives endangered by Filipino hospitality. It was finally agreed to attend the banquet and ball that evening and the luncheon next day; to decline the banquet at Molo, but drive out later to the *baile*; to cut the banquet and ball altogether at Jaro and take luncheon with them instead. The Jaro people objected to this, but the Commission stood firm. To attend three successive banquets and *bailes* after working and perspiring all day was to invite disaster.

The city council of Iloilo were hosts the first evening. Carriages awaited us at the landing and we drove to the ball in procession. A peculiar custom at these functions is for a number of cavaliers to stand at the street door and when a lady appears offer an arm and escort her to the reception room. The fact that she already has an escort makes no difference, the latter being allowed to hustle for himself. Once having brought their charge inside the hall, these voluntary escorts abandon her and rush back to capture the next prize. I have seen a

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lady escorted in this fashion into a large club dance; and, when effectually separated from everyone she knew, left entirely alone.

The banquet hall that evening was beautifully decorated, the luxuriance of tropical vegetation lending itself to fine decorative effects. Dinner was much as others described. The ball opened, as do all these dances, with the Rigodon, a native square dance, resembling our lancers, but more stately in its movements. Any number can dance at one time. Judge Taft, who is an excellent dancer, generally leads with the hostess and Mrs. Taft with the host, forming opposite couples. The large rooms and polished floors of these houses lend themselves admirably to this dance. When the set is complete and the little maidens with their bright, multi-colored skirts are gliding about in orderly confusion, it makes a picture to delight the eye. It was one o'clock when we started for the ship, the ride over the water through the night air being a treat.

ILOILO, *April 11, 1901.*

This has been a busy day. Public sessions were held both morning and afternoon, the provincial law adopted, and appointments made. During a discussion as to the classification of the towns, one speaker suggested that this be based upon the culture of the inhabitants. A great many original ideas of this kind are furnished by the different speakers. The Commission appointed as Provincial Governor, Gen-

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eral Martin Delgado, late leader of the insurgent forces of Panay. The American press of Manila is indulging in rather hysterical criticism of the Commission for appointing ex-insurgents to office. In the present case, however, as in many others, such appointment has secured an efficient officer and at the same time evidenced to the people that the Commission holds no rancor towards those who fought against us provided they now join in restoring orderly government. Possibly no other one thing better illustrates the difference between our policy and that of the old régime; then such offenders would have been shot or banished; now they are invited to cooperate with us not only as government officials but also in training their people for the very thing they were fighting for; i. e., self-government. Whether their present gratitude for this altruism upon our part will continue, or whether amid the wilderness of party strife and petty politics lying before them they will forget their old servitude, remains to be seen.

We took luncheon at the club as arranged, but there is nothing in a name. Whether it be called lunch or dinner, the array of dishes and variety of wines are the same—though some of us have learned by experience to pass warm champagne at midday.

But eight of the party responded for the drive to Molo in the evening, the others being down and out. Judge and Mrs. Taft, being the “Hamlet” of these occasions, had no alternative, while of the other

Commissioners, Worcester and Moses came to the scratch. Mrs. Moses, Miss Herron, and Miss Briggs showed up, and I also joined the endurance test. As we drove beneath the brilliantly illuminated arches of Molo, and saw the facades of the houses all agleam with lights, we regretted the smallness of our number. It seemed such a poor recompense for all the labor and expense incurred on our account. Certainly the wealth and beauty of Molo had gathered to meet us, and it is the home of many of the rich sugar planters of Negros and Panay. There were *señoritas* banked up and down the rooms like masses of bright-hued flowers. Diamonds and pearls gleamed in profusion, the surplus savings of the community being apparently invested in precious stones. Our ladies are frequently asked where are their diamonds—it being taken for granted they must possess an abundance. I believe the usual reply is that they were left in Manila for safe-keeping—though it would take more than a search warrant to find them. The embroidery display about the room rivaled in richness the finest loot brought from the Pekin campaign. The fashions in dress here never change, thus permitting these wonderful costumes to be handed down from mother to daughter without any necessity for alteration.

Despite the understanding that we were not to dine with them, a spread had been prepared and they were awaiting us. As our mission is to please at all hazards, it was determined to attempt a second dinner. History records many acts of heroism, but

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when the list is closed this eating of a Filipino dinner when you are already full should hold high place. It was midnight when we started for the boat. All agreed that had the people of Jaro prevailed on us to banquet and *baile* with them the third night not a soul would have shown up.

April 12, 1901.

We took lunch at Jaro today per schedule and were given a royal reception. All these places suffered severely during the war. The insurgents themselves burned Iloilo to the ground, and Jaro was depopulated upon the approach of the Americans. Women of wealth and refinement and tender children lived for a year and more in rude shelters in the mountains, a prey to their fear of the Americans, and a prey too often to the ruthless among their own forces. When they returned many of them found their homes burned or denuded of furniture. As I talked with them of these things—and they are not given to complaint—I wondered how they could regard us as favorably as they do. I sincerely believe satisfactory conditions could never be evolved here by the military alone, and in this I do not necessarily criticise the men in charge as much as the system. You cannot inspire confidence or affection with a club. Under military rule the Filipinos would never get a just impression of American institutions or of our purposes toward them.

The sending of the Civil Commission to the

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islands will, when the proper perspective is attained, be chronicled as one of the greatest acts of McKinley's administration. In the face of native antagonism, and a hostile American press, and handicapped by a Military Governor who stated that he felt "deeply humiliated" by their presence, the Commission has steadily prosecuted its work, ignoring many things which might well have exasperated them into counter-attacks which would have disgraced our country. Gradually, as the nature of the men and their work became known, and the laws enacted by them filtered among the people, the temper of the masses has changed; they are learning that our institutions are founded in justice, in humanity, and the right of the individual to the fullest measure of liberty consistent with the good of all; they are learning to believe that a nation, founded as ours, cannot enslave any people, but must work to secure for them the same privileges and advantages that are enjoyed by everyone under its flag. I believe a fair future lies before these islands provided Congress does not clog the plans of the administration by unwise and foolish action, and provided the people themselves are not misled by selfish agitators into demanding more power than they are fitted to exercise.

Tonight we leave for San José, Island of Panay.

XII

THE SOUTHERN TRIP, CONTINUED

U. S. TRANSPORT *Sumner*,
April 13, 1901.

TODAY was spent at San José de Buenavista, Province of Antique. We had heard little of the place, and it loomed ahead of us simply as a point on the map. To find it, therefore, one of the most scenic little spots yet visited, and to receive a reception as warm and spectacular as any encountered on our trip, was a genuine surprise. The town lies in the curve of a wide bay, its coral beach fringed with cocoanut palms and backed by high hills. As seen from the ship in the fresh glow of morning it reminded of some village pictured by poets when they dream of Arcadia.

We were met at the pier by the delegates of the different pueblos and by the entire local output. It is a sight I never tire of seeing—that crowd of mixed peoples, with their alert, brown faces, intent upon missing no part of the show. They dearly love excitement, and while our contribution to the program seems small, we are the excuse for the performance and they are happy. A broad road leads from the beach to the town; this we traversed afoot,

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forming a sort of "conquering hero" procession. As the Commissioners neared the first of a series of elaborate arches, some Filipino maidens, hidden in the superstructure, scattered a profusion of flowers upon them, while a silver-tongued orator voiced a tropical welcome. Judge Taft responded in happy vein, and the little maidens unloosed a number of beribboned doves which fluttered above the crowd to its unrestrained delight.

In addition to their triumphal arches, the people had constructed a Statue of Liberty, patterned after a picture of the one on Bedloe Island. It was a curious thing, bearing a family likeness to their numerous church saints. It had a halo of tin spikes about its head, and a rigid arm held aloft something more resembling a bolo than a torch. It was really a very creditable effort, however, and furnished a happy text later when the "transcendental" nature of our visit was being dwelt upon.

As we are behind schedule, the Commission concluded its business at one session, which lasted from nine till twelve-thirty. General Fullon, who operated in this province, and who surrendered two weeks ago, came up with us on the *Sumner* from Iloilo and was at the meeting. He is a boyish looking fellow, more like a student than a military leader. An elaborate tiffin was served, but we were obliged to forego the banquet and *baile* arranged for the evening. We returned to the transport at five, accompanied by all the able-bodied inhabitants of the town. It was sunset when we sailed, and the rich glow

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which painted the waters and the hills left with us a memory of San José de *Buenavista* which did not belie its name.

April 16, 1901.

Today we have been sailing the straits between Cebu and Leyte, giving us another of those "breathing spells," for which we are beginning to thank our patron saint.

The fourteenth and fifteenth were spent at Capiz, on the east coast of Panay. We anchored off shore early on the morning of the fourteenth, and, as mail was expected, Mr. Fergusson and I were commissioned to find it. The town lies three miles up a river, and as our launch neared the landing we found the banks black with people—our approach being mistaken for that of the Commission. After interviewing the president and arranging a public meeting for the afternoon we made our escape. Most of the party came over after tiffin, some by river and others by road. Arrangements had been made to lodge and care for eighty people, four houses having been emptied to make room for the ladies, the men being provided for in the convento. We were compelled to decline their hospitality, however, tired Nature clamoring for the accustomed comforts aboard ship.

The public session was held in the theater building and was particularly interesting. At its close a Filipino boy of ten delivered a speech in English. He had been trained by one of the soldiers, and in

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both accent and delivery did splendidly. Judge Taft responded, complimenting him highly. It was dark when we embarked for the ship, and we were treated to a wonderful display of phosphorescence, the waves as they broke being tipped with fire.

We were ashore by nine next morning, and had a busy day. Some fifteen of the northern towns wanted a separate organization, their cause being championed in lively fashion by a Señor Mobo. His petition was vehemently contested, the different speakers being given free rein for their eloquence. As a matter of fact, the request for separation was premature, the province having suffered heavily through war, rinderpest, and locusts. As we came up the river we saw the latter flying in clouds that darkened the sun.

At tiffin nearly a hundred people sat at the table, the affair passing off with great, good humor. The Commission finished its labors before six, appointing Jugo Vidal, Governor, and the versatile Mr. Mobo, Secretary. We had planned returning to the boat to dress for the evening, but time did not permit. The day and evening were hot and sultry, and everybody was sticky and uncomfortable. We ate and danced, however, and had a good time. Once a dance started the musicians stopped only when the floor was deserted. Squatted on the floor, they played on and on with a persistence and endurance truly marvelous. It was midnight when we reached the boat, and you can appreciate how we hailed with delight the prospect of a whole day at sea.

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April 17, 1901.

One year ago today the *Hancock* sailed out from San Francisco harbor with the Commission and party aboard. It has been a pretty full three hundred and sixty-five days for all of us; days good to have lived and good to remember. We anticipated much that time a year ago, but I doubt if there was imaged to any of us the variety and interest of what has actually transpired. And the end is not yet.

We anchored last evening off Cebu, which disputes with Iloilo the distinction of being the second city of the archipelago. We did not go ashore, thus giving us a full holiday. A number of small *vintas* (boats) came out to the transport, and as they circled about us the women sang native songs to a peculiar swaying of the body—their reward being the somewhat doubtful privilege of diving for pennies. When the occupants of four or five *vintas*—men, women, and children—made a simultaneous dive there was a jumble of arms, legs, and bodies decidedly bewildering.

We found conditions in Cebu more unsatisfactory than in any place visited. It is estimated there are about two hundred insurgents in the field, and these are allowed to terrorize an island of half a million, practically all of whom desire peace. In his talk to the delegates Judge Taft told them it was absurd for an island of that size to permit a mere handful of men to continue a state of disorder which brought nothing but evil in its train; that when the people themselves decided that such a condition should cease

it would; that they came before the Commission asking a provincial government and the right to govern themselves, and yet permitted an insignificant minority to overrun them and jeopardize their best interests. He said it would be a source of regret to the Commission not to grant them a civil government; that we could, if necessary, put a force of men on the island and sweep it from end to end, but such a step would be deplored. He stated, in effect, that it was up to them.

That evening a banquet and ball were given at the "Filipino Club." There are a number of gunboats in the harbor, the officers of which attended the dinner; these, with the usual army officers, English and Chinese Consuls, the Commission and staff, and the Filipino *gente fina*, made quite a cosmopolitan showing. The banquet was one of the most pretentious affairs we have been up against. To give you an idea of it I copy the menu, which was in words and figures following, to-wit:

BILL OF FARE

1 Oyster soup	11 Beefsteak
2 Roast turkey	12 Pork chop
3 Roast beef	13 Veal cutlet
4 Roast pork	14 Fried chicken
5 Boiled tongue	15 Roast chicken
6 Chicken, French style	16 Chipped ham
7 Oyster pie	17 Fried pigeons
8 Baked fish	18 Cream pie
9 Boiled ham, in jelly	19 Apple pie
10 Veal pot pie	20 Peach pie



Bagobos, Davao, Mindanao

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21 Pineapple pie	28 Shoe string potatoes
22 Chocolate cake	29 Sweet corn
23 Raisin cake	30 Stewed beans
24 Jelly roll cake	31 Asparagus
25 Apple pudding	32 Raw tomatoes
26 Minced potato	33 Green onions
27 Fried potato	34 Radishes.

They started at number one, with the intention, apparently, of going down the line. This proved too strenuous, however, so along about the middle they began hurdling, and we finally finished without calling an ambulance. There were two long tables, seating, possibly, one hundred guests, with a separate table at the end, where Judge and Mrs. Taft and the wife of the president were seated. Their chairs were at least five feet apart, making conversation impossible. They simply sat there in solitary state, contemplating that terrible bill of fare. To continue smiling under such circumstances must be work. We left at twelve, being accompanied to the wharf by a mounted escort, there being some rumor of a hostile demonstration.

April 18, 1901.

This has been another of those days which go to make history. From morning until night the Commission threshed over with the people of Cebu the question of their preparedness for civil government. Finally—though with many misgivings—the wish of the people was gratified and a government organ-

ized. Don Julio Llorente, one of the Supreme Court Judges at Manila, but a native of Cebu, was appointed Governor, which pleased the people greatly. Chief Justice Arellano, who had returned to Manila from Iloilo, rejoined us here. He came to submit to the Commission the draft of a proposed proclamation prepared by Aguinaldo. To Arellano belongs largely the credit of influencing Aguinaldo to take the oath of allegiance, his return to Manila being almost coincident with Aguinaldo's capture. The latter had been so long in the *bosque* that he was completely out of touch with events. His first inquiry upon reaching Manila was for Mabini—who is now in Guam—and his next for Arellano. Arellano spent several days with him, explaining the real situation and telling of the plans of our government on behalf of the Filipino people. One by one he went over the laws enacted by the Commission since its coming, and particularly the Municipal and Provincial laws and the school bill. When the full import of these dawned upon Aguinaldo, and he became convinced not only that our purposes were altruistic, but that the great majority of his people wanted peace, he succumbed, and the oath was administered him by Arellano. He then drafted his proclamation, a copy of which I enclose herewith:

To the Filipino people:

I believe that I am not in error in presuming that the unhappy fate to which my adverse fortune has led me is not a surprise to those who have been familiar day by day with the progress of the war.

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The lessons thus taught, the full meaning of which has but recently come to my knowledge, suggest to me with irresistible force that the complete termination of hostilities and a lasting peace are not only desirable, but absolutely essential to the welfare of the Philippines.

The Filipinos have never been dismayed by their weakness, nor have they faltered in following the path pointed out by their fortitude and courage. The time has come, however, in which they find their advance along this path impeded by an irresistible force—a force which, while it restrains them, yet enlightens the mind and opens another course by presenting to them the cause of peace. This cause has been joyfully embraced by a majority of our fellow countrymen, who are already united around the glorious and sovereign banner of the United States. In this banner they repose their trust, in the belief that under its protection our people will attain all the promised liberties which they are even now beginning to enjoy.

The country has declared unmistakably in favor of peace: so be it. Enough of blood; enough of tears and desolation. This wish cannot be ignored by the men still in arms if they are animated by no other desire than to serve this noble people which has thus clearly manifested its will. So also do I respect this will, now that it is known to me, and after mature deliberation resolutely proclaim to the world that I cannot refuse to heed the voice of a people longing for peace, nor the lamentations of thousands of families yearning to see their dear ones in the enjoyment of the liberty promised by the generosity of the great American nation.

By acknowledging and accepting the sovereignty of the United States throughout the entire Archipel-

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ago, as I now do without any reservation whatsoever, I believe that I am serving thee, my beloved country. May happiness be thine!

EMILIO AGUINALDO.

It strikes me that when this proclamation is published some of these Filipino "Juntas" now living on the fat of the land in Hongkong, Madrid, Paris, and other places, draining good money from a deluded and impoverished people, will have to go out of business. It should likewise put a quietus on some of our long-range critics at home, who pretend to speak with authority on a matter entirely outside their knowledge.

At the close of the meeting Arellano gave a talk to the people. Our sessions with them thus far had awakened little enthusiasm; they needed stirring up, and there is no man in the islands better fitted to do this than Arellano. I have already referred to his speeches, and the fire he is able to put into them. This was an occasion of a lifetime and he rose to it. He spoke of the fact that it was on the island of Cebu the great Magellan first landed, and where religious instruction was first given the people; he asked them if their island, the first in arts and industry, was to be the last to accept the blessings of peace and prosperity held out by the great American nation; he referred to his talks with Aguinaldo, their leader, and his action when the light came to him. He played upon them with all the skill of a natural orator and all the fervor that comes from earnestness and a conviction of the truth of his mes-

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sage. It was growing dark throughout the theater, and when he finished, and, with arms uplifted, implored them in the name of their unhappy country to unite for peace, many men in the audience were weeping. He had reached the people.

We were urged to remain over for another dinner, but we felt our duty accomplished and returned to the boat. Our reception at Cebu was a sort of continuous performance. The Commission did not take a step in its streets but they were preceded and followed by a squad of native police, with an ever-present band in attendance. I have referred so often, however, to this matter of arches and bands, banquets and *bailes*, processions and receptions, that I have no doubt they are becoming monotonous to you. To us, however, they are but the frame of the picture.

April 20, 1901.

Tagbilaran, Island of Bohol, was the next number on our repertoire. We found conditions here even more unsettled than in Cebu, though the people were equally insistent that they be granted provincial government. Thirty-one out of the thirty-four towns of the island were represented, and they argued that if civil rule was inaugurated the few hundred people now in the hills could be induced to come in. It was evident, however, that they stood in fear of Pedro Sanson, the insurgent leader, who, because of his acts, had been declared an outlaw. They wished

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the Commission to promise him a pardon should he surrender, but this they declined to do.

It is a case again where a few hundred men with rifles and bolos are able to terrorize the great mass of the people and thus retard the restoration of peace and industry, so necessary to the welfare of all. These so-called "insurgents," responsible for such a condition, display their patriotism by robbing and maltreating their own people and thus intimidating them into furnishing food and supplies. Their "campaigning" is reduced entirely to escaping capture by our troops and to taking an occasional shot from ambush when the chances are all their way. It is no longer a revolution based upon any conception of liberty or public service, but rather the dominating influence of a few leaders able to impress their will upon an ignorant and lawless following. After going into the situation quite thoroughly, the Commission decided to try the experiment of extending civil government to the island, making the proviso, however, that if lawlessness continued, military rule would be restored with all its rigor.

We found Tagbilaran itself a charming place. It lies some two miles up a picturesque strait which separates Bohol from the small island of Palacao. Our meeting were held in a room of the convento, which, like most of these old church buildings, has a beautiful site. This one commands a full sweep of the strait, with green, wooded hills to either side and the blue ocean beyond. As I looked out over the scene the thought came to me again of the life

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those old Friars must have led when they were lords and masters of all this fair domain, for never has king or czar ruled with more absolute or despotic power than theirs.

We partook of the usual banquet, but returned to the transport for the night. The trip was made by boat down the strait, the officers fearing a possible ambush should we return by road. Our craft was pretty well crowded and moved something like a carabao, but it was not unpleasant. Our experience next morning, however, was different. It began raining immediately after we started and the awnings of the cutter were soon leaking like a sieve. We were packed together like unto the proverbial sardines, and all got gloriously wet. Quite a sea was running in the bay and our little boat took on considerable motion. Boarding the ship, where we caught the wash of the waves, was a precarious business, and was watched with anxiety by those on board. It was a case of stepping from the launch to the gangway at the precise psychological moment when the two were on a level. Fortunately, all of us negotiated it safely, and shortly afterward were under way for Tacloban, Island of Leyte, which we reach early tomorrow.

April 21, 1901.

Today is Sunday, though there is very little to distinguish one day from another on this trip. In

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fact, we seldom know anything but the day of the month. There is no observable difference in the attitude of the people, they being as ready to hold meetings, or to have banquets and *bailes*, on Sunday as any other day.

The Island of Leyte, while one of the last to join the insurrection, has possibly put our troops to more trouble than any of the other islands. It immediately adjoins the Island of Samar, scarcely a rifle shot separating the two for a distance of over twenty-five miles. This enables the worst characters of each, when hard pushed, to find refuge on the other, making it difficult to hunt them down. At present Leyte is fairly pacified—Samar less so.

Our sailing master, Captain Lynam, is a cautious old tar, and despite assurances of a good channel practically up to Tacloban, persisted in anchoring some five miles out and around a point. As we are a bit ahead of schedule, Mr. Fergusson and I were given the launch to do some scouting. When near the town we met General Hughes, together with Colonel Murray and Major Allen of the post, coming out to meet us. We took them aboard and returned to the transport, sending word that the Commission would be ashore at 2:30.

Notwithstanding Leyte has suffered much from the twin evils, war and plague, neither time nor expense have been spared in the preparations for our reception. The landing pier—over one hundred yards long—was festooned and arched with palms and bunting and a great throng of people followed

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the carriages to the tribunal. We found the town scrupulously clean, our troops having given the people their first lesson in good roads and sanitation. Our afternoon session was livened by an address of welcome by the president of Polo, whose flowery Spanish put him into a class apart. He spent half his time apologizing for his unfitness for the task appointed him, and the other half eulogizing the Commission and telling of the honor conferred upon the island by our presence. He had the galleries packed on his "*Vivas*," and they went off with a bang. As a freak he came next to the wild-eyed orator of Tayabas.

We had expected to return aboard after the meeting, but ran foul of the eat-and-dance proposition as usual. Our party was small, and the ladies had on their "rainy-day" clothes, but as the Commission was to leave the next afternoon, it was decided to stay over. After dinner, which consisted of the usual fifty-seven varieties, we danced the Rigodon, had a native dance, a waltz and a two-step, and then broke away.

The ride to the transport was made in the launch and cutter and we had scarcely left the pier when it began raining. The awnings were not up, and we had no other protection. Getting wet cuts little figure in this climate, however, and that five-mile ride through the night in the low easy cutter, the warm rain falling and the water beneath so near you could trail your hand in the phosphorescent glow, was a delightful one.

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April 22, 1901.

Our schedule contemplated going by transport from Tacloban to Catbalogan, the capital of Samar, the route leading through the narrow strait separating the two islands. Captain Lynam, however, refused to risk the *Sumner* on such a cruise, and it was arranged to make the round trip on the *Churruca*, a small coasting vessel chartered by the army. There was considerable discussion as to whether the ladies should come along. Absolutely nothing was known of the accommodations at Catbalogan, our latest information being that the place was being shot into daily by the insurgents. There was little sleeping room on the *Churruca*, and we expected to be out two days. The vote, therefore, was against the ladies. Their hopes died hard, but they were somewhat appeased by the promise of Colonel Murray to take them up the first twenty miles and back on the morrow.

A provisional government was organized for Leyte at the morning session, and at two o'clock the Commissioners, the various secretaries, and four newspapermen boarded the *Churruca* for the ride up the strait to Catbalogan. It was a memorable ride. The scenery is a blend of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence and the never-to-be-forgotten wonder of the Inland Sea of Japan. For a time we would sail almost within touch of either bank, the hills rising abruptly from the water's edge, faced with deepest green; then the strait would widen and small, green islands would dot its surface, with

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here and there low-lying little coves with nipa houses and minute patches of cultivated ground; then there would be vistas between the islands—other land rising far in the distance, capped by gray rain clouds or blotted almost completely by showers. Occasionally we would pass islands crowned by old, ruined forts, about whose tops luxuriant vegetation flourished like great umbrellas.

As we clustered about the after deck of our little steamer the scene was one which made real to me all I had dreamed or seen pictured of life amid far tropic seas. Our party was dressed in white or khaki, some with helmets and others with the light straw hats of the country; from the cane chairs and white awnings to the last article of clothing the one idea of coolness had been considered. Some smoked, some read old magazines and papers, others talked or slept, while near to hand hung great bunches of delicious fruit tempting in their ripeness. It was five hours in which to be lazy and forget; in which to live in the beauty of the scene about us, and to imagine that its peace and quiet enveloped the whole wide world; to believe that back of those hills there were no men who sought our lives, or over whose future destiny questions were presenting which taxed the minds of our greatest statesmen. We passed out of the strait in time to see the sky light up with the rich glow of evening, and to see the blue water and the long stretch of palm-clad coast reflect back its glory.

On reaching Catbalogan we found the place had

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been fired into early in the day, and that conditions were very unsettled. Thus far no active steps have been taken to crush this disorderly element. There are but seven companies of soldiers on the island, which is the third largest of the group. These soldiers seldom leave the garrisoned towns. Under such conditions it avails little that a majority of the people want peace, standing, as they do, in mortal terror of their own countrymen. The fear in which they hold everything resembling a gun passes belief. It is said as a truth that a whole village can be terrorized and its people robbed and despoiled by one man with a gun; it is even said that it is done without a gun, the man simply shooting firecrackers from what resembles a gun and then throwing rocks against the houses. It is doubtful if peace will come here until the place is swept from end to end. We slept on board the boat, cots and mattresses being spread on deck.

April 23, 1901.

But seven towns were represented at the public session this morning. Some of the speakers thought the organization of a provincial government might help pacification; others felt the time was not ripe. It was the wish of all that more troops might be sent, and this was promised. They desire peace, but the men in the hills, using the war as a pretext, prevent it. One of the speakers, himself an ex-colonel of insurgents, stated that those now out were worth-

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less characters—men who have never earned an honest living and had nothing to gain by coming in; that those of the people who wanted peace could not deal with them, as their staying out had nothing to do with Filipino liberty and independence. He said that if this element was once destroyed, and the people of the village trusted with guns, they would take care of themselves thereafter. I believe the time will shortly come when this can be done.

Judge Taft in his talk stated that the insurrection had collapsed, and gave a review of existing conditions in the islands. As his summary shows clearly what progress we are making, I quote from my notes as follows:

General Trias, the insurgent general second in command, has surrendered and is now occupied in sending his subordinates to secure the surrender of other officers in Luzon and other islands. General Geronimo, General Pablo Tecson, and General Simon Tescon, the commanders in Zambales and Batan, have all surrendered. The leader of the insurrection, General Aguinaldo, has been captured and has taken the oath of allegiance and issued a proclamation advising the Filipinos that their only chance of happiness is peace under American sovereignty. The people of the Archipelago have begun to enjoy the blessings of peace. General Fulleon, in command of the forces in Antique, surrendered, together with 200 rifles, some three weeks ago. General Diocno, commanding in Capiz, was wounded and captured and his forces dispersed. He is now urging his subordinates to surrender. General Capistrano, commanding the forces in Min-

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danao, has surrendered, together with 180 rifles and 80 shotguns. Nobody now remains out but a few ladrones. General Delgado has been appointed by the Commission civil governor of Iloilo, and now, instead of being an insurrecto general, is a civil governor under the authority of the United States. General Fullon met the Commission at Iloilo and went with it to San José, where the government of Antique was organized. Other generals and colonels have surrendered in Luzon whose names are too numerous to mention. Two thousand five hundred rifles were captured or surrendered during the months of January and February of this year, more than half of which were surrendered. Between the 1st of March and the 1st of April 4,000 rifles have been surrendered or captured, the great majority of which were surrendered. Having said this much, it would seem entirely reasonable to repeat the remark with which I began — that the insurrection has collapsed. It is not too much to say that the great majority of the Filipino people are deeply rejoiced at the fact. Three years of war have taught them that peace is absolutely necessary to their prosperity, and their experience with the efforts of the United States to bring about civil government and prosperity, short as it has been, has satisfied them that that is the best solution of the problem.

From the number of "Generals" in the above list it might be imagined several army corps had surrendered. It should be said, however, that as most of these generals were self-styled, and lacked the formality of a commission, the list is very elastic.

It was decided, in view of the situation disclosed, not to establish a civil government in Samar at this

time. We had planned remaining until tomorrow, but as our work was finished, we started down the strait for Tacloban after two, seeing again that wonderful panorama of island, water, and shore. The current was with us and we reached the *Sumner* in time for a late dinner.

April 25, 1901.

We left Tacloban early yesterday morning, headed for Albay, in southern Luzon. We had a full twenty-four hours at sea, and though the ground swell of the Pacific claimed its victims, the day proved one of pure enjoyment to most. When we came on deck this morning we were steaming slowly down the blue reaches of the Bay of Albay. To right and left were precipitous headlands, covered with dense forest growth, while in the far foreground, gleaming white amid its groves of bamboo and palm, lay the old town of Legaspi. Above all these, however—sweeping upward from the sea in lines said to form the most perfect mountain cone in the world—towered the great volcanic peak of Mayon. It is an inspiring and beautiful sight, with little in its present aspect to remind of the grim record of devastation and death which marks its history. As late as 1894 it buried a dozen villages beneath its lava, and the drift of its ashes reached Manila. In 1897 it burst forth again, the lava flow reaching the sea and working widespread havoc to

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life and property. Today, with the exception of here and there a brown streak marking the path of some molten river, it is clothed in a mantle of green, its top lost amid a white bank of floating clouds. Occasionally, as these drifted aside, we could see a broad cap of smoke rolling lazily from the crater, telling of hidden and imprisoned fires within.

The people of Albay are Bicol, speaking a distinct dialect. Like most of the provinces to the south, the insurrection here was fanned and led by Tagalogs. The people are apparently tired of it and them, however, and ask that every Tagalog in the province be expelled. The town of Albay, the former capital, was burned to the ground by the insurgents—the fate of most of the towns hereabouts. In our sessions with the people we found that war and rinderpest had left them sorely stricken, though they seem to have a streak of optimism in their nature which buoys them up under the most trying circumstances.

April 26, 1901.

A session at nine today and a lunch at one completed our labors in Legaspi. While the message we are delivering the people is growing somewhat familiar to us, we find sufficient variety in local questions and local character to keep up interest. As a general thing our sessions wind up with a speech or speeches by some of the Filipinos accompanying

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us. These are always worth while, particularly those of Dr. Tavera, President of the Federal Party. Scarcely a day passes but that he is called upon to give a talk, and he invariably says the right thing in the right way. In speaking to the people today, he said the Partido Federal was continuing the insurrection, but by legal rather than by forcible means; that they were contending for the same rights as those set out by the Malolos Congress—the liberty of the individual; he pointed out to them that independence did not mean liberty; that with independence the Filipinos would simply change the despotism of Spain for a domestic tyranny as bad or worse; that they could but follow the system with which they were familiar, and, being untrained, their mistakes would be greater; that the great American nation would save them from themselves, and prevent their furnishing to the world the spectacle of the Central and South American republics, which, though independent, labored under a slavery worse than that of their former masters; he said they had lost nothing; that the sun pictured upon the Filipino flag was replaced by the sun of liberty which now shone over the islands; that the colors of their banner found a counterpart in those of America, and they could look forward to the day when another star, the star of the Philippines, would be added to those many on that azure field which represented States “free but not independent.” It is hard to estimate the good Dr. Tavera has done on this trip. His speeches have interpreted in terms of local

understanding the purposes of the Commission, and his closer intimacy with the people has rendered the information he has been able to gather of tremendous value in the appointment of officers and the handling of local questions.

The Commission has also been fortunate in another particular, and this not only on its present trip, but in all its dealings with these people, and that is in its Spanish Secretary and interpreter, Mr. A. W. Fergusson. It is doubtful if he has an equal in this regard in the world. As interpreter and translator for the American members of the Paris Peace Commission his work was of such high character that he was officially designated by the Spanish members of the Commission to act for them as well. Large of stature, and with a perfect command of Spanish, he has the gift of vivid facial and bodily expression peculiar to races of Latin origin and training, combined with a truly marvelous faculty for moulding the *thought* of a speaker into forms to please and enlighten. It is a common expression among us that Fergusson can take the rudimentary ideas of some halting orator and dress them out in such happy guise that their own parent stands astonished at the offspring of his brain. This means much in dealing with a people to whom the *manner* of expression oftentimes means much more than what is actually said. When the record of this trip is written the great work done by Fergusson and Tavera should have its due meed of well-deserved praise.

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AT SEA, *April 29, 1901.*

We are beginning to feel now that we are destined to organize provincial governments the rest of our days. There never seems to have been a time when we were not catching launches, listening to native bands, talking and eating in over-crowded halls, and dancing Rigodons. Everyone moves into his appointed place with a click, and the wheels go round rhythmically. In truth, though, the strain is beginning to tell a bit. Today little less than a cry of "Fire" or "Man overboard" could get action out of anyone aboard. We have possibly earned this right to be unsociable, however, as it was three o'clock this morning when we returned to the transport, after a strenuous absence of two days.

After quitting Albay, the next point billed was Nueva Caceres, Province of Ambos Camarines, which lies twenty-four miles inland on the Bicol River. We anchored some ten miles off shore, our old captain being in a fever of anxiety lest he run aground. He remarked that if he got out of the next two places safely, he would then have only "the ordinary perils of the sea" to contend with. We had telegraphed for a boat to take us up the river and found the *Serranto*, a double-decked launch, awaiting us. We left the *Sumner* shortly after midday and reached Nueva Caceres about five, the river ride proving a treat. Work had apparently stopped in the province, as most of the inhabitants were at the landing to meet us.

Among the banners displayed was one—"Viva

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la Comision—fuera los Frailes.” We have found this antagonism to the Friars quite general, and the Commission is frequently asked whether they are to be returned to the parishes. The answer is that the matter rests entirely with the people; that the Frailes would not return unless requested and would receive no state support; that they would have no voice in the government, and would stand on exactly the same footing as other citizens.

As we are behind schedule, we drove directly to headquarters, where a meeting was held, it being after seven when we adjourned. We were distributed about town wherever lodgment could be had, Mr. Carpenter and I falling to one Captain Capps, who, with a Portuguese hemp-buyer, runs a mess in a small nipa house. A Filipino banquet had been arranged for the evening, but we preferred the simple fare provided by our hosts. There was a *baile* later, which we attended. For one of the two-steps I drew a Mestiza maiden who danced divinely, and when I told her (the usual thing) that the memory of that dance would linger with me through life, it was not altogether a lie.

The next day was a long one. We had planned starting for the *Sumner* immediately after the morning session, but discovered when too late that to cross the bar before two o'clock A. M. we should have left at noon. It is doubtful, however, if this could have been done, as the Commission found the situation here considerably involved. I have had occasion to refer several times to the failure of many

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of the "military" to appreciate that their work, no less than ours, has for its object the winning the good will of the Filipinos and restoring civil rule. During this trip the contrast between competent and incompetent commanders has been brought home to us most forcibly. In those provinces fortunate in having commanding officers broad enough to realize that martial law is not the normal condition of society substantial progress has been made in securing native confidence and cooperation. On the other hand, where such officers have made no attempt to get into sympathetic touch with the people, and have treated them as so much cattle to be herded for a month or a year, we have found conditions most discouraging. Ambos Camarines is one of the unfortunate provinces. The natives, being Bicol, are naturally pacific, and with proper treatment much could be made of them. Instead, they have been antagonized at every turn; promises have been made and never kept; their houses have been taken at the whim of officers so desiring, and our soldiery turned loose upon the community with little restraint or discipline. It is a situation aggravated by the presence of several companies of colored troops, the sending of which to these islands is a mistake. The abuses they commit among a people taught to suffer at the hands of those in authority had best not be described. The Filipino is peculiarly sensitive to the ordinary courtesies and amenities of life, and resents this subjection to the negro, whom he regards as an inferior.

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It developed that certain officers had an ambition to be appointed to provincial office under the new law, with the result that factions among the natives had been fanned to the point where it was impolitic for the Commission to decide between them. As its appointee for Governor was only provisional, it took what was considered the least objectionable course and appointed an American.

We had arranged to leave the river landing at nine o'clock, but it was nearly ten when we got under way for the long ride to the transport. It had been a hot, hard day, and few of us had slept much the night before. This doubtless prevented our appreciating as we should the river trip, though a perfect moon, lighting up a shifting panorama of tropical landscape, did what it could to awaken enthusiasm. We reached the mouth of the river at midnight, where we anchored nearly two hours before attempting the bar. By this time even the most cheerful had succumbed. The night had turned quite chilly, which added to our discomfort in trying to get a little sleep. We boarded the transport at three, a tired, used-up crowd.

SORSOGON, *April 30, 1901.*

Today was spent in Sorsogon. We are two days behind schedule, and the elaborate preparations prepared by the townspeople had suffered from rain and storm. They felt quite badly about it, as also that many who had come to meet us were unable to

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remain. We found the temper of the people very different from that encountered in Nueva Caceres. Here there is a splendid set of officers, who have the respect and confidence of the entire community. The province is completely pacified, and it is said an American can pass unmolested through any part of it. Our reception was enthusiastic, the only drawback being the place of meeting, which was close and hot. This has been one of our great difficulties—finding audience rooms sufficiently large and well-ventilated to meet our needs. In many places the public buildings have been burned, and we have held our sessions in private houses, as was done here. Today the heat and the pace we are going proved too much for me, and I collapsed in the midst of my reporting. LeRoy took a shift at it until I was fanned back to normal again.

As our good captain was anxious to get away by daylight, we were compelled to forego the festivities prepared for the evening, much to the disappointment of the people. While waiting for our launch a triumphal car, bearing aloft a Filipino maiden typifying peace, was borne along the shore. The maid, with her flowing hair and rich robes, holding proudly on high the flag of our common country, made quite an impression.

BOAC, MARINDUQUE, *May 1, 1901.*

Three years ago today the guns of Dewey's fleet tolled the requiem of Spanish power in the Philip-

pires. It was a day, as Judge Taft stated this morning, pregnant with fate both for the Filipino people and for the United States. In that day the people of these islands leaped from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, exchanging the sovereignty of Spain, with its mediæval institutions, for that of the most modern of the nations — entering upon a career measured only by their capacity to absorb our civilization. For us it opened the door to international politics; it gave us a broader part in the play of nations — the drama whose stage is the world. That this will be better for us, will more widely develop both the material and mental resources of our people than the provincialism which would have us mill forever in the same old groove, I sincerely believe.

This is our second visit to Marinduque. In March we promised the people a separate government provided we found the island free from insurrection on our return. On going ashore today we found they had met their contract. General Abad, the last of the insurgent leaders, surrendered two weeks ago and was present at the meeting. I have already told what a charming spot Boac is, and it was almost like going home to see it again.

At the close of our session a farewell address was delivered by Sr. Nepomuceno, the newly appointed Provincial Secretary, who thanked the Commission for establishing civil government in Marinduque and for its work in looking to the political and material regeneration of the islands. He spoke of the struggle of the Filipino people to achieve

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their political rights, and rejoiced that their destinies were now linked with a government founded upon the equal rights of all. Judge Taft's reply states so well our aim here, and the conditions which will measure our success, that I quote therefrom as follows:

Allusion was made by the gentleman who has so eloquently addressed the Commission to the great Filipino patriot, Rizal, and his love of liberty. We believe, and, I hope, believe justly, that under the sovereignty of the United States the Filipino people can acquire all those liberties which Rizal prized. I am reminded by one of my colleagues, and I desire to remind you, that today three years ago was fought the battle of Manila Bay. How pregnant with fate was that victory, both for the Filipino people and the United States. Civil liberty a government can offer to a people, but whether such liberty results in bringing happiness and prosperity must depend upon the people themselves. The government can offer public schools and education to the people, but the people must turn that education to the betterment and improvement of their own condition. You must watch your officers, you must have in mind the public weal, you must insist that your officials serve only the public good and not their personal gain. Without making invidious comparisons, the truth of history must be stated, that in the three hundred years of civilized rule in these islands the standard of public honesty has not been maintained as it should have been. I do not claim for the Americans absolute honesty. That we have dishonest men among us and dishonest public officials goes without saying, but I do say that the standard of official honesty which we hope to introduce here is high, and that

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being introduced here it means the beginning of a prosperous and happy government. When you find a public official, whether he be an American or a Filipino, who is false to his trust and is lining his pockets with the money of the people, know that he is a worse criminal than the man who steals your cattle and enters your house and steals your goods. Pursue him as you would a criminal and put him behind the prison bars, where he belongs. Let no good nature growing out of the traditions of a former government prevent you from regarding this crime as it should be regarded. If you find dishonesty in an American official, know that the Americans who are responsible for this government would rather put a dishonest American in prison than a Filipino or a man of any other race.

Shortly after seven we weighed anchor for Batangas, our last stop.

May 2, 1901.

Batangas, the final number on our repertoire, proved a hard finish. We landed on an open beach, and then drove a mile and a half through a swirling cloud of dust—the Commissioners perched in an open wagon like unto those used for delivering groceries in the States. Everything *en route* was parched and burned, and we found Batangas itself in ruins. The province is not completely pacified, and we saw everywhere evidences of the destruction wrought by war.

Our meeting was held in a wide corridor temporarily roofed with green stuff, giving it an appearance

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of coolness altogether belied by the thermometer. Judge Taft, whose energy continues unabated, explained once more the scope of the provincial and municipal acts, and succeeded in imparting some of his enthusiasm to a rather undemonstrative audience. An amusing feature of most of our meetings with these people is their slowness to appreciate a joke—particularly when sprung at a public gathering. A meeting with the Commission is to them a very solemn affair, and their effort to apply literally some of Judge Taft's lighter sallies has been great. One of the speakers today, discussing the age limit for tax purposes, said he thought it should be fifty-five years, as a man was old at that age and should rest. As three of the Commissioners are beyond this limit, Judge Taft remarked, with his usual genial smile, that this question of age was a rather sensitive one to certain members of the Commission. The speaker looked grieved, and said his statement did not apply to those who had "lived well," whereupon Judge Taft surveyed himself and his heavy-weight associates and replied that it was evident some of *them* had lived well. At this the poor man collapsed utterly.

Somewhat of a surprise was sprung on us by the appointment of Sr. Felix M. Roxas as Governor. Señor Roxas is a member of our party and my seat-mate at table, having made the entire trip as correspondent of *La Democracia*, the organ of the Partido Federal. He is liked by everyone, and a better choice could not have been made. His job will prove

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no sinecure, however, as there are numerous factions in the province, and its unsettled condition makes the wisdom of civil organization at this time doubtful.

We returned to the boat to dress for the regulation evening banquet and *baile*. After the hot day and dusty ride, many of the crowd shied at another trip ashore. Others nerved themselves to it by the thought that it was the last call, and because they felt it was due our companion, Sr. Roxas. The banquet was served by a Manila caterer and proved exceptionally good. A slight hitch occurred at the ball. It is usual to open such functions with the "Rigodon," but some of the younger officers, smitten by the charms of certain of our number, started with a waltz. Word was passed by Dr. Tavera that the next would be the "Rigodon" and partners were engaged. When some of these were on the floor one of the officers directed the musicians to play a two-step; they started to do so, but were again stopped and told to proceed with the Rigodon. This was again countermanded by the officer, and the two-step proceeded.

MANILA, *May 3, 1901.*

The "Southern Trip" is ended. At 10:30 A. M. we took our last launch ride, making a landing this time at the office of the Captain of the Port, Manila. The crowd and the bands were there, but they had no voice in prescribing our movements or preparing

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our meals. We scattered like a lot of homing pigeons, glad to have shared in such a journey and yet glad to take up our Manila life again.

Our experiences and impressions are still too new to be properly appraised. That such another tour will ever be made is doubtful; certainly not of this magnitude, or of a character to awaken the same response from the people. To us and to them it marks a crisis in our occupation of the islands, giving, as it does, permanent form to our policy and setting a measure upon the political future of the islands. How far the spirit of the laws enacted by us are appreciated, or the scope of our purposes realized, remains a question. Our visit, if it has done anything, should have brought home to the people the democratic nature of our institutions and the perfect frankness, fairness, and freedom from cant of those entrusted with authority in Philippine affairs. That they exaggerate the immediate benefits of civil government and the effect of granting them a participation therein is doubtless true. They are too inclined to look to public officials and to legislative enactments for panaceas for every ill than to depend upon their own industry and initiative. Their present enthusiasm at release from military exactions is apt to suffer a reaction when they find that the problem of gaining a successful livelihood, and of adjusting themselves to the loss suffered through years of warfare, still remain to be solved. They are a volatile people, easily led, easily swayed by passing emotions and influences, and lack-

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ing that true stability of character which lies at the base of popular government. It is but natural to expect there will be more or less trouble before the machinery gets to running smoothly. As is the case with most oppressed peoples, there is danger that the new liberties suddenly thrust upon them will be abused rather than appreciated at their true value. They have a great desire to learn, however; they want schools and English teachers, and will prove apt pupils, so far, at least, as outward forms are concerned. Taken along broad lines, the impressions gained from our intimate association with them during the past months have been favorable, and the prospects for the future are encouraging.

XIII

IGOROTE LAND

MANILA, *May 16, 1901.*

THE days since our return have been busy ones. A central civil government is to be installed July first, and there is much legislation to be gotten through in the meantime. It is hoped also to organize the remaining provinces of Luzon before that date, though I don't see how it is to be done. The Commission is in almost constant public or executive session, with the task of preparing proposed laws and attending to a flood of detail matters when it can. The early apathy of the public has altogether disappeared, and everybody is now disposed to offer multitudinous suggestions as to how the government should be organized and run. As it is the policy of the Commission to give every budding statesman a try-out, the result is much loss of time, with a quite unsatisfactory harvest, though occasionally some valuable hint is gleaned.

The weather is hot again, reminding of those first days when we sweltered and doubted. If our pace has told in flagging energy and lessened vitality, there have been no distress signals. Our restless activity is a source of constant wonder to the natives.

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It is reported that two of them who made the southern trip with us simply threw up their hands and said the Filipinos couldn't fight a people who worked as we did. It may be we have "office hours," but I have forgotten what they are.

MANILA, *June 2, 1901.*

Our already overcharged atmosphere is now being fanned into a state of torrid heat by a discussion of the proposed Judiciary Act and appointment of judges. Believing the judiciary a critical point in our administration, the Commission proposed making a somewhat clean sweep of the present personnel and naming men of tried standing from the States. This has driven the native press into paroxysms. They say the Filipino judges stood by the American Government during its time of trial, and they are now to be ousted without any proof of guilt or incompetency; that if they have done wrong, then let charges be brought against them. Our American press, while violent enough in its opposition to appointing Filipinos, is pro-military, and condemns the Commission for overlooking the judicial merits of various volunteer army officers whose commissions expire shortly. The American bar of Manila is also up in arms, and is literally pawing the air because the Commission has provided that Spanish shall continue the official language of the courts until 1906. They want English substituted at once, even though it would result in eliminating practically every Fili-

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pino from the practice. Their attitude has the support of the American papers, and is condemned utterly by the Spanish-Filipino press. In the discussion of the Judiciary Act and Code of Procedure, Señor Calderon, President of the College of Advocates, together with all the members of that body, remained away from the public sessions, claiming they had not been allowed sufficient time to study the bills. For eight months and more they have been invited to assist in framing these acts (something they have repeatedly promised, but failed to do), and they now refuse to play simply because the Commission declines to further postpone discussion of the bills; this, too, when other important legislation is crowding, and the whole judicial machinery is paralyzed pending the passage of these laws.

From the provinces come reports of friction between the military and the newly appointed civil authorities. Now that their supreme power is curtailed, some of our army brethren have a tendency to either lie back and do nothing, or else create active difficulties through refusing to recognize or cooperate with the regular government officials. Many of them consider the organization of civil government premature, and evidently harbor the idea that in its discomfiture or failure there is something of credit to themselves. In Tayabas, where the Governor (an American) was building a road and lacked transportation, a quartermaster making the trip was asked to take up some shovels. This

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patriot told him to run his own government; that he wasn't hauling tools for any damned civilian. In Nueva Caceres, which is staff headquarters for three regiments, not a move has been made against the insurgents since the province was organized. In Bataan the arrogance of the military commander became such that the civil governor tendered his resignation, but was persuaded to withdraw it.

It is hoped that with the establishment of a central civil government, and the advent of a new military head, conditions will be changed. The work is hard enough, goodness knows, with all our people pulling together. The Filipinos are naturally suspicious of us, and are hunting out every sign of weakness in our administration. Talk, talk, talk—they seem made of words. There are a dozen newspapers here, and it seems every Filipino feels it his duty to enlighten the islands with his views. The latest complaint is that they are not treated fairly in the distribution of civil service positions, and that Americans are paid higher salaries than they. No account is taken of the fact that the cost of living for Americans is excessive; that they are cutting themselves off from a settled career at home, and are likely stocking their systems with an assortment of germs which will work havoc with them by and by. The serenity with which Judge Taft meets these accumulating annoyances is a wonder. He simply smiles and drives on, his personality radiating good will and over-riding all obstacles.

Commissioners Worcester and Moses start this

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week on a trip through the mountains of Northern Luzon, and LeRoy and I go with them. The purpose is to examine progress on the new Benguet road, and to study the form of government best suited to the so-called non-Christian Tribes. The other Commissioners plan leaving Manila about the same time to organize the coast provinces of Luzon. I was given my choice of the two expeditions and naturally chose the mountain one. There will be no "sessions" to report, and no *banquetes* or *bailes*. It will be the sun and the wind—earth, sky, and mountain, and a people who live close to the soil. We go by train to Dagupan, where we take horses for the remainder of the journey.

MANILA, *June 28, 1901.*

My last was written on the eve of a pilgrimage with Commissioners Worcester and Moses into the high hills where dwell the head-hunting Igorotes. We are back now, thanks to a watchful Providence, and I fain would tell you something of our experiences. They were varied enough, though the grip of it all lies so much in the actual encounter that I fear my scant notes will prove a poor substitute.

DAGUPAN, *June 6, 1901.*

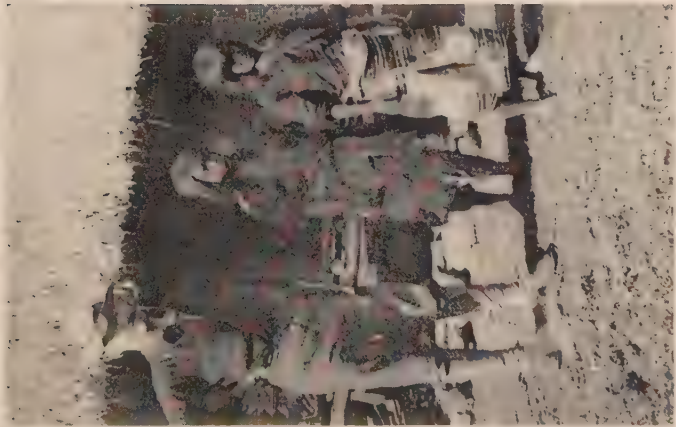
Our train for Dagupan left at six this morning. Why it should start so early, simply to wind itself up in mid-afternoon, is one of the puzzles of Philip-

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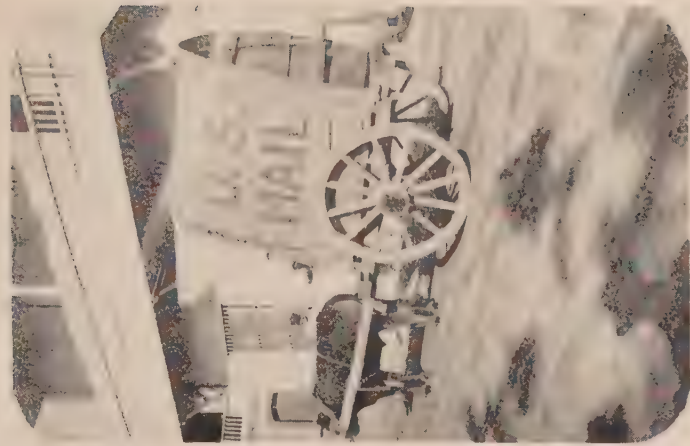
pine railroad administration. We are a party of five, Dr. Barrows, Superintendent of Manila Schools, having joined us at the last moment. He and the two Commissioners took dinner and spent the night with General "Jakey" Smith, LeRoy and I being cared for by his aide, Lieutenant Bushfield. During dinner a captain, who had taken more than his allowance of scotch and soda, enlivened us with reflections upon the Philippine situation. His views were quite entertaining, though his ultimate conclusion must have been his own, as it involved eliminating every Filipino in the islands. We bunked on army cots and caught mosquitoes most of the night.

June 7, 1901.

We got away shortly after seven this morning, having added Dr. Keller, of the Dagupan hospital, to our number, who comes to patch us up in case of illness or accident. We have a sergeant and four men as escort, besides a Hospital Corps man and a cook. Our supply train consists of nine mules in charge of three packers. We are all mounted on large American horses—a somewhat dubious vehicle for mountain trails. Our start was made in the rain, giving color to the stories told of hard travel in the interior at this season. As we filed out, enveloped in our ponchos, we needed only masks to be taken for a delegation of Ku Klux Klan. What with the mud and water, and the black grease off our saddles, we soon lost that sense of



The Doctor



Fast Express

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respectability which attaches to cleanliness. Our ride led through a fertile, level country, interspersed with numerous villages, the population of which was at the windows.

The first stop was at Pozorubio, eighteen miles out, in charge of a young lieutenant. He invited us to his quarters, where lunch was prepared. We had expected to push forward to Mead's camp on the new road, but finally decided to lay over until morning. The failure of our pack train to show up was the reason assigned, but the truth is none of us are cowboys, and a little relief from those saddles was welcome. Our host, with refreshing naïveté, deplored the establishment of civil government, as it prevented his commandeering supplies from the natives for our entertainment.

June 8, 1901.

We reached Mead's camp, twelve miles out, before eleven, the last eight miles being over the new road and in the foothills of the mountains. The road follows the Bued River, and, as we ascended, the valley closed in until finally the river came tumbling down through a narrow gorge. Here the course of the road is being blasted out of the solid rock, causing delay. About seven hundred men are employed on the work, labor being difficult to secure and of mighty poor quality.

After tiffin, with Captain Mead and his assistants, we struck for Santo Tomas, a coast point further to the north, our road being a mere trail through

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the forest. The usual afternoon rain fell in torrents, and we were soon thoroughly soaked. For a certain kind of rain, and for a certain time, an army poncho (rain cape) keeps you dry, but neither in kind nor time was this rain one of them. The bridges en route were simply bamboo poles spread on stringers, never intended for heavy American horses. They gave us much trouble, Dr. Barrows narrowly escaping accident, while one of the mules fell through. We reached Santo Tomas at six o'clock, wet, tired, and silent, having ridden about twenty-seven miles. There are twenty soldiers here in charge of a sergeant, who turned his nipa house over to us and did what he could to help out. Our pack, being delayed by the bridges, did not arrive until late. In the meantime the president of the town and the barrio chiefs came to pay their respects. This began to look a bit like old times, though it must have taken considerable faith on their part, accustomed to pomp and ceremony in government officials, to recognize as a part of the august "Comision Civil" the two khaki-clad, soaked and bewhiskered representatives of that body present. The head of the Partido Federal asked us to dinner, which we gladly accepted. After dinner the daughter of the house, who had gotten into her starched clothes, played the harp while some of her friends sang for us. The old music master was also requisitioned, and he was certainly a wonder. His shirt was outside his trousers, and he smoked a big cigar, but his work was that of an artist.



Arch of Welcome, Tacloban, Leyte



Scene on the Benguet Road

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We received word tonight that the northern trip of the Commission has been postponed until July, which may give us a chance to get in on it. We slept on the floor of the nipa, our blankets for a bed. We were too tired to be critical, however.

June 9, 1901.

We breakfasted from the pack today on coffee, bacon, and bread, using our tin-plate outfit. While saddling for the start our sergeant's horse wheeled and kicked him in the side, laying him out. He was carried indoors and treated to some stimulant, which soon brought him around.

Our ride today was along the coast road to Baoang, eighteen miles, which we reached at one o'clock. It was Sunday, and in all the villages and along the highroad the people were out in force, adding much to the interest. We crossed several little rivers, which seemed largely given over to laundry purposes. From appearances many of the people had no change of raiment.

As some of our horses had cast their shoes, we decided to lay over at Baoang until morning. Nearly every town in the Philippines has what is known as a "Tribunal," which corresponds to our city hall. Besides its official use, it serves also to lodge passing strangers, and was placed at our disposal. Most of the people were at the cockpit, but upon call of the president they adjourned in a body to hear about

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the blessings of free government. Mr. Worcester gave them a talk and they went back to their cockpit utterly unconscious of the humor of adjourning a Sunday cock fight to listen to a dissertation on self-government. Dr. Keller, LeRoy, and I reciprocated by joining the throng at the cockpit, being given reserved seats in the form of a bench immediately adjoining the ring.

That night we spread our blankets on the floor of the tribunal, which was made of the "hardwood" for which the Philippines are famous.

June 10, 1901.

We left civilization today and headed for the mountains. A short stop was made at Naguilian, just at the foothills, where our real work began. The trail is a rough one, and, as we advanced, the sun grew hotter and hotter and the going harder and harder. In many places we were obliged to walk, and men and horses were used up when we struck camp at one-thirty. Our stop was at a point called Sablan, the accommodations being two vacant nipa shacks used indiscriminately by passersby. It was here Aguinaldo proposed establishing a gun foundry. He despoiled a number of coast churches of their bells and had them carried up this fearful trail by Igorotes. He also had an old boiler and lathe lugged up; how I do not know. It was his idea to make of the Benguet mountains a sort of Thermopylae, where a final stand would be made. The

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plan was not a bad one, as the two or three trails entering the province could be easily defended. The scheme was beyond him, however, and the bells still litter the ground at Sablan. We spent the afternoon and night there, one of the nipas being taken by us and the other by some Igorotes. These latter are the "freighters" of the mountains, carrying from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five pounds on their backs with ease. They are well formed and muscular, the men usually wearing nothing but a gee-string. Most of those we saw today had a dog or two tied to a stick, destined to be eaten later on.

It was three in the afternoon when our pack got in, and as we had eaten nothing since six A. M., we had a powerful hunger. There were no doors or windows to our hut and we had to shift frequently during the night to escape the rain. We slept on the floor, which is likely to be our portion henceforward.

BAGUIO, *June 11, 1901.*

Today we finished our climb into Baguio, and the mental pictures gathered crowded thick one upon the other. During the first few hours our trail led through a dense tropical growth, giant creepers and great tree ferns vying for supremacy. Frequently our path wound close beside some deep gorge, dropping hundreds of feet below, and again we crept along some narrow hog's back with sheer precipices to either side. Then, as we rounded some jutting

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peak, there would spring into view the whole expanse of country sweeping down to the China Sea. Ocean and sky met and blended on the far horizon, while through the deep green of wooded hills and valleys meandered the silver thread of the Naguilian River. As we ascended the undergrowth gradually thinned, and we saw an occasional fir or pine tree; then they came in groups, and finally the country took on the aspect of a great park, reminding of our northern forests at home.

As yet there is really no town of Baguio. There are a few Igorote huts scattered about, with some activity at this time because of work on the new road. There is a small detachment of soldiers, a weather man, an American teacher, and the provincial officials.

The rain started earlier today than usual, and it was not the warm rain of the lowlands but a thorough-going downpour that made us shiver—the elevation here being over five thousand feet. Long before we reached our destination we were wet, cold, and hungry, a condition said to test the sweetest disposition. While no one was heard to say he really enjoyed it, there was no complaining. Some of the escort, however, who thought they were going on a pleasure trip with the Commissioners, were heard to remark that had they known what was coming they would have been on sick report. From all accounts the worst is yet to come.

We were met by Otto Scherer, the Provincial Secretary, whose house, though somewhat rude, is



Tropical Vegetation, Benguet

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quite commodious for this region. A warm meal awaited us, headed by an immense dish of rice and fish called "valenciana." It saved our lives. Later we were able to get into dry clothes, and my legs, which were perfectly numb, gradually came to life again. We are all quite willing to make affidavit concerning the "cool and bracing air" of Baguio. It rained all afternoon, and the doctor and I migrated to the kitchen, where we sat about an open fire among the Igorotes. The weather man reports a falling barometer, with prospects of a protracted storm. Tonight we slept on the floor again, bundled up like Esquimaux, having on nearly all our clothes. It is quite a sensation to be thoroughly cold once more.

BAGUIO, *June 12, 1901.*

"Baguio" is Spanish for typhoon, and our experience here would justify the name. Despite the storm, however, we were out most of the day. A school was opened here about two weeks ago, and about twenty little Igorotes have already been gathered from the bushes and started on the royal road. They are scant of clothes and very dirty, and the hut where they are housed is primitive in its bareness. The scene impressed one as being the very beginning of things—a sowing of seed whose reaping in its fullness lay with far distant generations.

In the afternoon we visited the new road, seven miles of which are constructed. It runs the entire

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distance through a great pine forest, skirting deep ravines and cañons and affording some of the most magnificent prospects I have ever seen. Some day this place will be as famous for its scenery as for its climate. Many of the views reminded me of Switzerland, and I cannot imagine a more beautiful drive than this will be when finished. With such a spot practically at the doors of Manila, life in the islands should prove both healthful and attractive. There are about three hundred Igorotes on the work, and as they burrowed half-naked in the hill-sides they resembled so many great beetles.

On preparing to retire tonight Commissioner Worcester and Dr. Keller each missed a blanket. Inquiry developed that some of the escort had used them for saddle blankets, giving rise to language which perceptibly raised the temperature. Mr. Worcester was able to replace his, but the doctor shivered and muttered the night through.

BAGUIO, *June 13, 1901.*

We are getting the tail of a typhoon raging in the China Sea, and were confined in the house most of the day. We start tomorrow, however, rain or shine. From point of weather our stay has been inhospitable, but nothing has been lacking in the hospitality of Mr. Scherer and family. His daughter, a girl of seventeen, presides in his home, and while she has never attended a "finishing school," she has all the grace of manner natural to women of these islands.

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June 14, 1901.

We added Mr. Scherer and some Igorote carriers to our outfit today, but lost Dr. Barrows, whose work called him back to Manila. The day promised fair, but failed to make good. We had barely started when it began raining, making a bad trail worse. It was fierce. At noontime there was no sign of our pack, and no one had brought any "chow." Our only recourse was the rice of our carriers, which they gladly bartered for a couple of "dhobie" dollars. The drop to primitive man is altogether swift when hunger comes, and we shocked every canon of organized society as we sat down in the rain and scooped that rice in with our fingers. Then followed six hours of the hardest kind of work. The rain came down in sheets, while that trail climbed up and up as though to reach the top of the world. As we ascended the rain slackened, the clouds stretching in great streamers across the distant ranges. Far below in the gorges we could see the mist swirl up as from some great cauldron until it enveloped us; then it would scatter and lie low in the deep ravines, or chase in white puffs across the dark flanks of the hills. Occasionally the crest only of some high peak would arise above the turmoil, creating the effect of immeasurable distance. After reaching the top we started down, and went down farther and faster than we came up. If it was hard work getting to the top, it was a muscle-wrenching, nerve-wracking job getting to the bottom. The descent was so sharp and the trail so slippery we could ride little of it;

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we skated and slid along, our horses tumbling at our heels, threatening each moment to fall upon us. Late in the afternoon the sky cleared, and as we made our final plunge into the valley of the Agno at Ambuclao all the different ranges stood clear cut against the sky. When Baguio becomes a second Simla, merry outing parties will make this trip and exhaust all their adjectives describing the ride. We exhausted ours, but they were of the hyphenated kind and applied mostly to the trail.

Ambuclao consists of some dozen Igorote huts, and as we trailed in just at dusk we were a sorry looking crowd. Mr. Scherer drew on the populace for some chickens and rice, and, much to our surprise, the pack train followed closely.

It was a night to remember. We simply moved in with the Igorotes. Two small houses were vacated for the soldiers, who were joined by LeRoy and the Doctor. In the house occupied by the two Commissioners, Mr. Scherer, and myself, the family remained. It was a simple room, some thirteen by sixteen feet. To the family chattels we added our baggage and saddles. In one corner was a firebox, the smoke going out where it could. There were two openings, used as doors, and we spread our blankets as near these as possible. The family, consisting of a man, his wife, and several children, slept near the fire. We outraged their ideas of health by keeping the doors open, it being their custom, as it is of most Filipinos, to tightly close their houses at night. These people have few clothes and no

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blankets, so they kept the fire going all night, stirring it into flame at intervals. We also ate dinner in this hut, our table being a poncho spread on the floor, lit by a couple of sputtering candles. We grouped about this in such attitudes as the vicissitudes of our ride made comfortable, some of the party being in pajamas. All the Igorotes of the town—men, women, and children—gathered about the house to see the unwonted sight. They were half-clothed and altogether unkempt, the children wearing nothing but a string of beads. Considering our early breakfast, our long ride, and scanty lunch, the appetite with which we ate that dinner was to be envied.

June 15, 1901.

This morning we took a plunge in the river, and it was cold. This possibly explains why the Igorotes look as if they never bathed; they hate the shock of cold water. We did not get away until eleven, our trail leading up the Agno for some distance and then over a high range to Daklan, which we reached at three-thirty. It is quite a large settlement, but as their tribunal was burned some two weeks ago we had to lodge once more in an Igorote hut. The Commissioners called a meeting of the headmen and explained our plans and purposes toward them, Mr. Scherer acting as interpreter. He is earnest in this thing, and as he stalked in front of the people, throwing out his arms and shooting his words at

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them in quick, short sentences, it was a sight worth seeing.

We had thought our accommodations last night the limit, but they were palatial compared with those of tonight. Here we occupied an Igorote house of one room, possibly fourteen by eighteen feet, into which was crowded our party of five, our Igorote carriers, the family, some chickens, and a couple of dogs. Mr. Moses spread his blankets on a small raised platform to one side, while Mr. Worcester occupied a tiny projection under the eaves. Mr. Scherer, used as he is to such experiences, fled the scene, saying he would find some other house or sleep in the coffee bushes. We would have followed suit, but it was raining and we did not know the place or people. While we were retiring, and for some time thereafter, our host, his wife, her friends, and his friends, were having a private dinner party at our feet. It was a situation to conjure with. Mr. Moses, from his platform, hummed an old couplet, which ran—

How little did my mother think,
That time she cradled me;
What lands I was to travel in,
What sights I was to see.

I kicked one of the dogs, while the Doctor complained that the people were sitting on his feet. After many false starts the visitors finally left, and we were alone with the home product. Comparative quiet reigned until the rooster woke up, and I have



Group of Igorotes, Benguet

never heard a bird which could crow louder or longer than he could. It was an experience with which one remains satisfied with once enduring.

June 16, 1901.

Today we made Kabayan, some twenty miles. It has been a series of ascents and descents, hard on men and horses. We crossed two ranges, walking a good part of the way. This morning my saddle slipped, the girth getting under the horse's withers, causing a pyrotechnic display of heels, unpleasant on a narrow trail. The scenery continues something superb. At one point today we followed the crest of a divide overlooking two valleys shut in by high mountains. Below us were winding streams and rice fields turning golden for the harvest. With a clear sky above we could see the dark clouds and hear the thunder roll amid the peaks to left and right; then the storm swooped down upon us, and we took our daily baptism of rain. Shortly before reaching Kabayan we saw what might have been a bit of old Japan. Before us stretched a narrow valley, terraced far up the sides with rice fields shading in color from the tenderest green to the yellow of the ripened grain. Higher up was a belt of deep green coffee trees, among which were the green-roofed huts of an Igorote village. From the head of the valley flowed a small mountain stream, which was ingeniously directed into a far-reaching scheme of irrigating canals. Untutored though they are,

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these mountain people have developed an irrigation system which would be considered splendid engineering in any country. Not only does it represent a high order of skill but it bespeaks habits of industry which their Christian brethren of the lowlands might well emulate.

Kabayan, our destination for the day, is one of the largest and richest villages in Benguet. It is on the Agno, which is here almost a cañon. The situation is a beautiful one and compares favorably with many a Swiss valley where tourists pour their millions annually. In the late afternoon the headmen of the district gathered about the Commissioners and received some lessons in government. The people of these islands have a peculiar squat; they simply double up at the knees like a chicken, and as our audience ranged itself in this posture along the top of a stone wall they looked like so many big birds. We lodged in the tribunal, which, after our experience of last night, proved a veritable Waldorf-Astoria. We have decided to stop here a day and rest men and horses.

June 17, 1901.

This has been a perfect day. To do nothing after hard work, and to do it on good, wholesome food, and in a place as beautiful and interesting as Kabayan, represents almost the ideal. We went bathing in the river, Mr. Worcester took some photographs, the Doctor made some sick calls, and

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we jointly enthused over the picturesqueness of our environment. We go to bed early these days, generally before eight o'clock. Our bed was the floor of the tribunal.

June 18, 1901.

We were off today at six o'clock and it was the worst yet. For the most part our trails are simply rude cuts along the mountain side, often only a few feet wide and frequently overlooking gorges that reach down indefinitely. Our horses, for some reason, seem to prefer the outer edge of the path, and it has been a gamble which would go over first. My horse won out. In rounding a sharp turn this morning, with water running in the path, he made a jump to walk on the grass alongside. The "grass" proved to be simply rank growth on the edge of the trail, and over he went. Fortunately I was leading him at the time. I swung his head by the reins and he tried valiantly to recover, but there was nothing doing. He hung a moment and then went over backwards, disappearing with a crash amid the grass and bamboo which shut out the depths below. I couldn't tell whether he had fallen fifteen feet or fifty, and I had visions of walking the rest of the trip. Some of the escort clambered down the declivity, while I made a detour and worked in through the tangle from below, assisted by some Igorotes with bolos. We found the horse bundled up on some rocks about twenty-five feet below the trail. The

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jungle growth had broken his fall, and, with the exception of some scratches, he is apparently uninjured.

Late in the afternoon we reached Loa, the most northern village of Benguet. There may be steeper trails and rougher country than we have traveled for the past five days, but none of our party have seen them. It is possible also that there is level ground in the province, but from Naguilian to Loa we haven't seen a level patch of over forty acres outside the Trinidad Valley. The country is simply perpendicular and without sequence, the ranges crisscrossing in every direction. The trails are little more than Igorote footpaths, and when an Igorote wants to get to the top of a hill or mountain he goes straight for it; the thought of finding a grade never occurs to him. It began raining at two—a cold, heavy downpour. When you dismount, your saddle gets wet, and in remounting you wrap your wet poncho about your legs, sit on it, and do a lot of other uncomfortable things. We finally struck the Loa Valley, and it was better going. Here, however, we had to ford the Agno River eight times, and as we sloshed through the water, wet to the skin, we appreciated Stevenson's description where he speaks of being so thoroughly miserable he began to enjoy it.

We had been expecting for the past two days to meet General Bell and party. In company with Mrs. Taft, her sister, Miss Herron, and Miss Bubb he left Vigan on the seventh headed this way. They have been traveling through Lepanto and Bontoc,

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and go south over our trail to Baguio. We ran into them this afternoon at Loa.

Loa is an insignificant place, with the usual limited accommodations. The best we could do for our combined parties was one nipa house, the ladies screening off one corner with blankets. There were eleven of us in the room. The floor was of bamboo, being more comfortable to lie on than boards. We are now becoming connoisseurs as to floors. We all took dinner together and passed a delightful evening. The encounter in such a place was decidedly novel, and we were quite willing to celebrate it by postponing our usual retiring hour.

June 19, 1901.

Today we made Cervantes, the capital of Lepanto, being in the saddle for seven hours. We broke the ride for an interval at the ranch of Don José Mills, a Spaniard who has lived in these mountains over twenty years. He has made considerable money out of coffee and mining, and welcomed us with true Spanish hospitality. We were served with some good cold beer and a fine lunch, whereupon, on suggestion of the Doctor, we pronounced our host to be "a gentleman and a scholar."

As we neared Cervantes the mountains took on more of a horizontal aspect, and we had comparatively easy going. The pine forests which have lined the trail since leaving Baguio also began to disappear, being replaced by the more vivid foliage

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of the tropics. Early in the afternoon we struck the valley of the Abra, which we followed downward to Cervantes. There is a small detachment of soldiers here, with a lieutenant in charge. He has his wife with him, while Major Rice, in command of the district, was also at the post. We ate dinner with them at a regular table and slept upon cots. We felt quite luxurious. A public meeting is scheduled for tomorrow, and then we are off for Bontoc.

June 20, 1901.

About two hundred Igorotes and some fifty "Cristianos" (converted Filipinos) attended the session today. The meeting was held in the public street under some large trees, reminding somewhat of our interviews with Moro Dattos in Mindanao. Those of the Igorotes who pretended to definite clothing were dressed in curious fragments; one would have a khaki coat, another a blue shirt, another the rim of an old derby hat, etc. The speech went from English into Spanish, then into Ilocano, and some of it into Igorote. It would be interesting to know just what idea the ultimate individual formed of what was said.

June 21, 1901.

We went to bed last night expecting to start for Bontoc early today, having been told great tales of the preparations made to receive us. Late in the



Public Session with Igorotes at Cervatnes

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night, however, a message came through from Manila advising important news from Washington, and suggesting the return of the Commissioners. Instead of heading further inland, therefore, we struck out on a record ride for Manila. We made Angaqui, fifteen miles to the westward, before eleven o'clock. Here some of the horses went lame, and we could see a thunderstorm rolling through the Tilat Pass, where we are to cross the mountains. This decided us to remain in Angaqui over night. By making an early start we hope to reach the coast in one day.

June 22, 1901.

We rode today from Angaqui to the sea, twenty-eight miles. Our horses were in bad shape, making the ride a hard one. Our early start brought us to the top of the Tilat Pass shortly after seven, and we had at different stages that most beautiful of all sights, sunlight effects upon fog. The valley below us was a rolling cloud bank, and as the sun rose over the eastern range we looked down upon a sea of tumbling silver. From the summit of the pass we saw the sea once more, the country being spread before us like a relief map. Through the clear air the coast seemed but a step away, but it was four in the afternoon when, hot, tired, and sore, we urged our jaded horses into the plaza at Santa Cruz. The latter part of the ride was particularly trying. We forded the Santa Cruz River, which is filled with loose stones, no less than fourteen times. In some

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places the current was quite swift and deep, and our horses found it difficult to keep their footing. The final stretch of twelve miles over the flat coast plain was made in the sultry heat of the afternoon. We looked like tramps, but were hospitably received by Captain Wallace, in charge. After a shave, a bath, and some clean clothes, we took on again the appearance of civilized beings. Our horses and pack train remain here for a few days to recuperate. We are off tomorrow for San Fernando de la Union, forty-five miles, by relays of wagons; thence to Dagupan by launch tomorrow night, and Manila next day by train. I slept on a pillow tonight, the first since leaving Manila.

June 23, 1901.

Our entire ride today was along the coast, being within sight of the sea always, and often right along the shore. We made it in three relays, reaching San Fernando at six in the evening. The first two relays were made in open escort wagons drawn by four mules. The heat, and dust, and the hammering of the wagons over the road left little margin for personal comfort. It was an interesting ride nevertheless. It was Sunday, a day dedicated by these people to marketing, cock-fighting, and church-going. Various of the presidents had received word of our coming, and were out to meet us, accompanied by the village band. Our stops, however, were short. We crossed a number of rivers, using what they call

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"balsas," being a raft made of bamboo. A long rope is attached to the raft and then carried across the stream and made fast. The raft is then pushed into the current and drifts down the stream until brought up short by the rope, when it is gradually pulled out of the current. It is a primitive and exciting method of transfer. We boarded the launch immediately on reaching San Fernando and got under way without delay. We had a pick-up dinner and slept on deck, the cool sea air being most refreshing.

June 24, 1901.

While we were but a few hours making the run to Dagupan, we could not cross the bar until after five this morning, so missed the early train for Manila, which left at five o'clock. Why it should leave so early is another of the mysteries. We bid good-by here to Dr. Keller. He had proven a pleasant and congenial companion, and we parted with regret, each to take up again his separate way of life.

It was eight that evening when we reached Manila after a somewhat tedious ride. We had come from Cervantes in less than four days, something of a record. While it is a bit disappointing that our trip was curtailed, yet to be in Manila at this time, and to witness and take part in the transfer from military to civil rule, is compensation. I will reserve politics, however, for another letter.

XIV

THE PASSING OF THE "EMPIRE"

MANILA, July 2, 1901.

JUST across the plaza square from where I write workmen are erecting the stand where, on July 4, Judge Taft will take oath as Civil Governor of the Philippine Islands. It is a somewhat momentous change from that time a year ago, when soldiers patrolled all of Manila's streets, and it was unsafe to venture outside the city limits; when civilians were few and barely tolerated, and when all classes regarded each other with distrust and suspicion. To-day peace reigns throughout most of the archipelago and the people are returning to their homes and fields. They are coming to have faith in our promises and in our ability to protect them.

By the present change in government Judge Taft becomes the chief executive, while the Commission remains the legislative body. The members of the Commission are also to be heads of departments, with executive functions. Another innovation is the appointment of three Filipinos on the Commission, a step in line with our expressed policy and *conforme* to popular clamor. Those selected for the place are Dr. T. H. Pardo de Tavera, Don Benito Legarda,

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and Don José Luzuriaga, all men of broad intelligence and superior to most of their countrymen in appreciation of the crisis through which their country is passing. Their nomination is to be announced during the inaugural ceremonies on July 4, though they do not enter upon their duties until September 1.

General MacArthur departs the scene on July 5. He will be succeeded by General Adna R. Chaffee, whom it is hoped will be imbued with a clearer conception of the fact that the purpose of our army in the Philippines is to restore civil rule than was his predecessor.

On July 1 all the army officers holding volunteer commissions were mustered out. Many of them have been performing quasi-civil duties under detail of the Military Governor, and will be continued in such positions, the only difference being that they will now discard their uniforms and report to the new executive. The rapid extension of civil government has entailed quite a call for efficient men for the different posts, and while there has been no lack of candidates it has not always been easy to find the right material. Given our distance from the base of supply, it is felt the Commission has been quite fortunate in its selections. A number of Filipinos have been appointed judges and to other positions, silencing for a time the recent clamor over judicial appointments.

As can be imagined, there has been no let-up in the work. The fact is, our machine is undermanned, though there seems no present way to avoid it.

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MANILA, *July 14, 1901.*

The "Days of the Empire," as our military régime has been dubbed, are no more. On July 4 Judge Taft was inaugurated Civil Governor of the Philippine Islands, marking another step in the somewhat kaleidoscopic march of events framed here since May, 1898. The inaugural ceremonies were simple and impressive. They were held in the open, fronting the old plaza square in the Walled City, where so much of history has been written. The morning was a perfect one, and the crowd which packed every available space was a mixture of every race, creed, and caste.

Judge Taft filled full the place allotted him, and when, with uplifted hand, he responded to the oath administered by Chief Justice Arellano, I doubt if there was one in all that vast throng but felt that the strongest of them all had been called to leadership. Once again, as oft before, I wished it might have been possible for that coterie of long-range knockers, known as the "Anti-Imperialist League," to be present. Perhaps in watching that scene and breathing that atmosphere they would have appreciated something of the work done and doing to bring to these people those blessings which are our heritage and boast.

What the task involves, and the genuinely altruistic spirit and high purpose with which it is undertaken, may be sensed from the closing paragraphs of Judge Taft's address, wherein he referred to his appointment and to our collective obligation as follows:

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The burden of the responsibility which, by taking the oath this day administered to me, I assume, I shall not dwell upon, except to say that no one realizes it more keenly than I do. While I am profoundly grateful to the President of the United States for the personal trust thus expressed in appointing me to this high office, it is with no exultant spirit of confidence that I take up the new duties and new task assigned me. I must rely, as I do, upon the cooperation, energy, ability, and fidelity to their trust of those with whom I am to share the responsibility now presented, and upon the sympathetic and patriotic patience of those educated Filipino people who have already rendered me such tremendous aid, and upon the consciousness that earnest effort and honest purpose, with a saving of common sense, have in the past solved problems as new, as threatening, and as difficult as the one before me.

The high and sacred obligation to give protection to property and life, civil and religious freedom, and wise and unselfish guidance in the paths of peace and prosperity to all the people of the Philippine Islands, is charged upon us, his representatives, by the President of the United States. May we not be recreant to this charge, which he truly says concerns the honor and the conscience of our country. He expresses the firm hope that through our "labors all the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands may come to look back with gratitude to the day when God gave victory to American arms at Manila and set their land under the sovereignty and protection of the people of the United States." God grant that in spite of all the trials and perplexities, the disappointments and difficulties with which we are sure to be confronted, we may live to see this fervent hope made a living fact in the hearts of a patriotic

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people, linked within the indissoluble ties of affection to our common country.

Judge Taft now occupies the dual rôle of Civil Governor and President of the Commission. The taking over of the executive work of the government has required building up a new organization, with a corresponding increase of labor. From all sides letters, petitions, and recommendations have poured, are pouring, and will doubtless continue to pour, while there has been no surcease in legislative matters crowding for action. In the shifting of personnel Judge Taft asked that Mr. Fergusson, Secretary of the Commission, be assigned to him as Executive Secretary, which was done. This left the position of Secretary to the Commission vacant, and I was asked to take it. The work is arduous but of absorbing interest.

MANILA, *August 4, 1901.*

The Commission is now in almost constant public session, and we are surfeited with oratory. The tongue of Castile is so smooth flowing that, like the brook, it threatens to go on forever. Despite all, however, July has to its credit quite a number of important measures—among them an Act creating a Board of Health for the islands and establishing a Bureau of Government Laboratories; an Act providing for an Insular Constabulary; the regular appropriation bill; an Act incorporating the City of

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Manila; an Act reorganizing the Forestry Bureau, and an Act relating to the Postal Service. The total number of Acts for the month is twenty-eight, besides which the proposed Code of Civil Procedure has been dragging its weary way through the sessions, having been under consideration since last May. It has over eight hundred sections, which have been gone over in detail. This is now finished and it comes up for final passage Wednesday.

The Insular Constabulary Act provides for the enlistment of a body of natives into a semi-military organization, who will constitute a general police force for the archipelago. They will be officered by Americans, who are intended to operate throughout the provinces in addition to the local police. They will supplement the army, which it is expected to reduce materially within the year.

The Manila Charter, just adopted, naturally created considerable interest, and the public sessions were crowded. The city will be governed something after the plan of Washington, the Municipal Board being composed of three members with general supervision of affairs, the Commission acting as a court of last resort. One feature of the law which caused considerable consternation among Filipinos and Spaniards was the levying of a two per cent tax on real estate. Land has never been taxed in the islands heretofore, and though values have doubled and rents trebled in Manila since American occupation, the tax was fought from start to finish. It was a case of let the other fellow pay—usually the one

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who could bear it least. The provision went in with but slight modification. Truth to tell, the suggestions daily offered the Commission in the way of government building would make a weird structure if utilized, and furnish a fair test of what might be expected should we withdraw and let the people go it alone.

At the meeting yesterday, which was held in the old Spanish Sessions Hall, Don Pedro A. Paterno — whom I have mentioned before — was the star performer. The bill upon which he rose to speak was one providing for municipal officials in Manila and fixing their salaries. After some preliminary flourishes, wherein he lauded the Commission and its work, and ran in a reference or two to Washington and the Constitution of the United States, he stated that he felt divinely predestined to appear before the Commission on this occasion; that the session hall where we sat seemed built to witness his personal triumph and the triumph of his ideas; that the last time he had appeared there he had championed Filipino autonomy under the Spanish régime, while he was now a champion of the masses, who were getting disheartened, he alone remaining full of faith, full of hope, and full of optimism. With this flying start we were prepared to hear a stirring appeal concerning the “rights of man,” wherein all the changes would be rung on liberty, equality, individual freedom, etc. Instead, the only thing the speaker wanted was that members of the Municipal Board should receive \$1,000 a month instead of \$4,500 a year, as

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provided, based on the theory that they would be so beset by churchmen and landowners generally that they should have big pay. He also thought the members of the Advisory Board created by the Act, who receive no salary other than \$5 for each meeting attended, should be compensated. His suggestion was that each of such members be paid \$100 for every "memorial" presented to the Municipal Board. As these people do little *but* write petitions and memorials, his suggestion brought forth a shout of derision from the audience. He also thought decorations and orders of nobility would be a good thing. Thus is our work relieved of its tedium. Paterno, however, was Vice-President of the Malolos Congress, is an educated man, and considered one of the leaders of these people.

MANILA, *August 11, 1901.*

If such a thing be possible, this is the busiest time the Commission has experienced in a busy year. Getting the machinery of civil government moving has been a big job. The wheels began turning in Manila last Wednesday, the various city officials being sworn in and entering at once upon their duties. I have learned a great deal about municipal government in the past month or two. It was not until all these questions came before the Commission that I appreciated how complicated is the mechanism of our modern municipalities and how little most people know about it.

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Filipinos have been given quite a large representation in the city government, although it is realized they have neither the training nor experience to fit them for the best work. The situation seems to demand it, however, efficiency being sacrificed in certain instances in order to effect our plan of training the people in the ways of self-government. The problem grows as we face the practical application of our theories and pledges. The Commission has been subjected to much criticism by the American and foreign community of Manila because of its policy of favoring the natives in legislation and in appointments to office. We are told that the United States acquired the islands from Spain both by conquest and purchase; that the Filipinos never had a distinct nationality, and that we are under no obligations to them; that because persons happen to be native to a particular territory does not, *ipso facto*, give them a right to it above all others; that we came to the islands bringing in our train those things which make in the end for morality, for progress, and for the highest development of the individual; that we found here a people incapable, in many respects, of appreciating the order of things we represent, or of developing the islands and causing them to yield to the world those products of which the world stands in need; that we should not delay this result and this process simply because of some fancied duty growing out of the fact that the present inhabitants were born on Philippine soil; that while the people of earth are divided into various nationalities, in fact they consti-

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tute one great body—the human race—and that the energy of men should be directed to advancing the world, the general good, rather than to coddling and temporizing with a fraction which proves itself unwilling to keep pace with the march of events.

The question is, How far are we justified in forcing our ideas and ideals upon these people, and how far should we sacrifice and delay what we believe is best in order to meet the viewpoint, traditions, desires, and prejudices of the local output? Our government has deliberately chosen the harder task; it has elected to become a guide rather than a master, to teach and train the people rather than attempt arbitrarily to force them to our ways. Various, however, do we find our utilitarian efforts appreciated and appraised. So far as can be judged, the mass of the Filipinos are satisfied at this time with what we are doing for them, though there is a growing tendency to clamor for more privileges and perquisites than the most liberal policy justifies. Our course is roundly criticised by the American press of the islands, and by most of the resident foreigners, as being altogether visionary and dangerous, while we are castigated at home by various highly-sensitive individuals of Boston and thereabouts for “oppressing a patriotic people.”

Referring to the American papers of Manila, they have been anything but a help to us thus far. From the very beginning they have antagonized and obstructed the work of the civil authorities. The confidence expressed by the Commission in the people

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has been ridiculed, and its appointment of natives to office denounced and condemned. They have attacked everything Filipino, calling the natives treacherous, untrustworthy, etc., their whole attitude tending to destroy or render impossible that sympathy between the authorities and the people so essential to the success of our work. The Filipino is morbidly sensitive to criticism, and he has not learned to distinguish sufficiently between Americans to know that the attacks of a few disgruntled American papers do not express American sentiment. To a considerable extent this also reflects the attitude of American commercial interests, whose grievance appears to arise from the fact that the Commission has been more concerned in legislating for what it believes to be the good of the Filipinos than for the particular interests of outsiders.

As to the papers, their circulation is largely an army one, their revenue being derived in great part from that source and from the advertisements of companies whose trade depends upon supplying canteens and army commissaries. The larger the army of occupation, and the longer it remains, the greater their profits; hence their advocacy of military government.

The same coloring has also been clearly apparent in the Associated and other press dispatches sent to the States. The picture painted has usually been from the army standpoint, due possibly to the fact that most of the correspondents mess with army officers and get their point of view. In but very few

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instances has the real work accomplished by the civil authorities received just mention or credit.

Day after tomorrow we start on our trip to organize the North Luzon provinces, and will be gone at least two weeks. Our boat this time will be a small one, and as it is the typhoon season some interesting experiences are expected. No ladies are to be taken, much to their regret.

XV

THE NORTHERN TRIP

MANILA, *August 30, 1901.*

THE last "Provincial Tour" has ended, and that you may have the story complete I send you my diary of its experiences.

August 13, 1901.

Today our northern trip entered upon its first stages. Once more we packed our grips, gathered together copies of the provincial and municipal laws, and sailed away to spread the gospel of free government among a stranger people. This is the trip planned for June, but not until now has the situation in Manila been such that the Commission could leave. As it is, Commissioners Wright and Moses remain behind—Commissioner Wright to work upon a proposed Criminal Code and Code of Criminal Procedure, and Commissioner Moses to assist in caring for the six hundred teachers expected next week on the *Thomas*.

We are to visit the provinces of Zambales, La Union, Ilocos Sur, Ilocos Norte, Abra, Cagayan, and Isabela. It is the typhoon season and our ves-

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sel this time is not the *Sumner*, but the *Aldecoa*, a small coasting vessel of the "Compañía Marítima." Our schedule is a hard one, involving simply one night stands. No one has the temerity to speak of it as a pleasure trip.

We were to have left at four o'clock, but it was four-thirty before we got away from the Ayuntamiento, work piling up until the last minute. Four laws were passed today. We reached the ship shortly after five, and at five-thirty were steaming toward Corregidor.

The upper deck of the *Aldecoa* is roofed over, and dinner was served in the open. It was well, for the lower regions of these boats have a musty taste and smell about them anything but appetizing. As we sat at the table it was good to see so many of the old guard present—these who had been on hand from the first speech at Bacolor through all the vicissitudes of subsequent trips and encounters. Of the Commission, we have Governor Taft and Commissioners Worcester and Ide, and of the staff, Fergusson, interpreter extraordinary, and LeRoy, Carpenter, and myself, Secretaries. McDonnell of the *Sun*, Juan de Juan of *El Progreso*, Pellicena of the *Noticiero*, and Gonzalez of *El Comercia* are also with us, seasoned veterans all of them of innumerable banquets and *bailes*. Among the new faces we have Dr. Kruger, German Consul; Don Benito Legarda, one of the newly-appointed Commissioners; Tomas G. del Rosario, Director of the Partido Federal; Dr. Ejército and Felix Dançel, who have done

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much to bring in insurrecto leaders; Padre Aglipay, Aguinaldo's Chaplain General, one of the hardest men with whom our troops had to deal; Father McKinnon, late Chaplain of the First California; Dr. Stafford, physician for civil employes; McCormick, of the *Chicago Tribune*; Adamson, of *Leslie's Weekly*, and Dave Morris, acting for the Associated Press. From the office we have Schlofeldt and Calvin.

The *Aldecoa* is chartered everything furnished, and our dinner far eclipsed anything served on the *Sumner*. The wines were of the finest, and the cigars of a brand calculated to woo forgetfulness of all earthly tribulations. It was a scene of peace and perfect content, but its moments were fleeting. Lying in wait for us just beyond Corregidor was the treacherous China Sea, ever turbulent and restless. No sooner had our little vessel poked her nose outside the bay than she was caught and tossed about in most reckless fashion. Smiles faded, mirth and jollity died away, and faces became lined and solemn as with deep inward reflection. Anon there were hurried trips to the rail and a scattering for cabins, and the night witnessed many generous though woe-ful partings from that much-applauded dinner.

CHINA SEA, *August 14, 1901.*

We were billed for Iba, Zambales Province, this morning, but the heavy sea breaking on the open roadway made landing impossible. There was noth-

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ing for it but to steam on, hoping for better luck on the return. After rounding Cape Bolinao, off Lingayen Gulf, the sea smoothed down a bit and our sick began to perk up. The ship scored heavily though on the "everything furnished" proposition. We reached San Fernando de la Union at four-thirty, but being ahead of schedule remained aboard for the night that the people might finish their preparations for our reception.

SAN FERNANDO, *August 15, 1901.*

Today has been a page out of the "Southern Trip." After a hurried breakfast we were borne ashore in a gayly decorated barge and landed on a crowded beach to the mingled music of many bands; we passed up streets lined with people and spanned by many arches; we met the delegates in session and explained the provisions of the provincial and municipal acts; we ate a lunch which was a dinner and gazed with awe upon their wonderfully carved tooth-picks, and admired again their abundant and generous hospitality; in the afternoon we had more meeting and made the appointments to office; we were then escorted in procession, accompanied by the bands (the omnipresent bands), to where our triumphal barge awaited to carry us aboard. A banquet and *baile* in the evening drew the resolute and energetic ashore once more, though our ranks were sadly shattered. Such was the day.

Our meeting of the morning had its own peculiar

side lights. The people here look upon the Commission, and particularly its President, with something of the reverence and blind faith with which the devout of Bible times regarded the Apostles who brought healing and pardon. They came today with their petitions, as those of old came with their maladies, expecting a like sudden relief. There are few of them but have a husband, or brother, or some relative in jail because of the insurrection. This morning during a recess of the Commission there was a regular influx of women, many of them carrying or leading children, seeking the liberation of their respective *parientes*. As Secretary, the flow of petitions was diverted my way. As this is an Ilocano province, and few of the distressed spoke Spanish, my explanation that the Commission could not consider their petitions *instante* fell upon deaf ears. They expected me to disburse pardons as one might hand out meal tickets. Some of them were crying and others knelt upon the floor. It was an affecting and trying situation. They were finally rounded up, and Governor Taft explained that neither as President of the Commission nor as Civil Governor could he grant pardon to those convicted of military offenses; that their petitions should be directed to the Commanding General, who would give them proper attention; that as to the petitions handed the Commission, they would be transmitted to the military authorities with recommendation of favorable action, given the pacific state of the province and the evident desire of the people for peace and order.

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VIGAN, *August 16, 1901.*

Today we were advertised for Vigan, Ilocos Sur, a place of considerable importance, but without a port. In choosing sites for their towns the Spaniards seem to have made no effort to locate them with reference to harbors. Eighteen miles beyond Vigan is a little place called Salomague, with a decent port. During half the year steamers load and unload at this point, the goods being hauled thence overland to Vigan. Owing to the season we had expected to do likewise, but last evening General Bell wired from Vigan telling us to anchor off the mouth of the Abra River and he would try to get us ashore on his launch. This we did, and were routed out before seven this morning with advice that we had fifteen minutes to dress, eat breakfast, and get baggage together for four days. The launch was some three hundred yards from the ship, and the transfer, which was made in rowboats, was exciting. We crossed the bar safely, though the channel is a tortuous one and a heavy sea was running. Later we shifted to some native *praos*, and after various meanderings landed at the little village of Cunayan. Here we were met by General Bell with transportation, a salute of seventeen guns being fired in honor of the Governor. It was a half hour's ride to Vigan over muddy roads, with rain at intervals.

Vigan is an old town, said to have been founded in 1572. Both it and the Ilocos provinces suffered sorely from the war. We were driven directly to the place of meeting, where we found awaiting us repre-

THE ODYSSEY OF

sentatives from the twenty-four towns of the province. Considering the condition of the roads, this was remarkable. The meeting differed little from others. There was some question as to choice for Provincial Secretary, so the matter was left to a vote of the Presidents; Señor Ferrer, Municipal Secretary of Vigan, being chosen.

Vigan is the military headquarters for the Second District, Northern Luzon, in command of General Bell. Every possible arrangement had been made by him for our entertainment, and there was not a single hitch in the program. A cavalry captain at the beginning of the Spanish war, General Bell has won his present rank of Brigadier General, United States Army, through sheer force of ability and character. To intrepid courage and untiring energy he has been fortunate in possessing that other quality or virtue lacking in so many of our officers here; i. e., a genuine interest in these people and in the problems facing our country in connection with them. He has learned their language and their customs; he has mixed with them and studied their wants, and needs, and limitations. Their relentless pursuer when in the field, he has been their friend and helper when they laid down their arms. He has put in three years of strenuous life in these islands, and has fairly earned his remarkable promotion. He is a man of fine appearance and pleasant address, and it is a pleasure to have known him.

We were given a reception in the evening by one of the rich Filipinos of Vigan. It was of the usual



Balsa Used on Trip to Bangued, Abra

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order, except that the dresses of the little *señoritas* appeared even more iridescent than usual.

August 17, 1901.

I had thought our trips by sea and land had left us little to experience in the way of transportation. We have now added another, however, perhaps the most interesting of all. Today we made the up-river trip from Vigan to Bangued, capital of Abra Province, on bamboo rafts, the journey occupying from eight A. M. until six of the afternoon. These rafts, or *balsas*, are made of bamboo poles lashed together, with a small raised platform in the middle, covered by a sort of prairie schooner canopy. They are from twenty-five to thirty feet long, with the highest part of the body only a few inches above the water. Each raft carries from four to six people besides the natives who manipulate it. Altogether we had a flotilla of twelve rafts. This is the only means of communication with Abra Province, and is the same today as it was a hundred and fifty years ago. All our soldiers with their supplies have gone in this way. Though but twenty-four miles distant it is an all day ride, the current making it a constant fight. The motive power is the native; sometimes they pull and sometimes push; then they tow from the bank, and again when crossing the river in deep water they row with broad paddles. The river cuts the mountain range and furnishes magnificent scenery, while the actions of our men and the sights along the shore kept our interest from flagging.

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Bangued is an interesting old place, and at one time was quite a center. The population is a mixed one, consisting of Ilocanos, Tinguianes, and Igorotes. We were quartered with the military, there being eight companies here. Six of us—LeRoy, Carpenter, Morris, Dr. Kruger, Mr. Calvin, and I—are with Dr. McKay and Lieutenant Knight, and it is a lively crowd.

August 18, 1901.

Bangued is on the ragged edge of things civilized, and revived memories of the Benguet trip. Their market square this morning was thronged with a heterogeneous mass of humanity, and the crowd that gathered later to hear the gospel of free government was but little less mixed. There appeared to be an unanimous desire for civil government, though it is doubtful if many of those present knew just what it meant. The president of one town said he had paid the school teacher from his personal funds and wanted to know how he could get his money back, as there were but two pesos in the treasury. It was in this province that Lieutenant Gillmore and his companions were held prisoners so long. Colonel Villamer, former insurrecto leader, took part in the meeting and was appointed Provincial Secretary. Major Bowen, commanding the detachment, was made Governor. The people are such a medley, and the province so poor, that the establishment of a regular government is something

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of an experiment. It will give them something to think about, however, and it gratifies their pride. There was a band concert in the evening, as also some vocal selections by local celebrities. Later there was a gathering at our quarters and we had music of our own.

August 19, 1901.

Today we descended the Abra, took ship once more, and are now well on our way to Laoag, capital of Ilocos Norte. We were up before six, not altogether rested, and at seven-thirty were at the river landing. We made the descent in less than four hours, the current sweeping our little rafts along at a great pace. In a number of places the rapids were quite swift, the water covering all but the center of our craft. We did not stop at Vigan, but continued to the river's mouth, where we took launch to the ship. The passage was a rough one, those of the party given to *avoirdufois* finding the transfer from the launch to a small boat and from thence to the ship anything but a picnic. McDonnell missed his footing and fell between the boats, but fortunately grabbed the side in falling and was pulled out in time. The possibility of mishap remained strong, however, until the last man was aboard. The sea has a nasty roll and many of the crowd are sick. We are dubious about the landing at Laoag tomorrow, which has no semblance of a port.

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LAOAG, *August 20, 1901.*

We anchored early about a mile off the mouth of the Pagsan River. The day was clear, and we could see the great breakers, crested with foam, tumbling across the bar. Our captain said no boat could live through them, but he said the same thing at Vigan, and yet we made the landing. General Bell accompanied us, bringing one of his large quartermaster launches. This latter ventured as near the breakers as possible and then whistled for about five minutes. Presently there came creeping over the waters a long native *prao*, or *barangay*, thin and snake-like, manned by twenty rowers, who slowly fought their way over the mounting waves into the comparative calm near the ship. After some debate it was decided to make a try for it, and the three Commissioners, General Bell, Señor Legarda, Mr. Fergusson, McDonnell, McCormick, Adamson, and myself were elected for the first venture. The Commissioners sat in the stern, while the rest of us with the baggage were in the body of the craft, the oarsmen being lined up on either side of the bow. We were soon among the breakers and the fun began. First the stern would tip up and then the bow, the rowers working furiously as the boat settled. As each succeeding wave towered behind it was a gamble whether it would break as it reached us or pass underneath. Three, four, five times we rode the solid crest safely, only to fall a victim to the sixth. This broke as it reached the stern, and a compact mass of green water shot forward, completely delug-



The "Merry Widow"



A Bath *Al-fresco*

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ing the three Commissioners and wetting all of us. This was the beginning of our troubles. The rowers, for some reason, lost their stroke, and the boat, instead of being held head on, began to swing into the trough of the waves. General Bell rushed forward and yelled at the men to "sigue, sigue"; Adamson climbed on some baggage and beat time with his arms, trying to give them the stroke; in the meantime the helmsman was also singing his orders and cursing the men. After some fumbling they settled to their work heroically and gradually swung the thing back into line, not, however, until two or three waves struck us, setting the baggage afloat and soaking us to the skin. Had that boat not been righted before it caught the full force of those breakers side on, the chances are there would have been big headlines in the States papers in the morning, with obituary notices of varying length. With that surf running we would have swamped dead sure, and I doubt if any swimmer could have lived in such sea and undertow.

We made the landing finally, a dilapidated bunch, and were met by a variety of conveyances for the four-mile drive to Laoag. Our clothes dried fairly well en route, and we proceeded direct to the session hall. We were delayed half an hour, however, waiting for Judge Ide to dry his shirt. Shortly afterward the second installment of our party got in, having fortunately made the landing without accident.

Our original schedule called for leaving today,

but as the surf is usually higher in the afternoon, it was decided to remain in Laoag overnight. At noon, however, a wire was received telling of a typhoon brewing off the northeast coast of Luzon. As this, possibly, meant our being cooped in Laoag for a week or more unless we got away at once, it was decided to return to the ship before nightfall. The Commission had some trouble in deciding upon its appointees, and, instead of getting away at four, as expected, it was five-thirty before the meeting adjourned and a start was made for the landing. It was the evil luck of some of us — Carpenter, LeRoy, Schlotfeldt, Calvin, Morris, and I — to get a driver who knew nothing of the road and little about driving. We had a four-mule team, and the first move of our driver was to go half a mile beyond the river crossing. It developed finally that he didn't know where the ford was, and considerable delay resulted in getting information. After we did cross, he took the long way round, adding a couple of unnecessary miles. He showed no disposition to hurry, and, having no whip, the mules also took their own time. We were still over a mile out at sunset, with a dark bank of clouds working up from the south. A bit further on we met the vehicles which had carried the rest of the party. General Bell was quite surprised when he saw us, and told us to hurry. He detailed an officer to return with us, who succeeded in infusing a little life into our driver — and the other mules. Reaching the river, we found the others already gone and only a small *barangay* with

some eight rowers at the pier. Night had now fallen, a pale moon and a few stars shining along the edge of the rising storm clouds. We started down the river at once, urging the rowers to their best, but they were too few to make rapid headway. Reaching the mouth of the river, where the swell began and the boom of the breakers grew louder, our oarsmen turned about and flatly refused to go further, saying they were too few to ride the surf. As none of them understood either Spanish or English, it made the situation quite exasperating. Just at this time, when the outlook was most discouraging, the *praos* which had carried the others loomed darkly on the waves, returning from the ship. We hailed them, and with considerable difficulty prevailed on one of them to take us aboard. They didn't want to return, and it is doubtful if they would have done so had not a soldier happened aboard, who simply pushed those overboard who showed reluctance, replacing them with others. Four new men were drafted, and we started with twenty rowers. To cheer us on our way the soldier (who did not return) said that the others came near drowning, and that everybody had gotten wet. Out we went, however, the tops of the waves looming white through the gathering darkness and the roar of the surf filling our ears. This time, however, there was no wavering on the part of crew or captain. Whether nerved by the night and danger, or profiting by their previous trips, we rode the giant waves swiftly and safely, only one splash of water

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coming aboard. We fared better than the others. They made the trip in two sections, one of the *praos* being nearly swamped, while the other had a hole stove in the bottom and was only kept from sinking by McCormick taking off his clothes and stopping the leak with them. Altogether they had a serious and almost tragic time of it. We were not missed until noses were counted aboard, and then our delay was unaccountable. They doubted we would venture out after nightfall, and their surprise was great when we showed up. Owing to the threatened typhoon it was imperative that the ship get away, and had we been delayed another half hour, they would have sailed without us. Thus are provincial governments organized in the Philippines.

August 21, 1901.

The scheduled storm did not break, and we anchored off Aparri early this morning beneath a cloudless sky. Aparri is at the extreme north of Luzon, at the mouth of the Cayagan River, one of the largest streams of the Archipelago. More than half the large tobacco crop of the islands is grown in the Cayagan Valley, which is noted for its fertility and richness. The Compañia Tabacalera has big interests here, and maintains a line of boats on the river, one of which is to take us on our two days' journey inland. Aparri itself is on a jutting sand point reaching out into the ocean, and does not impress one as a very desirable place to live.

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Shortly after eight we transferred to the river steamer and started up the Cagayan. All day long we steamed up that magnificent waterway, the green, luxuriant valley to either side, flanked by the dark hills beyond. The air was fresh, the chairs comfortable, the lunch good—a perfect day and a perfect scene, furnishing a restful change from the stress of the days just gone. We saw considerable native life, both in passing boats and in the little villages along the banks. Most of the people were gathered on the shore as we passed, the local band being always in attendance.

We reached the Tuguegarao landing shortly after sunset, followed by a four-mile drive to the town. Some delay was experienced in assigning the party, as the commanding officer had not been advised of our number. The German Consul, Mr. Calvin, Morris, and I found a home with the head of the Alhambra Tobacco Company, who entertained us royally.

August 22, 1901.

Tuguegarao, capital of the Cagayan province, took a holiday today. Our session was an interesting one, with plenty of local color. The people were rather a superior lot, and followed the proceedings closely. There has been little real trouble in the province. A large banquet and *baile* were had in the evening, giving the feminine portion of the town a chance to shine. Some thirty of them were out, arrayed in all the gorgeousness of Filipino finery.

THE ODYSSEY OF

August 23, 1901.

We were up at five today, but, despite the early hour, the river bank was crowded when we made our start for Ilagan, capital of Isabela. We took breakfast on the boat and it would be hard to imagine a more delightful environment. The broad river, the green valley, and the white, drifting clouds against the background of the mountains furnished an ideal setting. There is a grandeur about this river that inspires one. Today, as yesterday, the little villages *en route* had built arches and were down in force to watch us go by. They had expended considerable time and money on their decorations, and our contribution seemed very inadequate.

As we sailed along we saw great stretches of country entirely without sign of cultivation. This wonderful valley, richer in its potentialities of wealth than the delta of the Nile or the fertile plains of the Ganges, is practically uninhabited. Its few towns and villages are peopled largely by importations from the Ilocos and other provinces, brought in originally to work upon the scattered tobacco estates, formerly a government monopoly. The conception held by many that the Philippines have the congested population usual in Oriental countries is altogether erroneous. The approximate population of the Philippines is about sixty-six to the square mile, as compared to three hundred and fifty in Java, two hundred and ninety in Japan, and two hundred in India. Less than thirty-five per cent of the land in the islands is even claimed in private ownership, it being

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estimated that there still remain under state control over seventy million acres of virgin land. It is an empire of unlimited possibilities, awaiting only the magic touch of capital and enterprise to yield untold treasure.

We reached Ilagan shortly after two, the plan being to drive to the hacienda of the Tabacalera Company (some eight miles out), spend the night there, and return to Ilagan in the morning. We were advised, however, that many of the delegates had been in town over three days, and had made preparations to entertain us that evening. Our program was changed accordingly, and, khaki-clad and travel-stained, as we were, we drove direct to the place of meeting.

The afternoon was hot—indeed, one of the hottest we have experienced on any of our trips. The session was held in the home of the president, where the people packed in suffocating numbers. As Governor Taft and associates ascended the steps flowers were scattered upon them, and two or three enterprising *señoritas* opened some bottles of perfume and deluged them with the contents. Taken in small doses, it may have been good perfume, but in quantities it was a vile stuff and made the recipients smell for the afternoon like a wrecked drug store. The session lasted some three hours, and hot is no name for it. The principal topic was whether Nueva Vizcaya should be united with Isabel. It was later decided not to unite the provinces, as the mixed character of the peoples of Nueva

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Vizcaya made a special form of government necessary.

The entertainment of our party was taken in hand by the natives. One family had arranged to entertain the three Commissioners, Mr. Fergusson, and myself. Two rooms had been set aside, one with three beds and the other with two. Commissioners Worcester and Ide shied at the proposition. Governor Taft accepted, however, and Mr. Fergusson, Mr. Carpenter, and I filled in. The beds were gorgeous affairs, almost too fine to sleep in. There was the usual banquet and *baile*, though the night was too warm for the best results in dancing.

August 24, 1901.

Today has been hot and strenuous, but interesting. The morning session lasted but an hour, there being nothing to do but make the appointments to office. We started immediately afterward for the hacienda "San Antonio," property of the Tabacalera Company. Some of the crowd drove in ambulances, the rest going on horseback. The road was a rough one, and the sun beat down mercilessly. Our mounts were regular farm horses and galloped like cows. The detachment here is one of mounted infantry, and the men know absolutely nothing about horses. I have ridden many brands of *caballos*, but never one whose gait was so fearfully up and down as the one I rode today.

The hacienda contains about seventeen thousand acres, being the largest of the estates owned by the

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company in this valley. The manager's house is a two-story structure with a wide veranda and overlooks miles of plain and bottom land. All the employees (and the estate supports a veritable colony) had gathered to witness our coming, there being the customary arches, bands, flags, etc. All the local managers from up and down the valley were present, making quite a gathering. Tiffin was served on the veranda, and there was nothing lacking in the way of food and drink. Naturally there was nothing lacking in the smoking line. It was a cosmopolitan crowd, many of those present having spent the better part of their lives in the Far East, with a knowledge of Oriental problems and peoples gained at first hand. Later we visited the tobacco warehouses and had many new things explained to us. Truth to tell, however, our party was pretty well tired out. Lack of sleep, banquets and *bailes*, new people and places, rapid changes, the heat, etc., had begun to tell. Some of the crowd started back in the ambulances before dinner, among them a few of our ambitious horsemen of earlier in the day. It had been arranged for the Commissioners and a few other heavyweights to go down the river by moonlight, after dinner. Five of us decided to see the thing through on horseback, even if we had to stand to eat our meals for a week. We had a big spread in the evening, but did not tackle it with the avidity of the mid-day meal. Among the dishes was some "alligator steak," the said alligator having been killed during the afternoon. Most of us approached it with diffi-

dence, but nearly everyone tried it. When ready to leave we found that our escort had been entertained not wisely but too well and were all drunk. Morris, Schlodtfeldt, Carpenter, LeRoy, and I started off alone. I succeeded in purloining a new horse, but he was little better than the old one. LeRoy also made a change, but fared worse. We started out at a gallop and beat over the road without slackening speed, making the ride in little over an hour. The night was a splendid moonlight one, but the conditions did not permit our observing its beauties closely. Considering the nature of the road, we were fortunate in getting through without accident. We reached town tired, dusty, and covered with perspiration.

On leaving the meeting that morning I had turned over to the vice-president a small valise containing various important papers—among them the record of all the provinces organized on this journey—telling him to have it sent down to the house. When we got in—about eleven P. M.—the valise was not there. As we were scheduled to rise at 5:30 in the morning and leave at six, the situation was not a happy one. I did not relish the idea of preparing the record of all those meetings from memory, which is about what I would have had to do if the grip was lost. Mr. Carpenter was for scouring the town for it at that hour. As everybody in the place was abed and asleep, I felt unequal to the excitement his project involved. I thought it better to get a little sleep and take a chance at it in the morning.

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August 25, 1901.

I got up this morning feeling as sore as Don Quixote after his encounter with the windmills. My first concern was for the missing valise. After stirring up a number of people, and getting them properly excited, the valise was discovered at the house occupied by the other Commissioners. It was unearthed just as we were starting for the landing.

Having the current with us, we made the descent to Aparri in one day, reaching there at six in the evening. The ride was particularly pleasant, as we were all tired enough to loaf and thoroughly enjoy it. We saw today several carabao rafts. They consist of four or five bamboo poles lashed together, to which the carabao is hitched. The family gets on the raft, stack their goods and chattels on their heads, and the carabao is started across the river, little more than his nose being above water. The people sit in the water up to their arms, their weight sinking the raft below the surface.

Too high praise cannot be given Mr. Weber, manager of the Tobacco Company, for the manner in which he has arranged this river trip. The service has been perfect, and everything moved smoothly. We took dinner on the *Aldecoa*. There was some talk of an entertainment ashore, but it was unanimously vetoed.

APARRI, *August 26, 1901.*

As Governor Taft had promised the people of Aparri to stop with them on the return trip, we all

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went ashore this morning. Most elaborate preparations had been made to receive us, and our reception was enthusiastic. Colonel Hood, who is in command, seems to have inspired the confidence of the people and to have done good work among them. We went in procession from the landing through the town, finally stopping at Colonel Hood's quarters, where there was handshaking and speeches, followed later by a banquet and dancing. There was woe and disappointment, particularly among the ladies, when it was learned that we expected to leave at three o'clock. A bevy of them surrounded Judge Taft and begged and pleaded with him to stay until twelve that night. This was a rather unusual proceeding for Filipino women, and made us think we were back home. They would all talk at once, and when Mr. Fergusson started to interpret, they would break in on him before he was half through and simply overwhelm him with words. As to stay longer meant the loss of a day in our itinerary, their pleading was in vain. We went aboard at three and sailed at four. Father Aglipay came near being left, the boat having to be stopped for him after it was under way. We do not reach Iba until tomorrow night, which gives us a chance to pull together, after our five days' hike up the river.

August 28, 1901.

Yesterday was spent at sea, the weather proving a decided improvement over the up-trip. Today we

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succeeded in making a landing at Iba and organized a government for Zambales. The place is small, the province occupying a narrow strip between the coast range and the sea and being almost inaccessible. It has but one good port, Subic, and its roads are miserable. Though within twelve hours of Manila by sea, the officers and men have not received any mail for a month. Few vessels have any occasion to stop at Iba, and, if they do, can seldom effect a landing.

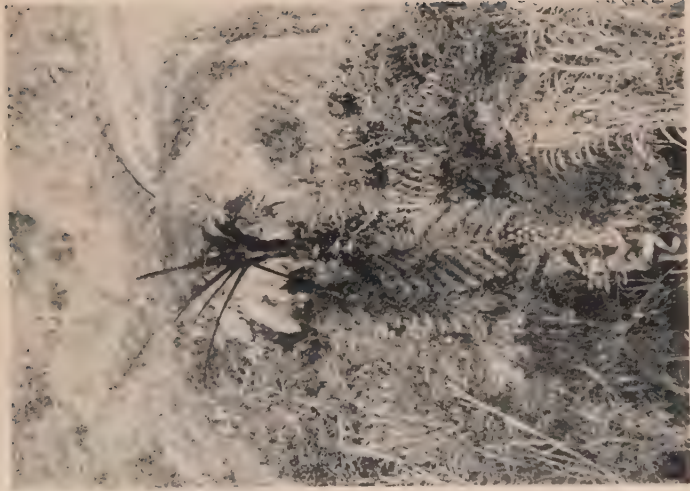
Our meeting today was the usual one, being held in the village church, furnishing a large, cool hall, better than most places we have visited. The people had planned a banquet for the evening, but we were compelled to go aboard early, before the sea became boisterous. A dinner was given at 2:30, and at 4:30 we were safely aboard and bound for Manila. This will end our "Provincial Tours." Including Benguet, we have organized thirty-four provinces, and in our journeyings have visited and held sessions with the people of forty-three different places. Whatever may be the result of the work done, and however it may be viewed by different persons, it has been done with true motives and with an earnest and sincere desire to serve and help these people.

MANILA, *August 29, 1901.*

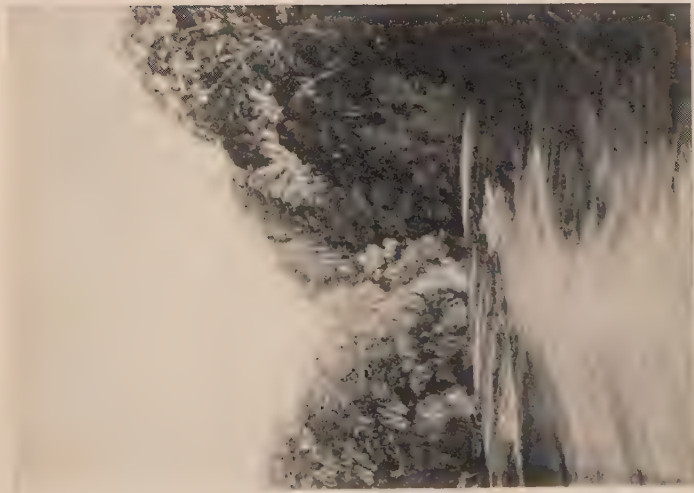
We awoke today in Manila Bay, and it was good to see again the green frontage of the Malecon, the wide expanse of the Luneta, and the white and red

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of the old Convento buildings in the Walled City. It is a picture that grows on one the more he becomes saturated with the life of this country. At eight we had scattered to our different homes, unanimous in saying we had had a great journey, but with no regrets that it was over. While the most interesting we have taken, it has also been the hardest.



Igorote Climbing a Tree Fern



River Scene Showing Dense Forest Growth

XVI

THE MACHINERY IN MOTION

MANILA, *September 11, 1901.*

WE HAVE settled back once more to grinding out laws, and to considering the multitudinous petitions and suggestions of a people more prolific in precept than in practice. Some of these petitions are literary curiosities, particularly those written in English. The method evidently employed is to first draft them in Spanish and then write above each word the dictionary equivalent in English, no account being taken of the different construction of the two languages. This literal rendering of the Spanish is then copied and submitted for our enlightenment. One ardent writer, seeking to say that he was "sighing" for liberty, picked the wrong equivalent for the Spanish word *suspirar* (to sigh) and said he was *gaping* for liberty.

The tariff bill prepared by the Commission, and sent to Washington for suggestion, has been returned with some few changes. It has been considered in executive session for the past two days, and public discussion commences this morning; this will likely last three or four days. Mr. W. Morgan

THE ODYSSEY OF

Shuster, the new Collector of Customs, brought the bill from Washington and is assisting in the discussion. With him came Mr. Charles A. Conant, an expert on coinage and banking, who is to prepare a report on the currency situation of the islands. Certainly something is necessary to relieve us of the present chaotic condition of our money. After this comes the Criminal Code and Code of Criminal Procedure, prepared by Commissioner Wright, which it will likely take some time to whip into popular shape. In addition to this current work, the Commission is supposed to have its Annual Report ready to forward on October fifteenth, so that it may reach Washington in time for reference to Congress December first. This report is to include not only a *résumé* of what has been done during the year, but also recommendations covering future Congressional action. This latter feature may have far-reaching consequences, and cannot be done between two days.

Interest during the past two weeks has centered somewhat on the six hundred teachers who arrived on the *Thomas*. They are quartered in some nipa buildings on the Exposition grounds, and are getting their first taste of pioneering. They are being distributed to the provinces as rapidly as possible, and there has been some weeping over the assignments. Well, they are not in for any further picnic. Thus far they have had a good time, for it is no small experience to most of them—that trip across the States, the stop in San Francisco, the ride across the

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Pacific, and the new and strange life of Manila. The chances are they will find existence in the small interior pueblos, where there will be few if any Americans besides themselves, and where they will have none of the comforts and social diversions to which they are used, altogether different from what they pictured. The life is apt to grow deadly monotonous, and it will take something of the missionary and of the Spartan to enable them to stick it out. Their opportunities for doing good work are great, however. The cry has gone up all over the land for schools and school teachers, and, if they exercise tact and intelligence, their influences in moulding the thought of the people will be extraordinary. I have no doubt many of them will rise to their opportunities, and the future will mark their greatness.

The addition of Messrs. Tavera, Legarda, and Luzuriaga to the Commission on September first has undoubtedly created a good impression among the people. Tavera and Legarda speak English fairly well, but Sr. Luzuriaga does not. This renders our sessions (executive) rather tedious, as everything said must be interpreted. I believe the move to be a good one, however.

There has been considerable agitation among the Filipinos recently over the organization of new political parties. They are never so happy as when mixing in politics, and as they all want to be at the head of something, it requires numerous parties to satisfy them. The Federal Party, the first organized, has the advantage of being early in the field

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and of representing the sane and sober element of the community. As opposed to this there sprang up the "Conservative" Party, whose exact political creed I have never been able to fathom. A Señor Poblete has now launched what is known as the "National Party," which has, though rather veiled, the ultimate design of securing the independence of the islands under a protectorate. The whole business appears somewhat ridiculous—this organizing of parties before there is a government, and before they really know what the designs of the United States toward them are.

In his speech upon swearing in the new Commissioners, Governor Taft spoke rather plainly to these professional party organizers. He said the American Government was not opposed to political parties, for it recognized that it was through them the various sentiments of the people found expression. He did think, however, that the time was not ripe here to indulge in "theories of government." He said the Commission was laboring day and night trying to bring order out of chaos; that these party organizers, engaged in developing beautiful ideals, had better put their shoulders to the wheel and help place the present system on a firm basis. If they found fault with the laws which were being passed by the Commission, let them offer amendments and changes, or suggest other legislation which they thought would assist in accomplishing the result at which the Commission was aiming; then, after a stable government was organized, and after peace

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and order and tranquillity had been achieved, they might develop their theories as to what an ideal government should be. Now the question was a practical one and not one for dreaming. It was a good talk and came with a jolt to some of these would-be statesmen.

What they all want is office, and their personal feelings and interests are always paramount. While their professions are of the best—and frequently their intentions at the time—they are easily swayed in their opinions, and it is impossible to tell at what unexpected place they will break out next. They lose sight of practical things in chasing rainbows and shadows, and without a strong hand to guide them and direct their energies would be apt to fly off at a tangent. Our hardest task here will be to save these people from themselves. Their tendency is to want things too soon. If much is given them, they cry for more, with the chance that they will get it and by misuse give room to say that they are incapable of any measure of self-government. The danger is not that we will give the Filipinos too little, but that we will give them too much at this stage of their development.

The last few days brought us news of the attempted assassination of President McKinley. It came with a terrible shock here, as it must everywhere. Our latest news is encouraging and holds out the prospect of recovery. We trust it may be so, and that his assassin, and all like him, may be exterminated.

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MANILA, *October 1, 1901.*

The same pace is still being set in our work, with October sixteenth, when the Annual Report of the Commission is to be forwarded, as a temporary goal. The account of the provincial organization is to be included, and I have no alternative but to dig it out of my notes. I have ten or twelve provinces left, and it seems impossible to find time to condense them for the record. We are still waiting for stenographers, and have gone into the byways and hedges trying to borrow or steal them. Governor Taft is ill, and is doing most of his work in bed. I have a slight attack of malaria, and my voice has a habit of running down to a whisper early in the afternoon. The work has been hard and continuous now for over a year, the Commission having taken active charge September first, 1900. It is difficult to estimate what has been done in that time and is now doing. In legislative work alone some two hundred and forty-eight laws have been passed, most of them having to be shaped to meet new and untried conditions. A new government is being created from the ground up, piece being added to piece as the days and weeks go by. It is an interesting phenomenon, this thing of building a modern commonwealth on a foundation of medievalism—the giving to this country at one fell swoop all the innovations and discoveries which have marked centuries of Anglo-Saxon push and energy. I doubt if in the world's history anything similar has been attempted; that is, the transplanting so rapidly of the ideas and

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improvements of one civilization upon another. The whole fabric is being made over; scarcely anything is left as it was. Having started to mend the machinery, we have found that all the parts must be replaced in order to make the thing move. No doubt the pace is a little warm for these people, but, having entered the course, there is nothing left now but to run the race.

The trials and tribulations involved can hardly be appreciated by those not on the ground. Aside from the material upon which we have to work—"half devil and half child"—there is the other heart-breaking condition—lack of proper tools. To spring a full-blown system of government on so large a population as this requires many men to operate the different parts, and the hardest thing to encounter today, as in the days of Diogenes, is a perfectly capable and honest man. Provinces are started on their way, the people eager and anxious for the blessings they imagine are to flow from civil government; some incompetent person, either through lack of tact or principle, brings the whole scheme into discredit, and the people become sullen and reactionary.

The best men found available anywhere have been used for official positions, and most have proven conscientious and capable—but some have not. We are on trial before these people, if not before the world, and it comes hard to see the work hampered and delayed through the selfishness and incompetency of individuals. Giving due credit to our

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friends the military for suppressing the insurrection, they have assisted little in that wider work undertaken by our government of winning these people to a sympathetic cooperation in bringing orderly government out of the chaos resulting from years of war and disrupted industry. They hang on to their dictatorial powers as though that was the end of government. The Commission has maintained no press agent, either here or at home, and the criticisms of its work and policy have remained largely unanswered. The American public, so far as it has concerned itself at all with the problem here, has apparently taken the attitude that we are unduly restricting the liberties and privileges of a struggling people.

Such persons know little or nothing about the actual situation, and, while capable of being immensely practical where their personal or private interests are concerned, they can be the most foolishly sentimental and impractical when treating of the interests of others.

Despite all obstacles, however, a tremendous change has been worked in the sentiment of these people toward our sovereignty during the past year. I sincerely believe that the great majority of them are now convinced that we are not here to exploit them, and are earnest in our desire to advance their interests, both politically and materially. In any estimate of this remarkable transformation of opinion, too much stress cannot be placed upon the personality of the Commission, and particularly upon that of

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Governor Taft, its President. With a people accustomed to relying little upon what is told them, but a great deal upon the manner of the telling, the influence of his genial smile and hearty laugh, his patience, his sincerity, his tact, and his evident interest in their welfare, has counted more in winning their cooperation and good will than all the proclamations which could have been issued. They have learned to know that what he says is true, and that from first to last he has labored and is laboring for them, placing their interests and their wishes, so far as possible, above all else. To few has it been given to conquer in so short a time the hostility and antagonism of practically a whole race, and to transform into affectionate regard the distrust of a beaten people. Our country can never be sufficiently thankful that he was appointed to lead the destinies of these islands during this transition period. He has impressed his personality upon the situation, and given a trend to the current of affairs which can never be altogether changed, and which will redound to the benefit of the Filipino people and to the credit of our country through all time.

Since my last was written the news of President McKinley's death came to us. It has been felt here keenly, both by Americans and natives, for I believe the Filipinos had come to feel that their interests were near to the heart of the President. While I do not think our general policy here will be affected, the possibility of it just at this time of nation building is unfortunate.

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U. S. TRANSPORT *Sheridan*,
EN ROUTE MANILA TO NAGASAKI,

October 20, 1901.

When you receive this letter I will be close behind it. That this is so cannot be more of a surprise to you than it is to me. It has all come about through the Annual Report of the Commission. Work as the Commission would upon it, the sailing date of the transport drew nigh with much yet to be done. It was imperative, however, that it be in the hands of the Secretary of War before the meeting of Congress on December second. As I had about reached the stage where a vacation of some kind was necessary, Governor Taft asked me if I would take charge of getting the report back to Washington, using the time en route to put the thing in order. The War Department had also instructed that a secretary be furnished Mr. Charles A. Conant, the financial expert, as far as San Francisco, to assist in preparing his report on coinage and banking for the islands. Needless to say, I needed no urging to act as messenger for that report or as aide to Mr. Conant. I had a day and a half's notice, but half a day would have been ample.

Our transport sailed at noon on the sixteenth. It was eleven o'clock that morning, however, before the Commissioners finally signed their report and the manuscript, with its mass of exhibits, was turned over to me. It was truly the "eleventh hour."

I am supposed to be back in Manila within ninety

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days. I have spent most of the first three of them sleeping, but am confident the next eighty-seven will furnish their share of interest and excitement. It is good to be headed for the "Golden Gate" again, with its vision of old friends, theaters, restaurants, and all those sights and sounds which time and distance have a tendency to halo with a light "never seen on sea or land."

We have aboard the transport a number of the "Congressional Party" which has been visiting the islands—among them, DeArmand of Missouri, Caines of Tennessee, Weeks of Michigan, and Mercer of Nebraska. They have been out to "learn the truth on the ground." They took a trip about the islands on a government transport, and presumably saw and talked to much the same people. Before leaving Manila two of them, representing different political beliefs, became so surcharged with ideas that they were able to spare a few pearls for those of us condemned to remain. Witness, however, the strange transmutation of truth as they had gained it in company. One of them said the Filipino people were "nothing but savages with a thin veneer of civilization." This was rather unkind of him, considering his exalted station. They had a champion, however, in the Congressman with the Methodist handle to his name, who took his brother representative to task and expressed it as his belief that the country was simply "swarming with latent Fred Douglasses awaiting the beneficent rays of Democracy to burst into bloom." The controversy

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was later carried into the newspapers, much to the edification of the old inhabitants. It was of a visiting statesman called "Pagett, M. P.," who had come to India to settle in a few months its century-old problems, that Kipling wrote:

"And I laughed as I drove from the station, but the mirth
died out on my lips,
As I thought of the fools like Pagett who write of their
'Eastern Trips;'
And the sneers of the travelled idiots who duly misgovern
the land,
And I prayed the Lord to deliver another one into my hand."



Igorote Woman



One of the People

XVII

TWELVE YEARS LATER

MANILA, *April, 1913.*

A DECADE and more has passed since the events described in the preceding chronicle. It is a long time in the life of an individual, but a short time in the life of a people. Death and far places have called most of the little group who then shared our "Philippine problem," but the problem itself remains, to all intents, unchanged. Now, as then, one of our great parties is seeking to make an "Issue" of the Philippines, and Filipino radicals are crying for independence with the same cheerful disregard of consequences that marked Mabini's appeal in 1900. Americans who have given of their life and thought to this work decry any change in our present policy; anti-imperialists and political traders in the States, whose experience is bounded by parlor cars and hotel lobbies, declaim about "the consent of the governed" and then spank their children for applying the principle in the home. It would all be a matter for mirth were it not that a helpless people, and the honor and good faith of a great nation, are the pawns being played for personal and partisan ends.

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This chapter is supposed to set down in orderly fashion some record of what has transpired here during the past twelve years. All that can be hoped is that it will encourage an impartial inquiry by those desirous of knowing the truth. The writer claims no authority other than that which comes from long residence in the islands and a more or less active participation in Philippine affairs. He is no longer in government employ, and holds no brief for any person or party—his sole purpose being to give form to what he feels to be common knowledge to those who have shared his experiences.

In any discussion of the problem here fronting the United States, it is well to emphasize certain facts which some of our countrymen have apparently forgotten. The first of these is that our being in the Philippines is not the act of any class or party, but represents the will of the American people. Our war with Spain was not a partisan affair, but resulted from the pressure of an almost unanimous public sentiment. The taking of Manila, which was a logical outcome of that war, roused our people to the highest enthusiasm. The sending of American troops to the islands, both to prosecute the war against Spain and to preserve public order thereafter, met scarcely a dissenting voice. The outbreak of the Philippine insurrection—being a protest of at least certain elements of the people against our occupation—occurred February 4, 1899, *before* our Senate, by a non-party vote, approved the Treaty of Paris, thus confirming our title to the islands and

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ratifying the action theretofore taken by President McKinley under his war power. Record hath it that Mr. Bryan, the apostle of Democracy, was quite active in bringing about this result.

Another popular error is that the Philippines have cost, and are costing, the United States, "untold millions" of dollars, for which some person or policy is to blame. As the destruction of Spanish sovereignty in the islands was a natural outcome of our war with that country, so, too, the restoration of orderly government thereafter was a duty owing not only to the mass of the Filipinos, but to the world at large. The money thus spent constitutes a legitimate debit against our war with Spain, and should not be entered as a charge for which the islands, or some particular policy concerning them, are responsible. Normal conditions having been restored, the only direct outlay since incurred by the home government has been the slightly increased expense of maintaining some fifteen to twenty thousand troops in the islands to what it would cost in the States. This is more than compensated, however, by the greater efficiency of our soldiers, and of the army generally, acquired through the experiences of this semi-foreign service.

To the above item some would possibly add money spent in enlarging our navy, and in building island defenses. Eliminating the Philippines, however, we still have the Hawaiian Islands, Alaska, Guam, an extended Pacific coast line, and the Panama Canal, quite an argument in themselves for our naval pro-

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gram. Money spent in fortifying naval bases and coaling stations can scarcely be termed wasteful, as these would be retained whatever action we take.

As to the internal administration of the islands, all expenditures for such account are met now, and have been met since the beginning, from insular revenues. The truth is that whatever money was spent in restoring a stable government here could not in decency have been avoided, while the burden to the United States thereafter has been and is trivial. All this is so easily verified as to cause surprise at the prevailing ignorance of the fact.

Others of our people say the Philippines "do not pay." That our self-respect as a nation is involved, or that we have deliberately assumed obligations before the world, mean nothing to these persons. Their horizon is bounded by dollars and cents, and because these are not immediately forthcoming they would scuttle like rats from a sinking ship. Of much the same type are those alarmists who pretend to see in our occupation of the islands some sort of menace to the government builded by the fathers. It is the same old cry which has gone up since the boundaries of the original Thirteen States were first pushed westward. The purchase of Florida and Louisiana, the annexation of Texas, the gradual extension of our frontier to the Pacific, and then on to Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands, all gave rise to these prophets of gloom, who reveled in pictures of national disaster following each addition to our domain. That all now laugh at the folly of these

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"little Americans" deters not a whit this new crop of pessimists, who launch as new gospel all the time-worn arguments of their discredited predecessors.

Our occupation of the Philippines was undertaken in altruism, and, critics to the contrary, all our work since has been directed to the regeneration of the islands and their people. For those who would measure the value of our new possessions from a purely selfish standpoint, however, it might be said our country could not well have been more fortunate. Students of affairs are unanimous that the center of world interest, political and commercial, has shifted, or is shifting, to the Pacific and to the countries which rib its shores. There dwell the bulk of earth's inhabitants, the vast majority of whom are but now awakening to the call of progress. The needs and wants and future destiny of these millions of people are agitating the chancelleries of the world, all of whom are striving for advantage in the present world-wide struggle for trade supremacy. Without our seeking, fate has thrust upon us this wonderful group of islands, rich in every natural resource and lying at the very doors of all that vast population sweeping in almost unbroken chain from Vladivostok on the north to Australia on the south. Coupled with the Panama Canal, the Hawaiian Islands, and Guam, the Philippines furnish a line of communication and of trade opportunity whose strategic importance in this new war of the future is unrivaled.

Time was when orators could harp on the "splendid isolation" of our country and get a ready re-

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sponse. With the growing need for world products and world markets, however, and the gradual development of a national spirit which refuses to accept the narrow provincialism of the past as a measure either of our obligations or opportunities, that time has gone forever. We have a part to play in international politics and policies which we could not escape if we would, and which none but fossils can regret or seek to stay.

We acquired the Philippines through conquest and purchase. They were ours to do with as we pleased, and every historical precedent would have sanctioned their exploitation as a national asset. Instead, we voluntarily pledged the Filipino people that our administration of the country would be for their benefit and protection, and not for our own financial aggrandizement.

We promised to give them — so far and as fast as possible — all those things which minister to the material, mental, and moral uplift of a people, together with a constantly increasing participation in government as they developed capacity therefor. More than this could not reasonably have been demanded by them, nor insisted upon by the most sentimental or partisan of our people. Since then the years have set their seal upon our work, and we should be praised or blamed according as they tell of faith kept or broken. What the United States have done in the Philippines is an open book which all who will may read. I state unhesitatingly that we have kept the faith, and that neither here nor at

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home is there just ground for complaint or criticism at the record which stands revealed.

Upon the material side of the problem — the shaping of conditions which make for progress, enlightenment and well-being — the following summary of things done will give an idea how we have met the call upon us:

Courts with a simplified procedure have been established, where justice is neither bought nor sold, and where rich and poor fare alike.

Brigandage and lawlessness have been suppressed, and life and property are protected and respected as never before in the history of the Archipelago.

The wild tribes of the islands, who took heads and slaughtered each other without let or hindrance in the old days, have, under the wise supervision and guidance of Hon. Dean C. Worcester and his corps of heroic assistants, entered upon ways of peace, industry, and public order. It is a work the magnitude of which is only beginning to be appreciated even in the Philippines.

An educational system has been perfected which offers to every Filipino child a free public school education. Nearly seven hundred thousand children are now enrolled, and English, with its store of literary treasure, is rapidly becoming the common language of the people. High schools and normal institutes, housed in modern buildings, are within the reach of all, and a Philippine University, with full literary and professional courses, has recently been organized. Manual training schools, which teach

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not only useful trades, but also the dignity of labor, are being opened in constantly increasing numbers. Hundreds of Filipino students have been sent to the States at public expense, where they have received, and are receiving, the best technical training of our colleges.

Health and quarantine services have been organized whose work in forestalling epidemics, in freeing the islands from plague, smallpox, and other endemic diseases, and in teaching and enforcing sanitation and sanitary living among all classes, would alone justify our occupation. Manila has to her credit a new and complete sewerage system, an extended water service, an up-to-date General Hospital, and a Bureau of Government Laboratories whose investigations into the cause and cure of tropical diseases have given it front rank among the scientific institutions of the world. The lepers of the islands, formerly scattered throughout the community, have been segregated, and are now well cared for on the Island of Culion. A determined fight, with every chance of success, is being waged against tuberculosis and infant mortality, the dread scourges of these people. The importation and smoking of opium have been prohibited, and a vice which threatened to fasten itself upon the islands is being effectually eradicated. Modern markets, where cleanliness is the watchword, have replaced the unwholesome and death-dealing plazas where food and drink were formerly sold, while artesian wells, furnishing that indispensable requisite for health in the tropics,

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pure water, are now to be found in almost every municipality.

Transportation facilities have been revolutionized. The one hundred and twenty miles of railroad existing in 1898 have been increased to over seven hundred, with some six hundred miles in project and under construction. Nearly two thousand miles of macadam roads have been built, opening up the great interior of the country and making it possible for the people to market their products at a profit. The island waters have been sounded, charted, and studded with lighthouses, making navigation something more than a lottery. Great port works have been completed in Manila, Cebu, Iloilo, and other places, furnishing safe anchorage and docking facilities for ocean-going vessels. Inter-island shipping has been fostered and encouraged, mail routes have been extended and cheapened, and the Archipelago laced with cable and telegraph lines.

A comprehensive irrigation system, financed by the Government under an arrangement for eventual reimbursement, is being extended to various parts of the islands, with the certainty of enormously increasing the agricultural output.

A well-patronized Postal Savings Bank is in operation, encouraging habits of industry and thrift among a people noted for their improvidence. A Government agricultural bank is also gradually relieving the lack of capital on the part of landowners.

Taxation has been equalized, and revenue is now

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collected according to the means of the individual rather than according to class, as in former times. Despite the wide scope of Government activities, the per capita contribution is but two dollars and odd cents, being less than that of any civilized country in the world.

A stable currency, based on gold, has replaced the mongrel and fluctuating medium which, upon our coming, made all business operations a gamble.

The large Friar estates, which were a center of disturbance and discontent, have been purchased by the Government and are now being sold and leased to the occupants on easy terms.

A Registration Act has been adopted (Torrens) which enables every owner of real property to secure a guaranteed title to his holdings in place of the questionable ownership heretofore applicable to most privately claimed lands.

Forest regulations have been adopted which protect this great source of island wealth from undue waste and destruction, and yet encourage capital in its exploitation.

A Public Land Act has been enacted which enables every Filipino to acquire a free homestead, and they are encouraged to do so.

Church and state have been divorced, and the people relieved of one of their greatest grievances under Spain. Freedom of worship, of speech, and of the press have been guaranteed — privileges which many Filipinos, in their sudden release from old restraints, are inclined to abuse.

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Bilibid, the great island prison, has been transformed from a veritable death trap into an institution which would serve as a model in any country. Criminals are taught useful trades, and, as a reward for meritorious conduct, are transferred to the self-governing and self-supporting penal colony of Iwahig, where every opportunity is given them to become useful citizens.

Philippine imports have increased from \$16,285,044 in Spanish times to \$61,667,901 in 1912, and exports from \$20,457,279 to \$54,784,738. Free trade applies upon all States' products coming to the Philippines, and upon all island products entering the States except sugar and tobacco, upon which a complaisant Congress placed a limitation at the behest of the sugar and tobacco trusts.

There has been a general increase in salaries and wages, and the people are better fed, better housed, and better clothed than ever before.

Baseball and tennis are becoming the national games of the country, and the rising generation not only bids fair to abandon the cock-pit as a means of recreation, but to represent a type of physical development heretofore unknown among a Malay people.

The list is a prosaic one—"the tale of common things"—but it will be found upon scrutiny to include most of the things for which our fathers struggled through the centuries, and little if anything which the Filipinos could or would have achieved unaided.

In the matter of granting the people a participa-

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tion in government as rapidly as they could be entrusted therewith, the following appears:

Of the nine members of the Philippine Commission, constituting the upper branch of the Philippine Legislature, four are Filipinos, one of whom is Secretary of Finance and Justice.

The lower house, composed of eighty members and known as the "Assembly," is altogether Filipino, the delegates being elected by popular vote. All legislation except that relating to the Moro province and the wild tribes must now receive the sanction of this body.

Of the seven members of the Supreme Court, three are Filipinos, one of whom is Chief Justice.

The Attorney General of the islands is a Filipino, as are also a number of his assistants.

Of the twenty-four Judges of the Courts of First Instance, twelve are Filipinos.

Three of the five Judges of the Court of Land Registration are Filipinos.

The Director of Labor and his assistant are Filipinos.

The Judge of the Municipal Court of Manila is a Filipino.

The Registrars of Deeds are all Filipinos.

All the Justices of the Peace throughout the islands are Filipinos.

The Governors of all the Christianized provinces, as also the third member of the Provincial Board, the governing body in the provinces, are Filipinos, elected by the people.

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In Manila three of the six members of the Municipal Board are Filipinos, one of whom is President of the board.

The government of the various municipalities throughout the islands is purely autonomous, their officials being chosen by the community.

Of the eight thousand three hundred and sixty teachers in the Bureau of Education, seven thousand six hundred and ninety-six are Filipinos, of whom six thousand six hundred and thirty-two are paid from municipal funds and one thousand and sixty-four from insular funds.

Of the eight thousand nine hundred and eighty-six employes in the classified Civil Service, six thousand three hundred and sixty-three, or seventy-one per cent, are Filipinos.

The islands also have two delegates in the United States Congress, both Filipinos, who are free to agitate for independence or otherwise, as their personal convictions or political fortune may render expedient.

Can anyone who dispassionately considers the foregoing say that we have not given full measure of performance in all that was promised these people? It is easy to criticise and complain, but only the self-seeking or the prejudiced can refuse to recognize in this record of twelve years' work something unprecedented in colonial administration, of which our country may well be proud.

The task has not been an easy one. To new and untried problems, an impoverished country, and

scant working material there was added a bitter war, with its heritage of antagonism, of lawlessness, of devastated fields, and the inertia incident to enforced idleness and the breaking up of accustomed pursuits. During the early years of our occupation an epidemic of rinderpest swept over the provinces, destroying the herds of carabao and cattle, leaving the people destitute of work animals. Agriculture, the true source of wealth of the islands, was largely paralyzed, and outside capital, which might have relieved the situation, was deterred from coming through the persistent agitation of theorists and politicians looking to our early surrender of the islands.

The cooperation counted upon from the natives, once they had proof of our desire to help them, did not altogether materialize. Left to themselves, there is little question but that the vast majority would be perfectly content with the new opportunities offered, and the securities to life and property guaranteed by our rule. Unfortunately, however, they have not been left to themselves. From the very beginning a certain element among the people—from whom the masses receive their ideas—has systematically criticised and condemned everything American, and has apparently found nothing deserving of either praise or gratitude in all that has been done for the betterment of their race. Either deliberately or through ignorance, they have shut their eyes to the wider aspects of the tremendous transformation worked in their condition, and have magnified every mistake or shortcoming of the government, and every pecca-

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dillo of some subordinate official, into a mountain of injustice, over-shadowing every concession, privilege, or positive good accorded them through our occupation. They have enthroned their so-called "political ideal" above the economic welfare of the bulk of their countrymen, whose interests they would willingly sacrifice for the *ignis fatuus* of a questionable and uncertain independence. Such an attitude does not stimulate altruism, nor does it encourage in the belief that those giving expression thereto are deserving of still greater privileges. If such critics would conscientiously contrast present-day conditions with their situation shortly before our coming, they might hesitate in their clamor for our precipitate withdrawal. What that former condition was has been graphically portrayed by their national hero, Rizal, in his great work, *Noli me Tangere*, and it is not one to be envied. With the gradual enlightenment of the masses the hold of these self-constituted spokesmen is diminishing, and will soon become a negligible quantity so far as obstructing the material development of these fast developing islands is concerned.

Our troubles have not all been local, however. The Philippine Commission, in much of its work here, has been dependent upon Congressional action, to which body it was instructed to make needful recommendations. Congress, however, saturated with the expert knowledge of the Philippines acquired amid the environs of Pennsylvania Avenue, has chosen in many instances to either altogether ignore

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these recommendations or to suppress and mutilate them at the behest of private interests.

An earlier chapter details the sore straits of the Commission in attempting to relieve from the debased currency formely in use. In 1900 a plan designed to remedy the evil was recommended 'to Congress. That body did nothing. It was repeated in 1901, supported by the report of a financial expert. Congress simply haggled over it. In 1902 it was again urged, with the result that in 1903, after years of business chaos, the scheme as originally recommended in 1900 was adopted.

For eleven years now the Commission has vainly pled with Congress to amend the mining code extended by it to the islands, whereby individuals and corporations are limited to one claim on a vein or lode. The restriction is without precedent in mining law, and effectually blocks mining enterprise except through subterfuge and evasion. Another provision of the Philippines Bill, so absurd as to excite derision, is that which prohibits any person interested in an *agricultural* corporation from holding stock in a *mining* corporation, or *vice versa*. Such bill also provides that no corporation shall engage in buying and selling real estate, or hold over twenty-five hundred acres of land, however acquired. It also limits the purchase of public lands to forty acres for an individual and twenty-five hundred acres for a corporation. With a sparse population, scarcity of labor, and over sixty million acres of absolutely unproductive state lands, these restrictions furnish a

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fair sample of the "intrenched ignorance" of our legislators when dealing with Philippine affairs. Theoretically, they seek to protect the Filipinos from undue "exploitation;" practically, they hinder, delay, and stifle the economic development of the islands, upon which all Filipino progress, whether political or material, must be predicated.

Perhaps the most flagrant neglect of duty, however, was the delay of Congress in opening our markets to Philippine products. By virtue of the Treaty of Paris the islands became domestic territory of the United States, differing in no respect from Hawaii and Porto Rico, against whose trade no restrictions ever applied. Our responsibility toward the Filipinos is a national one, deliberately assumed, and yet for nine years special interests in Congress were able to block legislation intended simply to place them on an equality with all others under our flag. When, after years of struggle and argument, the House agreed to remove the tariff barriers, the bill was not even reported from the Senate committee. The persuasive arguments of the sugar and tobacco trusts proved stronger with that august body than its sense of obligation to a stricken people whom we had taken as wards. Finally, in 1909, through the persistent efforts of President Taft, without whose insistence it would never have been accomplished, free trade was established between the United States and the Philippines except as to sugar and tobacco. Upon these products the sugar and tobacco interests were still sufficiently represented to exact a limitation upon

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the amount which could be imported free of duty. The whole thing is so palpable, so selfish, and so opposed to decency and fair dealing as to bring shame to every self-respecting American. Whether our occupation of the Philippines was wise or unwise is immaterial; so long as we are here, we should play the game honestly and squarely.

Another thing which complicates our work here is the tendency of various ambitious Congressmen to occupy their spare time in offering resolutions looking to the "Neutralization" or "Independence" of the Philippines. The theme is a tempting one, lending itself, as it does, to oratory and newspaper headlines, without prejudice to their local fences. Reading the violent denunciations of these embryo statesmen, it might be imagined all our officials here were tyrants "crushing beneath their despotic heels the rights, liberties, and privileges of a long-suffering people." While such speakers know (or could know, if they cared) that they are lying, their words become the text of native politicians and serve to complicate and embarrass the work of earnest men who are striving in this far country to uphold the honor and good name of our nation. The power for evil of these intemperate notoriety seekers cannot be exaggerated.

In much the same category as the above are the Anti-Imperialists of Boston and thereabouts, who grow red in the face telling of the terrible things we have done and are doing to the Filipinos. That few, if any, of these excitable persons have ever taken

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the trouble to come to the islands, or had or have any practical knowledge of the situation, does not disqualify them in the least from passing final judgment in the matter. While they would not be expected to buy a horse, or make a business investment, without carefully examining the facts, such requirement becomes a "mere detail" when disposing of the future destiny of eight millions of people, with all their allied interests.

Usually, when a person desires information on something outside his experience, he either investigates it himself or consults those who have made a practical and disinterested study of it. There is no reason why this mooted question of our Philippine policy should offer any exception to this rule for those honestly seeking the truth. The facts of the situation have been stated again and again by those qualified to speak, whose ability and sincerity are beyond cavil.

In October, 1907, Mr. Taft, then Secretary of War, inaugurated the "Philippine Assembly," which body had been created largely through his personal efforts and recommendations. Speaking to as intellectual an audience of Filipinos as could be gathered in the islands, and with every incentive to paint their future as brightly as possible, he defined our purposes toward them as follows:

The avowed policy of the National Administration under these two Presidents (McKinley and Roosevelt) has been, and is, to govern the islands, having regard to the interest and welfare of the

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Filipino people, and by the spread of general primary and industrial education and by practice in partial political control to fit the people themselves to maintain a stable and well-ordered government affording equality of right and opportunity to all citizens.

As this policy of extending control continues, it must logically reduce and finally end the sovereignty of the United States in these islands, unless it shall seem wise to the American and the Filipino people, on account of mutually beneficial trade relations and possible advantage to the islands in their foreign relations, that the bond shall not be completely severed.

How long this process of political preparation of the Filipino people is likely to be, is a question which no one can certainly answer. When I was in the islands last, I ventured the opinion that it would take considerably longer than a generation. I have not changed my view upon this point. However this may be, I believe that the policy of the Administration, as outlined above, is as definite as the policy of any government in a matter of this kind can safely be made. We are engaged in working out a great experiment. No other nation has attempted it, *and for us to fix a certain number of years in which the experiment must become a success and be completely realized would be, in my judgment, unwise.*

In an earlier speech he stated:

I believe, as do most Americans who have had great familiarity with the facts, that it is absolutely impossible to hope that the lessons which it is the duty of the United States to teach the whole Filipino people, can be learned by them, as a body, in less than a generation; and the probability is that it will

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take a longer period in which to render them capable of establishing and maintaining a stable, independent government.

In his special report as Secretary of War to President Roosevelt, made in January, 1908, Mr. Taft said:

What should be emphasized in the statement of our national policy is that we wish to prepare the Filipinos for *popular* self-government. This is plain from Mr. McKinley's letter of instructions and all of his utterances. It was not at all within his purpose, or that of the Congress which made his letter a part of the law of the land, that we were merely to await the organization of a Philippine oligarchy or aristocracy competent to administer government and then turn the islands over to it. On the contrary, it is plain, from all of Mr. McKinley's utterances and your own, in interpretation of our national purpose, that we are the trustees and guardians of the *whole Filipino people*, and peculiarly of the ignorant masses, and that our trust is not discharged until those masses are given education sufficient to know their civil rights and maintain them against a more powerful class and safely to exercise the political franchise. . . . The standard set, of course, is not that of perfection, or such a government capacity as that of an Anglo-Saxon people, but it certainly ought to be one of such popular political capacity that complete independence in its exercise will result in progress rather than retrogression to chaos or tyranny.

Mr. Taft knows the Filipino people and their limitations as well or better, perhaps, than any other American. He has labored with and for them as

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Governor-General of the islands, as Secretary of War charged with Philippine affairs, and as President of the United States, zealous to protect and defend their interests. His work in the islands, and the legislation enacted under his direction, are better evidence of his sincere and disinterested desire to help this people, and to deny them no just privilege, than are the sounding words of cozy-corner politicians in the States.

In 1910, the Hon. J. M. Dickinson, a Democrat, then Secretary of War, visited the Philippines and made an exhaustive study of conditions. He journeyed from one end of the Archipelago to the other and gave audience, both public and private, to everyone desiring to discuss the situation with him. In his special report to the President, dated November 23, 1910, Mr. Dickinson says:

There are very many highly educated Filipinos, many men of talent, ability, and brilliancy, but the percentage in comparison with those who are wholly untrained in an understanding of, and the exercise of, political rights under a republican form of government is so small, and under the best and most rapid development possible under existing conditions will for a long period continue so small, that it is a delusion, if the present policy of control of the islands by the American people shall continue, to encourage the Filipino people in the hope that the administration of the islands will be turned over to them within the time of the present generation. The only inhabitants of the islands that are making any marked progress in preparation for self-government are the Filipinos proper, and, as stated, but a small

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percentage of these are sufficiently educated to understand and administer republican institutions. The masses of them have no knowledge of general administration, and are under the control of leaders whose will is practically their law.

Further in his report, and referring to an apparently concerted effort during his visit to work up a demonstration in favor of independence, he deprecates such movement as follows:

The significant and questionable feature was that stirring up the people to such demonstrations was calculated to engender expectations as to immediate independence which would certainly be disappointed, and thereby result in discontent with the present administration of affairs, and operate as an encouragement to those who are sowing the seeds of discord between the American Government and the Filipino people, *all of which tends to retard the development for which we are striving.*

The truth of the above observation applies equally to those of our own people who, by their irresponsible utterances upon the question of Philippine independence, are hurting rather than helping those whom they pretend to serve.

The Right Reverend Charles H. Brent, now and for eleven years past Episcopal Bishop for the Philippines, and one of the ablest men in the islands, expressed his conviction that our Government was, if anything, proceeding too rapidly with its policy of extending political control to the natives. During a recent speech he quoted with approval the following

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passage from the farewell address of the Earl of Cromer, who, as England's great Pro-Consul in Egypt for nearly thirty years, dealt with problems analogous to those confronting our government in the Philippines:

I am not likely in future to take a very active part in politics, but I shall continue, as far as my health and strength allow, to take an interest in Egyptian affairs. Whatever influence I can exert will be exercised in the direction of steady progress on the lines already laid down. I shall deprecate any brisk change, any violent new departure; more especially, if necessary, I shall urge that this wholly spurious manufactured movement in favor of the rapid development of parliamentary institutions be treated for what it is worth. And, let me add, it is worth very little. It does not really represent the voice of the intelligent dwellers in Egypt, European or Egyptian. When all nonsense and exaggeration are swept away, it will, I think, be found that the differences of opinion between my opponents, especially those in England, and myself are really not so much one of principle as of degree. They wish to gallop. I consider a steady jog-trot is the pace best suited to advance the interests of this country. It is a pace which has done us good service in the past, and I say it should be continued, never relaxing to a walk or breaking into a gallop. My strong conviction is that if the pace is greatly mended a serious risk will be incurred that the horse will come down and break his knees.

I wish to tell you why I entertain and why I now state these opinions. It is not because I hold any political advantage will accrue to my own country from their adoption. It is not even because I believe

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them to be shared by all the most intelligent classes, European and Egyptian, in this country. No; it is mainly because I hope that what I am now saying will eventually be translated into the vernacular language, and will thus reach the ears of some, at all events, of the voiceless millions of blue-shirted fellaheen, on whose labor the prosperity of the country really depends. I, who claim always to have been their true friend, warn them against allowing themselves to be duped and misled by their pseudo-representatives, who, without a shadow of real authority, credit them with ideas which they neither entertain nor fully comprehend, and who advocate a political program, the immediate adoption of which, while detrimental to all other interests, would, I am firmly convinced, be specially hurtful to those of the poorest classes of the community. If, instead of being the defender of a *régime* which has now lasted nearly a quarter of a century, I were to turn my hand to criticising it, I should be disposed to dwell on the point that progress, instead of being too slow, has been so fast that the reforms effected have not as yet been thoroughly assimilated by the mass of the population.

The above quotations, which state our problem in the Philippines and its answer, might be multiplied indefinitely. The Philippine Commission has iterated and reiterated the same conclusions in its annual reports during the past twelve years—conclusions concurred in by practically every impartial investigator. These men are not conspirators, engaged in a scheme to deceive the American public and rob the Filipinos of their birthright, but are the representatives of our government, speaking with an authority

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gained through months and years of actual contact with this situation.

The Filipinos have today a degree of liberty and freedom unknown among any oriental people, and, under our protection and tutelage, are making rapid strides along the road our forefathers builded with blood and with tears. To now jeopardize all that has been done, and all that is yet promised, by the premature establishment of self-government, would be an act of folly, as unjust to the great masses of this people as it would be recreant and criminal of us. Nowhere have the principles underlying this matter of granting self-government to the Filipinos been more clearly and forcibly expressed than by our now President, Mr. Wilson, who, in his lecture on "Constitutional Government in the United States," delivered at Columbia University, in 1907, said:

Self-government is not a mere form of institutions, to be had when desired, if only proper pains be taken. It is a form of character. It follows upon the long discipline which gives a people self-possession, self-mastery, the habit of order and peace and common counsel, and a reverence for law which will not fail when they themselves become the makers of law: the steadiness and self-control of political maturity. And these things cannot be had without long discipline.

The distinction is of vital concern to us in respect of practical choices of policy which we must make, and make very soon. We have dependencies to deal with and must deal with them in the true spirit of our own institutions. We can give the Filipinos con-

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stitutional government, a government which they may count upon to be just, a government based upon some clear and equitable understanding, intended for their good and not for our aggrandizement; but we must ourselves for the present supply that government. It would, it is true, be an unprecedented operation, reversing the process of Runnymede, but America has before this shown the world enlightened processes of politics that were without precedent. It would have been within the choice of John to summon his barons to Runnymede and of his own initiative enter into a constitutional understanding with them; and it is within our choice to do a similar thing, at once wise and generous, in the government of the Philippine Islands. But we cannot give them self-government. Self-government is not a thing that can be "given" to any people, because it is a form of character and not a form of constitution. No people can be "given" the self-control of maturity. Only a long apprenticeship of obedience can secure them the precious possession, a thing no more to be bought than given. They cannot be presented with the character of a community, but it may confidently be hoped that they will become a community under the wholesome and salutary influences of just laws and a sympathetic administration; that they will after a while understand and master themselves, if in the meantime they are understood and served in good conscience by those set over them in authority.

We, of all people in the world, should know these fundamental things and should act upon them, if only to illustrate the mastery in politics which belongs to us of hereditary right. To ignore them would be not only to fail and fail miserably, but to fail ridiculously and belie ourselves. Having ourselves gained self-government by a definite process

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which can have no substitute, let us put the people dependent upon us in the right way to gain it also.

The mistake made by many of our people is in accepting the insistent demands of a certain class of natives, who largely control the sources of public expression, as representing the desires and capacity of the whole Filipino race. This is not the fact. The population is split into innumerable and scattered divisions, many of them semi-savage, speaking various dialects, and without any cohesion of interests or ideas. In the general elections held in June, 1912, only 235,792 people voted, or .034 per cent of the Christian population of the islands, and this under a most liberal franchise. Our obligation is not so much to the few, who possibly have the capacity they claim, as it is to that vast majority whose need and cry is not for independence, but rather for that equality of right and opportunity which is found only in just laws efficiently and honestly administered. Neither is this demand for immediate independence general to Filipinos of education and fortune. Investigation would disclose that most of those who clamor loudest in this regard have but small material interests at stake, while the conservative business element—the men of means and property who are the backbone of the islands—would consider our early withdrawal nothing short of a calamity.

Secretary of War Dickinson, in his report above quoted, said:

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There is no doubt that, so far as publicly expressed, the general desire of the Filipinos is for what they denominate "immediate independence." . . . While these, as stated, are the only views publicly expressed, I became convinced from reliable evidence that many of the most substantial men, while not openly opposing the demands publicly voiced, would regard such a consummation with consternation. They realize that the government would fall into the hands of a few who would dominate the masses; that the administration, even without outside interference, could not be successfully carried on; that there would be internal dissensions and probably civil war, and that if the United States did not interfere they would fall an easy prey to some foreign power.

As implied in the foregoing, it is not in our power to grant the Filipinos "Independence." It is within our power to withdraw from the islands, but it is not within our right to tell other countries, whose interests may be affected, to stand off. Our overworked and somewhat wobbly Monroe Doctrine does not extend to the Philippine Islands. To relinquish sovereignty, and still remain responsible for the preservation of law and order, would render our last condition worse than the first. The situation prevailing in Mexico, our sister republic, whose inhabitants are far more homogeneous and far more experienced in government than are the Filipinos, should give pause to those who advocate the early turning adrift of these islands to the perils both of internecine strife and of foreign intervention.

As to "Neutralization"—the granting of inde-

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pendence under an international protectorate—the scheme is wholly chimerical and impossible. It would require, for success, the unanimous consent of the world powers, for which consent there is neither motive nor moving necessity. Moreover, to be “neutralized,” a country must be thoroughly capable of maintaining internal order and of protecting the nationals of other countries within its borders. Until it can do this any such plan would simply mean sharing our present responsibility with other powers, with the chances strong that some of them would early find a pretext for overturning the arrangement.

It chanced that the Philippines were acquired, and our policy with reference thereto was defined, under a Republican administration. While two of our Governors-General have been Democrats, and the question of party allegiance has never entered into the island government in anyway, the temptation to use the situation for political purposes could not be resisted in the States. Since 1900 the Democratic party has sought to make an “Issue” of the Philippines, the mere fact of the dominant party having adopted a certain policy being ample ground for denouncing it and demanding a change. Party success has been pinned above truth and honest dealing, and the effect of platform pledges upon the ballot box has meant more than the welfare of a dependent people given into our keeping. The ignorance and partisan prejudices of the masses are invoked to destroy the work and falsify the testimony of men of character who have unselfishly

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builded in these islands a monument to the justice and high sense of duty of the American people. It is certainly a sad commentary upon our so-called "leaders," when an obligation, national in its scope, and requiring the highest statesmanship in its solution, is debased into material with which to catch the votes of an indifferent or uninformed public.

Now that the Democratic party has triumphed at the polls, it remains to be seen whether those charged with the responsibility of government thereunder are broad-gauged enough to appreciate that this problem here is not one which concerns our people as Democrats or Republicans, but as American citizens. To divide on our Philippine policy according to party lines, simply because the islands have been used as make-weight for political purposes, would be to give the lie to our boasted independence of thought and action in dealing with public questions.

No one would pretend that mistakes have not been made in the Philippines, or that the present situation leaves nothing to be desired. When the ideas and institutions of one people, however good, or advantageous they may be, are superimposed upon a race whose habits of thought, customs, and language are altogether different, opposition and friction are bound to result. Having acquired the islands, however, and assumed responsibility therefor, it is submitted that the policy thereafter adopted was not only creditable to our people but offered the Filipinos every right and privilege which their then condition made feasible or possible; that, with minor

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Congressional lapses, our work since has been unremittingly directed to promoting the peace and prosperity of the whole people; that our pledge to grant them a constantly increasing participation in the government has been consistently adhered to, and that any agitation looking to a present or early change in this policy hampers and delays the material progress of the country, injects an element of discord into our relations with the people, and postpones the time when our control can be safely relinquished.

In so far as the actual administration of affairs is concerned, history will record that at no time and in no place under our flag has any department of our government been administered more faithfully and honestly by those charged therewith than have the Philippines. Despite the minute scrutiny and malevolent ingenuity of those anxious to establish the fact, the one effort to discredit our authorities here proved a complete fiasco. During 1910 a Congressman from one of the beet sugar States denounced in perfervid language the sale to American sugar interests of one of the unoccupied Friar estates, and charged various of our officials with having used their positions to obtain advantageous contracts as to such lands. The attack was widely advertised by the Anti-Imperialist League, and by those interested in discrediting sugar production in the Philippines, who saw to it that the "Friar land scandal" was duly featured in the American press. A resolution was adopted authorizing and directing the House Committee on Insular Affairs to thor-

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oroughly investigate the charges made and report thereon. This was done, numerous witnesses from the Philippines and elsewhere being cited and examined, and an exhaustive study made of all records bearing on the subject. The Anti-Imperialist League, which apparently supplied most of the ammunition to the sugar Congressman, was represented at the hearing by a private attorney, who left nothing undone to prove his fellow-countrymen here malefactors, and to bring discredit upon our country and flag. The result of this patriotic endeavor must have proven bitterly disappointing, however. The majority report of the Committee, signed by thirteen members, sustained the action of the Philippine authorities throughout, and as to the personal charges stated:

We find that the administration of lands in the Philippine Islands has been fairly and honestly conducted, and that the charges and insinuations to the contrary which have been made against the officials charged with the execution of the laws in relation thereto, whether officers of the Philippine Government or of the United States, are unwarranted and unjust. W. Cameron Forbes, Governor-General; Dean C. Worcester, Secretary of the Interior; Charles H. Sleeper, Director of Lands, and Frank W. Carpenter, Executive Secretary, are able, earnest, patriotic men, honestly performing their duties under more or less trying circumstances.

The five other members of the Committee, while disagreeing with the majority upon certain points of

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law, found with them upon the charge of personal wrong-doing, their report reading:

Nothing that has been developed in this investigation goes to show that those charged with the responsibility of administering the land laws of the Philippine Islands have been guilty of any wrong-doing. Having, too, obtained and acted upon the advice of the highest law officers of the Philippine Government, they cannot be justly blamed for any mistakes of law upon their part, if mistakes there were.

Another favorite subject of criticism by those seeking flaws in the island administration is the construction of the Benguet road—the highway leading to the summer capital of Baguio. As stated in a previous chapter, this road was surveyed by a military engineer, who estimated it could be built in six months at a cost of seventy-five thousand dollars. Acting upon this report, the amount specified was appropriated (Act 61, Philippine Commission), with provision that the work should be completed by July 1, 1901. As actual construction proceeded, the original estimate was found defective, and further sums were requested from time to time, resulting in an ultimate outlay much greater than first planned. Those who have visited Baguio, however, whether American, foreigner, or Filipino, are practically unanimous in saying that it is worth all and more than it cost. Its wonderful mountains, its pine forests that remind of our own northland, and its cool, bracing climate

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make it an ideal resort and sanitarium for the pale residents of the lowlands, whom fortune denies a journey further afield. It is also the site of a military hospital and reservation, of valuable gold mines, and a distributing point for all the mountain country to the north. There is little question but that it will eventually become a new Simla for the inhabitants of the Asiatic seaboard, supplying as it does a needed change in temperature and a wealth of natural scenery scarcely surpassed in the world. So long as the United States is called upon to send of its sons and daughters to administer these tropical islands, just so long should those who sit by their firesides at home, or those for whose benefit our trust is assumed, cease to rail at Baguio. It now occupies a necessary place in the economy of our government service, and will, as time passes, be appreciated and utilized more and more by the public generally.

If our people at home would relieve this Philippine question of its political and sentimental trimmings, they would find the issue comparatively simple. No self-respecting American would sanction the sale of the islands, nor would he permit their being taken from us by force. When we relinquish them, if at all, it must be in favor of the Filipino people, and this means in favor of *all* the people and not a privileged few. No argument should be necessary to convince that the question of *when* this can safely and honorably be done is a practical one, and not a matter to be disposed of by popular vote or popular clamor.

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For the present the true interests of this people can be best served by assisting in the material development of the country, and in bringing to them that economic independence so absolutely prerequisite to their political autonomy. The islands are rich in every natural resource, and offer a field for safe and profitable investment perhaps unrivalled in the world. The realization of this latent wealth of the archipelago would mean increased opportunity for the masses, and a hastening of the time when they can intelligently administer a government of their own based upon the equal rights of all. When this fact is realized by our people, and the situation relieved of personal prejudice and the baneful influence of party politics, we may reasonably hope that our undertaking here will prove a source of pride to us and of satisfaction to the people whose welfare we have taken into our keeping.

THE END

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